

A lot of people ask me since I'm a lyricist in this business
How come I haven't gone broke yet?
I tell 'em it's cause I'm the flyest backpacker ever

I'm flyer than Mos Def in a Trump tower surrounded by four chefs

Fixing him some slamon croquettes with Kendrick, Cole and Kweli
In their dinner clothes, try me, you and your crew will bleed
Y'all bums ain't shot for the stars - just New Years Eve

Nothing was given to me

I had to go upside heads just to get upside hills

Never over the hill though, so I never strike when the iron is hot

I strike whenever the fuck I feel

I eat what the fuck I kill

I got this way from not being allowed to eat dinner

If you knew how much I've lost, you'd have no problem with me winning

How many times, how many times, how many times

Could I be reinvented?

Money is the deadlier of the five venoms, in my denim

Definitively got a widen 'em, garages with cars in 'em

Hanging out in bars to have menages with bartendes

God was an artist and Jesus was a carpenter

They put me together like an easel in the darkness of hell

And lost it and left me some loose screws, but

These are the nails to your coffin

These are the folk tales of a starving artist

Battling demons through his notepad like Adam and Eve eating kale in the garden

Flying private away from all charges

As my layers keep evolving