

The Season

Marc E. Bassy

Fuck if I get on, Imma keep smoking
Hit me later on for some deep stroking
I've been writing songs just to keep coping
Check him every month, put a lease on it
Put a ring on it if you're married to it
Lifestyle of the rich and foolish
All my wives just become users
All my dimes just become shooters

She told me
"No more late night leaving"
I told her, "Baby it's the season
Everybody's tryna make a way
And I can never trust a word you say"

Fuck if I get rich, I still got my brothers
You ain't nothing new, you just singing covers
Don't carry the torch if they call my number
I probably live on, I don't use no rubbers
Summer Seventeen, and it's hot' than ever
Let's go to my spot, just got it together
I don't got no love, but I really do though
That's how we get taught, Imma love my crew though

So she said
"No more late night leaving"
I told her, "Baby it's the season
Everybody's tryna make a way
And I can never trust a word you say"

I'll be loyal baby, I swear I will be
If I step out of line, girl it's still me
In a Audi, but I'm leaning like the Sun Impala
Acting boujee, girl I've never seen you at MET Gala
You a groupie, baby don't go blame it on ya momma
Plus a dude is basic, probably take you to Cortana
Got beads in my bracelet, let me speak a little mantra
Fake it till you make it, that's the only way to prosper
I don't see the difference between trap or doctor
Used to see the priest as someone with nothing to offer
Lately I've been talking like I got a holy father
Really always felt like music kept from me a higher power
If I don't speak my mind it was just a wasted hour
All in line for line let the story be about us

"No more late night leaving"
I told her, "Baby it's the season
Everybody's tryna make a way
And I can never trust a word you say"