

Lemonade

WSTRN

It's that, motivated
Hustle

Motivated hustle
Bro, this off the muscle
Weight all on my shoulders, I can't focus on the trouble
Weighing heavy on my heart
'Cause I'd be bench-pressing on the metal
Done dirt, homie, go and get the Dettol
Still clean-hearted
Now it seems half the scene's charted, off what we started
I ain't dimming niggas though, they know how we spark it
If you ain't making hits, how do you meet targets?
Tryna increase margins
But it's hard to be legit and pay the rent
On the way home tryna figure how much money I spent
She ain't gone nowhere
But my girl told me she's coming again
Shit, I'm getting qweffed
If you want, behind your dress
Getting inked up
While my brother in the pen
What you think, cuz?
They just fucking with your head
Since we linked up
Nothing but trouble for the ends
I can't put my life in 16 bars cause it'd be large, nigga
My life's a movie but you know I play my part, nigga
You could do it, just depends on what's in your heart, nigga
I'm shedding light because I'm coming from the dark, nnigga
Elevation, don't be stuck in preservation
See my old scales?
I had to start re-calibrating
Simple elementary where numbers calculating
Burners on my brain got me burning on the sage
Life is priceless so how you feeling worthless at this age, huh?

I can't tell you my story in a sixteen
From the sticks to the bricks
You could sow seeds
From a drop to a stream, feed the whole team
When they release my bro
We ain't never going back to being broke
Still niggas rob me, can't get away from the store (Ah, ah, ah, ah)
Yeah, I just pray for change
Life was sour now I'm mixing up this lemonade
(Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah)
It's only real shit so we say it
(Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah)
You made that bed so now you lay in it

Ah, ay yo
Hustle motivated
My hustle motivated
Dusting in the third lane, I'm puffing on the flavours
Trick-tronic shifting
It ain't nothing for a spaceship

Catch me if you can
Switch gears, 6 in
Then it's Madeleine McCann
I'm allocating time, that's how balance all them plans
Due to lack of options, started balancing the grams
Only God can judge me, not a man with gavel in his 'and
It's madness where I'm-
Ay yo, there's passion in my raps
Spin a verse like it's discuss
Pussies keep on lying through their whiskers
Chinese whispers
So I keep present like it's Christmas
Free all of my hittas, that's my wish list
This is
Nothing like you heard before
Show the same you when them curtains drawn
Had rainy days, I could find my storm
Had to persevere, wilder in my early years
Now I'm getting older, I have to show you on the surfaces
Shit

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"Yo, yo, yo, it's ya boy Akelle. I just wanna big up my bruddas Haile and Louis for holding it down while I been gone. Back soon, ya dun kno. WSTRN season, part two."

It's WSTRN season, we don't need a reason!