

Ladders

Witt Lowry

Yeah, the one and only Witt Lowry, motherfuckers, better not forget it
I been paying my dues, and you barely givin' me credit
You been payin' a label, I did it all independent
I said I did and I'm into your girl, she found me on Reddit
Your girl, she found me authentic, that's something you wouldn't get
I'm allergic to fuckin' rappers, so I'm ill with a pen
A mill to my friend, my one friend back in the day
Who said, "Okay, go buy a mic, and write your soul on a page"
I'm doin' okay, I'm doin' just fine, I been on my grind
A mastermind ahead of his time, that's why they left me behind
You fear the future, I'm the future in lines
I got the future in line, I'm only losing the time
I'm losing my mind, I'm tryna find the line into yours
Take your shots and I ain't scared, not even par for the course
I'm fuckin' hungry, you got food that I could never afford
Feed me, feed me, feed me, then feed me more
My middle finger to a rapper scared to take me on tour
I don't need it, all I'm seein' are reams galore
And when you left that in distress, then I just open the door
I said it before, team Witt until my death, still I came to demand more

Still I came up from broken and hollow to music and models
She hope for a follow, I'm feelin' myself
I been working all week, I ain't gettin' no sleep
They keep buyin' me drinks, but it's bad for my health
I've got models half naked, told Mama I'd make it
Your girl that she basic, stay real to myself
And I'm good now, now, motherfucker
I'm good now, now, motherfucker, I'm good

Now here we go, another Twitter tough guy on a couch
Talkin' 'bout, "I'll be so famous if I hit ten thou
And if I tweet at someone relevant I might get found
I think my girl might be pregnant, man, I blew in her mouth
I'm losing her now, I'm using all your lyrics to cope
I know I said that you were garbage, man, and really you're dope
I had to cope with that, after high school I'm a joke
And I'm losin' hope because my only skill is drinking and smoke"
Against the rope and you don't wanna see what happened to Witt
I learned how to flip the script while I was working for Vince
I had your dream job before I started rappin' and shit
Gave it away so I could save a generation of kids
It's been a minute since I came in and invented this shit
Stealing my style and my lyrics, and that makes you my bitch
Now I'm the shit and you're the piss that I let sit on the rim
My future is bright, your future is dim
You're waiting for my next single so that you can go and steal it again, ah?

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I'm good now (yeah), now, motherfucker, I'm good

If life is nothing but a bitch, I hope my dick is big enough
To fuck the whole world, my old girl, your new girl, could have her
I'm paying focus on places and people that really matter
My team is going where I go, I'm holding up both the ladders
My pockets is getting fatter, and filled with bills, I'm in debt
So funny how we think money is the key to success
Or that intelligence is something you can prove with a test
You said I was less, I'm here to prove to y'all I'm the best
Got rack in the mess, and talkin' 'bout the chain on my chest
Or talkin' 'bout the money, power, and what's all I can flex
It's fuckin' lazy and you hate me, time to pay me my rent
Now fuckin' face me when you pay me, better pay me respect
So tell me who next, a puppet with no talent? Go figure
You tryna squash a caterpillar, but my vision was bigger
And how a ways we were from nothing to you posting a picture
Unanimous victor, we're working while your hurtin' from liquor, and still I

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