

Where 2 Next

Wynne

Ain't no half-stepping, fuck a semi tone, I got entry codes
He call me BB like we're renting homes so I cuddle him and I send him home
Don't start picturing me in wedding clothes, that's not real life
Fuck your cartoons, that's a hentai joke
I took a lot of L's in private, we don't mention those
They had plans for me to lose my screws, I put a wrench in those
We were at Henson, crew expensive in some Fendi clothes
Labels taking months to respond and I'm taking mental notes
You let me down, I thought we had a good thing
You changing temperatures on me just like a mood ring
In too deep like good D
Get my paper and I proofread
Stay out the tea, loose leaf
It's all gravy, poutine
Not hard to tell that I'm different
Having heart to hearts with some of my competition
Telling me they're not even close to me, got me trippin'
I'm like, "Even if you know I'm better, don't admit it
But you spitting, I'll admit it"
Man, this business unforgiving
Only on my knees when I'm snatching souls
I was out at Capitol, pulled up in my average clothes
Not even polished like they hit me with some acetone
And the fans still buying me shots 'cause they glad I'm home
Damn, you had your chance but you fumbled a ten
Now I hug you from the side 'cause I'm fucking your friend
We'll make a toast to you like butter and bread
Then jam it up inside 'fore he tuck me in bed
Fuck what you said
It all moves so fast and we're barely blinking
Me and the Quips were drinking
Bumping our idols thinking and studying their moves
Making music across from Lincoln
Now I make dope with my teachers like Jesse Pinkman
On the weekends
Might get conceited
They keep letting me skip the lines and the fees and the bills
It always feels like Christmas time
When the dreams get too real, I know I'ma miss the nights
When we freed at Raf and Smyth's and couldn't afford The Nines
And sometime they'll hang our jerseys up in the rafters
Let's keep the party moving, where we pulling up after?
He thinks he did me good, damn, I'm such a good actor
They should put me in a cast like a fracture
Let's cut the chatter, please
It's starting to feel like overages
While everybody wanna talk about their foreign whips
At the party mooning someone's son like a solar eclipse
I know he showed his friends my page like, "Bro, I swear she did"
I got a standing ovation though
Guess he got a girl, he ditched that, he came with though
Everyone knows but her, he wants a replacement ho
And nobody's being real to her like showing a vacant home
Far as arrangements go, mine made for the top
Everyone say their life is a movie 'cause their jewelry is just a prop
Virgin ass fans, why y'all so mad at some W.A.P.?
How long I gotta rap better than y'all and act like I'm not?

Come on