

Sub Zero (Wintro)

Wrekonize

Everybody out here freezing below seasonable
These are the notes we been about heating, you know
These reptiles still here smiling
On my island, these heathens a reason to go

I been fiending, and bro, demons are cold
Everybody check on Ben, he's releasing his soul
Didn't take care of the man
Aw damn, fuck that, well then she'll be sleeping alone

I been searching my soul like job listings
But I feel that my stocks drifting
4-0, and the clock's ticking
On the track, never stopped kicking

I been lancing a lot, grappling for guap
But I'm tired of chasing the dough like coyotes
Shit, I wanna get high, but when I smoke
I kinda feel like I slid down an ice slope

Kinda backwards, I'm feeling kinda sideways
And my back hurts from the five ways
I been carrying the dope like crime pays
If you need me to show to the function
Just look for the long sleeve tank top
Out here just working the music
Income low, tell me why does the bank drop?

It's sub-zero
Feeling like 30 below
Feeling like 30 below
Feeling like 30 below

Unplugged from the cable
Heard you split from the label
All love, yeah, now I'm out and I'm able
All bucks stopping with me, how free that I feel
To be posturing dough in the stables

Kinda weird though, kinda unstable
No resentment left on the table
That's real, gimme big fat deals
And them four black wheels for this old Winnebago

Trying to drive to the show for the playbill
Make a mark from the start of my cradle
It's Everything Everywhere All at Once
Ah nah, wait, that's a bagel

Trying to get a little cream cheese
Even now when it seems bleak
I tune in to the team speak
To watch out for the demons and mean streaks

Yeah, this world ain't really what it's supposed to be
I'm hopeful, G, my outlook's globally
They suck off all these wack cats locally

And act like we don't move bars openly

Get a grip on this underground bullshit
Celebrating mediocrity
Live-streaming, you think what's hot
But it's not, you should stop
Cuz it's awful and not the heat

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Break it down and look at all the stats
I'm a fucking mack on everything I track
These other cats, they never fucking match
Corny beings making succotash

Get outta my kitchen, get outta my face
The lines that I'm kicking, I doubt they can taste
My stature is bigger than that of this place
No wonder why they don't list me with their greats

Ugh, see, that's a bitter flavor
Now switch up for the savory
Walking around on this planet
All covered in bandage and nothing can save me

Gimme my space and let it be daily
Swim with the fish and they coming out gamy
Wine in the house and I call the drink Amy
Sip it until I'm for sure going crazy

Maybe it's nothing, maybe I'm fine
Maybe I'm nutty, I'm losing my mind
I just keep pushing and pushing
I know that I shouldn't
But lately it's hard to decline

From the sublime to the divine
This is a winter I hope to survive
Sunned in the house, I'm gonna go blind
Act like it's nothing, we 'bout to go live

Sub-zero
Feeling like 30 below
Feeling like 30 below
Feeling like 30 below...