Check me out! Look...

I know perfect timing feels like I'm too late And I know I'm still great in spite of my mistakes You know it's authentic, every rhyme I say My only regret is I made niggas wait See, ain't too many like us, we like vintage Bape And I don't fuck with busters, I can't integrate Grew up with these killers in my living space Lotta niggas folded through them village days Citywide, gang and junction police raids L.A. Times, Rollin 60s, made the front page I vowed to never let you ditch and seal my fate Sellin' dope with hopes to graduate to real estate I knew I was drummin' to a different beat Felt it in my stomach, I was just unique We decided we gon' let these digits speak Then we turn Slauson into Venice Beach S 600 Maybach, platinum dealer plates Wake up in this penthouse to the cityscape You know it's authentic, every shit I say I knew self destruction ain't the only way Sometimes perfect timing feels like I'm too late But I know you're still great in spite of your mistakes Before you run your race you gotta find a pace Just make sure you cross the line and fuck the time it takes I got out the county jail 2008 Couple months I dropped the tape then I was on my way My first single out it set the streets ablaze On location shot that video in front the cage Tryna find my way through this fuckin' maze Every concert, hundred niggas on the stage I'm still active so it's really just another day Promoters paranoid to book you, that affects ya pay And when you stop eatin' that affects your weight And when you get hungry that affects your brain See me I'm not trippin' I respect the game I hope y'all do if I can't make I'm gon' take your chain See ain't too many like us, we like vintage Bape And I don't fuck with busters I can't integrate I know perfect timing feels like I'm too late But every single time I drop they tell me I'm the great