

Not so distant improvement
Imagine the features possible at pictures even
Recent computer software is fake
Identifyin' the profiles, lifeless values
Indistinguishable from criminals bitin' this
Easy new and then free, ya B
Facial network generating, he has appeared
Bad person, technology worsen
Childlike behind alter-egos
Unlock troll propagandas, whole axis
Thousands online, user fee
Get usage via smartphone, uncalled for
Eyes alter, much effort is a job
To shape the portrait, fortunate or not
Arrest the friendly company
Who target your collections of data for the highest fees

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I'm just out here, tryna get a piece of the cake
Puttin' work in, they hurtin', these niggas too fake
Nine times out of ten, I'm pullin' up in the Wraith
Ten times out of ten, I put it all on her face
I'ma always put this shit in ya face
Let you feel the pain, nigga, 'til your last days
Still gettin' brain from ya bitch, you passed away
Might throw a hunnid grand on ya fuckin' grave
And I keep the white, keep the, keep the white like a snowstorm
In the club, poppin' bottles, it's Dom Pérignon
Balenciagas, t-shirt, khakis, that's the uniform
And I keep a bad bitch from dippin' like a unicorn
And a nigga savage 'cause I'm in for ten, boy
Smokin' on the cabbage, it's a habit, I like chloroform
Hittin' up the dust off the desk, it's a dust storm
I just [?] piece, ye ain't heard? That's the new norm

New norm, yeah, new norm, new, normally
Formerly with two tour buses full of the corn whiskey
I'm absorbing the windstorm like Dorothy
And she's soaring in the barn like a horsey
I hit record [?], poem is alluring
Too many more of these sixteens, I'll be dodging you
In the short story, the book of Michael Wayne is
A rifle paintin', the mic and bullets, I pour heat
Pour heat like a glass blower
Ghetto cowboy in the box frame, no lasso thrower
Kick a rap and I pack a show to the back door
Move around in ya girl's chest like a bondholder
Chop her down like a lawn mower
Give her pretty then leave it sticky like an orange soda

That's how I'm livin' 'til the touring's over
But hieroglyphics in Memphis, you missin' it, bitch, I'm a born roller
Ridin' the bass like Pork Soda
Hardest of artists, this part of me's like barbeque on a porch owner
Southern-made, marinade, millionaire, Mary-Kate
Every day, killin', hey, fill the safe, every day
Rockin' this leather jacket but the leopard's fake
Fell in a pit, came back, stepped in snakes
Pullin' this arrow way back, it ain't to graze
Kill 'em all and lay it on the bread, mayonnaise
Layin' eggs, a lot of people wait
Tin roof, there's a lot of people in the shade
Didn't get the coupon for the new wave
Walmart, that's smarts, boy, lay-away
And if you open, lay awake

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