

Wake up, you bitch ass
Cracker ass, motha fucka

See all I ever wanted was a window to sit close to
And you don't understand but in the end you ain't supposed to
I'm talking first class, 30, 000 feet under my ass
Living life on the dash, constant pursuit of cash
Now I'm living a life that you and yours could only dream about
And just a couple ago this shit I used to scheme about
Rehearsing for hours in front of my mirror
Until my voice was hoarse but my vision was clearer
See this that new school style but the flow remind you of them
old days
Fast forward to the present, rappers have no class like snow da
ys
Good God, let me bring it back to hip-hops first renaissance
96' Kool-Aid and Sega Genesis

Hey yo, Hey yo, how you keep it so real
I love the way your lyrics make me feel
Roll it and get high, Light it up and fly
Feeling like I'm 30, 000 feet up in the sky

I got em' saying

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So many people think that they know my whole situation
Conversations with people that handle public relations
Nothing but hundred dollar bills and standing ovations
Slowly pacing until I kill like that boy Jason
It ain't nothing, never folding or bluffin'
Get money, fuck bitches but respect women cause we love em'
Kiss em', touch em' and rub em'
Fuck em' but never grub em'
Hit fast but then I slow it down like Robitussin
Shorty giving me brain until concussion
The club run out of vodka the second we rush in
Never under estimate the power in which I'm bustin'
My lyricism got yo girl blushin'
Ain't even touch her and yet she gushin' (ha)
Award shows, chilling with all my bros
3-piece Ralph Lauren and some Jordan's I suppose