

## CATALYST II

Wynne

I know it's been waiting for me  
The timing is sacred for me  
If I were you, I'd consider this poppin', go raise your standards shorty  
I got cats chasin' clout like a mouse, check the flick of the laser pointing  
This a layup for me  
I'm fucking the game up with its arm behind its back like a waiter pourin'

Player one in this bitch, let me go off  
I see a snake in my lane, it's not roadblock, it's roadkill  
I'm going over the bar like a pole vault  
Your man check me out like I'm leaving the hotel  
People burned bridges with me so we don't talk  
Quiet as hell as they ride on my coattails  
I don't make rounds in the room like a show dog  
I'd rather watch the paint dry on my toenails  
Wholesale stock going up  
I get frustrated and feel like I don't do enough  
This is not two-hand touch, so don't push me  
Last year I leaned back and now I'm sitting up  
I love when they're kissing up  
Drop a book, they pick it up  
Turned up last night, drive the boat, I'm Mrs. Puff  
Now I'm flipping samples, look, the chin is tucked  
None of you making moves, saw you pick your dribble up

Still pushing a whip with a eight track in it  
I'm finally getting playoff minutes  
See 'em hosting a séance to rap on beats I killed, they shouldn't prey on victims  
I'm worried 'bout your brain cognition  
White girls in the booth, keep your spray-ons hidden  
They read every post like the paywall's lifted  
Then copy me, now I gotta trademark bitches  
Damn, 'til I'm pushing daisies  
You do too much to say the least  
Director when I step out, making a scene  
Crossover to pop, I be breaking the knees  
I don't play though, no ancient Greece  
Nobody in the scene fazing me  
Baby, think they tryna haze me  
They keep my name in their mouth 'cause it's tasty  
Flow on time, I don't ever pay a late fee  
Pinky up when I rap, I'm a lady  
I'm a Dame in the city, can't trade me  
From the 'burbs but no sub ever made me

Come on, I get DM's from all of your boyfriends  
They slide in like shoes with no lace on  
To take me on a trip, fuck me on the beach, and then hit the pool like Draymond  
(Stop fucking playing with me, man)

I really do this, I don't need to prove it  
I know they can see by the way that I'm moving  
My parents gave me this name, I can't be losing  
I'm taking the castle, I'm already moved in  
I'll CC my realtor so he can be looped in

I'm shootin' like fifty from the field, sixty from the field  
Seventy, boy, I'm really hoopin'  
Man, look I was doing this 'fore they all swooped in  
I've been a hound with it, my ears are drooping  
I'm dragging, I'm catching the rats, put my tooth in 'em  
They call me "Wynne" but "The G.O.A.T." is my pseudonym  
So what's a mountain to me?  
Everyone raps these days, but it's not amounting to me  
I'm not new to this, this what a student is  
Can't reproduce what I do like I neutered it  
(Come on, lemme talk)

I had to stop playing with all my potential, my people rely on me  
I met the labels five years ago, I told them, "No, keep your eye on me"  
'Cause my only competition's in the mirror  
Busy lending my shoulders and ringing out tears in my shirts from my mom, I  
was letting her cry on me  
Watched my momentum all die on me  
Coming from tour, driving through Wyoming, hearing 'bout COVID  
I hit a wall, that shit took a while for me  
I lost it all, team members went silent on me  
I was wildin', homie  
We lost twenty racks on all that shit  
We were gonna make it back on those trips  
They were cancelled  
I couldn't hold candles to who I was, look what it channeled  
Been sleeping in the studio for like ten days  
Never home but working to get the rent paid  
Show want my face on the bill like I'm Ben Frank  
But I can't add 'em like Wednesday  
My schedule is busy, haven't seen inside of my friends place in months  
But got time to kiss on your girl in a French way  
That's tough, bro  
Stop watching Endgame, my love, and go buy a bedframe

I still been rollin' with the same crew  
Pulled up in a jersey and it's baby blue  
'22, I was in the weight room  
Put the girl in the game like I'm raiding tombs  
'23 gonna be the breakthrough  
Watch out for me 'cause I'm on a run  
No losses, put that on my funds  
From here on out, it's only 101  
Wynne and Ty, we never lose  
Catch us in a coupe two-seater, no paper, loose leafin'  
Ride or die, we got no ceiling, roof leaving  
Truth serum, we stay in your ears like hoop earrings  
Who's nearing us? Nobody, more money  
Walk anywhere in the city, they hang up my coat for me  
No running from it  
Still donate my show money  
Move the same way that I did 'fore you noticed me

I set the mark, bitch  
Show me the bullseye, I aim in the dark  
He want me to slide, I'll go to the park  
I cannot fuck him, he looks like a nark  
I know his pants what your man got his hand in  
I'm bookin', I'm bringing the bands in  
The motion, what I got my plans in  
Look, we not in Kansas  
I put away tre's like the plane's being landed  
I dedicated my life to this

That's the crown, got my eye on it  
See that trash? Put your feelings inside of it  
Stack up a pile of it  
How could you ask if I'm writing this?  
While you always take it left like Stoudamire  
What you thought was fire  
I'm the fat lady singing, now the operas quiet  
I heard your flow, I was not inspired  
Put your mic down, go take out your Roth IRA

Ella, ella, ayy  
Rap around whoever's left, over like it's cellophane  
Tell Cedric I'm not entertained  
Y'all not fucking relative like Kevin Gates  
Got KevOnStage taking jokes back  
Twitter been toe tagged  
Your rollout should've been rolled back  
No more highs like a low pass  
Only goodbyes, I'm 'bouta get rich off of the notes app

Don't ask, don't tell, minding my own  
Gained respect from the GOAT's off of rhyming alone  
The reception been wild like I'm hiking a throw  
How I cope with a L? Shit, how would I know?  
I'm running home after third base with your man  
Look, that wasn't a plan, but he's fine like tolls  
First he saw the 'Gram, then he saw the show  
I let him come backstage, you know how it goes  
And my arch so good you could shoot three's from it  
Make him slow down, speed bump it  
He goes home and reruns it, nasty mean mugging  
Yelling cuss words, not whispering sweet nothings  
Style so clean you could eat from it  
If you did what I did, you'd probably tweet something  
Story unravels, I'm pulling a string from it  
Just call me Monk, the way I'ma leak something

I've been at this for about two days  
Team like Voulez-Vous Coucher  
Always say they tryna hit some spots but I rarely come around these days  
Shoutouts to Itay, keeping me focused  
Check and balance when we call the plays  
Raf and Smyth been my bros like Jonas  
So you know we've been through the breaks

Show me a bag and I'm in it  
This a new era like fitted  
Plant it and pivot  
Shot it on film but I couldn't have script it  
Get out the booth and I'm fixing my lipstick  
If I hurt your feelings, come here and I'll kiss it  
Dropping the sequel to make it tradition  
Sleeping on me, I can feel it  
But give it a year, I'll feel different  
Comb