

Roll Call

Wynne

Hey Beandip
Driving home
You put this song out, I listened to a little bit of it
I wasn't quite gettin' it, so I called your brother
And he said it's really good
I go, "It is?"
He goes, "Yeah, it's really good"
So, anyway
If you miss me, send me a letter
Thelonious
Woo

I'm just- I'm just tryna stay on point like it's ballet
You could never buy my spot, it's not valet
You can never steal my spot, I'm no dalma'
You could never reach my spot, you're still a mile away
Child wait, get your mittens off my cookie jar
The pussy playin' hooky, you can't catch it like a Pokémon
You're the hare, I'm the tortoise tryna hold you off
Even if you're fast, you can't fake the race, Rachel Dolezal
Ooh, shots
Ooh, rounds on me, wait
Ooh, stop, no chaser, on three
One for the homies, two for the past, three for the lipstick print you can leave on my ass
I know that they miss me, they ain't gotta like it
Like when they were stalking my page and then accidentally liked it
That's how I know, little drop in the Oc'
It's a yacht, not a boat, she's a God, not a pope
What's a crop to a goat? Or a blo to 'Casso?
Or a dodge to 'Lago? Or a dart to a bow?
What's a prop to a throne when you're not going home
'Til you got the parliament on the motherfuckin' phone?
I'm not here for playdates or wait-waits or raw steaks
If I'm gonna dip my toe in at the pool, I'll buy the whole place
And open it up to everybody 'cause I'm not keeping score
'Cause I've got the privilege, man, I'm opening the door
And that's what's wrong with white pride, y'all can't admit it
You didn't work for your skin color or dick, that shit was given to ya
Hallelujah, on Sundays I praise the truth
Tell Itay raise the mic in the room 'cause I'm feeling 6'2"
You bitch you, I'm on top
Making big moves in a crystal
When I whistle, it's a big tune
Might miss one, I don't miss two
If I kiss you, might forget you
When I switch dudes, I'm a bitch, boo
Spit pistols, I'm not talking, packing heat like an igloo
I'm lethal, welcome to my house of pain, bitch
Woah, too close, you get burnt like a blank disc
Wait, woah
This is as bad as the bad gets, oh no
For my sisters who stuck as a waitress, I know
You don't really wanna jump ship, grab rope
You gon' wanna witness this shit, lord knows
I'm at the top of the waitlist, let's go
First I graduate, then I'm making these hits, boy