

4AM Monday

Watsky

I know why they call them labels
Because you have to fit a label now to fit a label
But If I'm a pussy, then I guess I did my kegels
I got it on lox, I'll bring the bagels
It kind of feels like middle school again when they call
I think the majors can't decide if I'll come play ball
If I can make them money
If I can dumb my shit down enough
Or do the dance
I think it's kind of funny
They might be right, I'm shaped different like Toblerone
I turned down a quarter mil to pitch a mobile phone
Cause I believed that I can be more and walked away
And left my hand up in the air like I just shot the J
White rappers make it quicker if we talk like stars
Hit the A-list
Cause you puffed on Ls
And dropped your Rs
Let's pull some video out of 5th grade pageant
And compare the way you talked then to how you're rapping
You think you sound the same?
Or that you picked up the way to be real in somewhere TV-Land along the way?
If I just get 15 minutes I'm gonna stay myself
And when that 16th minute comes then I won't hate myself
Maybe I'll never get signed
I'll fucking flatline
But nobody gets to raise a banner during halftime
Win or lose, I always choose myself and place a bid
And make the same face on every play like Jason Kidd

It's almost 4AM
Monday in my room again
Got a crazy vision of a dream escaping from my pen
I'll be swinging going down
Fuck that noise, No way no how
You're listening to this song
But I'm working on the next one now

If my goals are odd I take as a challenge
People seem confused by how I hope to use my talents
Could he be weird Al, could he be Jimmy Fallon?
I tell them to imagine Mos Def meets Woody Allen
Haters give me balance. Every Kyle's got a Cartman
I know how failure tastes
I drink it straight from the carton
I always keep a gallon in the fridge at my apartment
To remind me how it feels to drop the ball like Stevie Nicks
Believe me I want to achieve it all by being me
It's too easy to be cheesy on TV or DVD
I'm seeking to sneak in, but I'm weeping when I peep the scene
Cause I'm knee-deep in it and need a TP roll to keep it clean
I'm digging for a deeper meaning cause beneath this skin is a beating the te
mperamental heaving heart of gentle heathen
If you deceive us, homie that's so sad
I'll get more agro than the Aggro Crag
I'm Boney Boney leave me aloney you know me well
Don't dwell on that Jabroni just cause that baloney sells

His flow is hole-y like the edge of abalone shells
I want to flow holy like matrimony bells

It's almost 4AM
Monday in my room again
Got a crazy vision of a dream escaping from my pen
I'll be swinging going down
Fuck that noise, No way no how
You're listening to this song
But I'm working on the next one now

It's almost 4AM
Monday in my room again
Got a crazy vision of a dream escaping from my pen
I'll be swinging going down
Fuck that noise, No way no how
You're listening to this song
But I'm working on the next one now