

# Counting Stars

YONAS

Lately, I been, I been losing sleep  
Dreaming about the things that we could be  
But baby, I been, I been praying hard  
Said no more counting dollars  
We'll be counting stars

No more counting dollars?  
Well, maybe just a little bit...

Uh  
Is this on, nigga?  
Ok, good, I'm gone, nigga  
Oh, you ain't got no backwoods  
Throw that shit a bong, nigga  
My whole team is strong, nigga  
If ya signin checks, I get along wicha  
And everybody around me is signing checks  
And saying cheese like its a prom picture  
Man, whoo, trap remix  
This that were all black remix  
Please understand that at the age of 25  
I already qualify for a black visa  
I'm selfmade, and my black sneakers  
White diamonds on a black T-Shirt  
I ain't one to make past speeches  
But, I'm stacking paper like math teachers  
On homework night, its homework night  
So y'all motherfuckers better study up  
And don't get it twisted, I'm deep in the hood  
So y'all motherfuckers better buddy up  
If you're ready for war, then put your captains up  
If your stars in the sky I'm going to snatch it down  
Sorry, baby girl, I'm just passing through town  
But be ready for a nigga when I come back around

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Now, I ain't one to be materialistic  
So don't twist it when you listen to this shit  
And I ain't ever ever paint a picture to get rich  
I'm tryna get hope to the rebels and misfits  
Resistance to this shit, not existent  
The flow switch, it flips scripts in an instant  
VanGogh, Vincent, everytime I let the motherfucking ink drip  
Sink ships to the enemy  
Everytime I put together the illest of four melodies  
Do a hundred on the highway  
When they pull me over, I tell'em that hundreds the new 70  
Hop! Wrap sheet full of felonies  
But I'm still tryna fight for the better me  
I don't care if your feeling in the lyrics  
But you got to feel the soul with the vibe and the energy

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