

#EndOfTheWorld

XV

Let me in your life, let me in your homes
Let me in your stereos and get me in my zone
A hero on the page is what I wanna be the most
But if we follow for a follow, tell me who gon lead us both
Roman numeral flow, wallet full of C's
Turn numbers into the alphabet so I can count G's
The loser who won too like you was counting the 3
After the millions cause they doubted the dream
I ain't lost a thing in this grind but my mind
And reality so harsh how could dreaming waste my time
I just ask mine, hypothetical at times
Wonderin' if my rap minds matter after I flat line?
So I sign out of Facebook and get some real friends
Got off Twitter with niggas and set some real trends
And we gon' get it man while the World spins
Cause everyday they try to say that the World ends

Followers followin', role models modellin'
Niggas throwin' they dollars in and everybody is hollerin
Is it the end of the world yet?
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Is it the end of the World yet?

Young and invincible, hated by all the principles
Maybe cause all our principles would seem so fictional
Now we live in a world that's so digital
Hashtags at the minimal, niggas act like it's biblical
Typical I watch niggas that's at they pinnacle
And not have one event that felt pivotal
When I was young I was wylin' but always had drive
They suspended my license and then I got fly
Who gon' change the World, not I
But I will influence the mind that does try
That's a Pac line, see how it all goes
We could become a leader after you follow
So sign out of Facebook and get some real friends
Get off Twitter my nigga and set some real trends
And we gon get it while the world spins
Cause everyday they try to say that the world ends
Is it over yet?

Ugh, back to Squaria I go
It's our future Odd Future you could never know
Saw a nigga on Twitter say Vizzy will never blow
I guess there are some shit that I'll spit that I never get to show
Over they heads I go
I wrote this on a flight next to this women that was white
She asked me what is that you write, I said a rap song
She said: "really, with sentences that long"
If you think rap is just drugs and gats then you dead wrong
This is the paper my sons college fund is made on
Those college kids at shows in the front row with weight on
We change lives with these lines that they hate on

Spit on tracks like simple jack and then kick back like Fei Long
I just want write something that make you get life from it
It's more than just a facebook, like or dislike button
So sign out of that and get some real friends
Get off Twitter my nigga and set some real trends