

## '95 Bad Boy Logo

Skyzoo

The agenda don't ever change much, the same from when we came up  
It stick with us now, to fit a crown without fucking your fade up  
You double down on your way up  
Up on your way, up for the day til the day done  
Night turn to drop jeeps and Alize runs  
The soundtrack to it in the back where the weight's tucked  
The baselines cover bass lines til the tape stuck  
Fast forward to the B-sides where the tape run  
We kept the drop jeeps but turned the rest into Spade runs  
Running for chart space  
Running like if we was running off of a court date with a gun in the door sa  
fe  
Red bones at the light, fuck with this car chase  
Bunch of Lorel's got it looking like 4 Faiths  
Drawn to the light post, right so  
Rightfully hypefully know that we just want the allure straight  
Playing BYOBs up in Kum Kau, like y'all don't sell Privilege  
So we just brought it with us  
And we just want the finals to not feel like a scrimmage  
It ain't about the title its who you bodied to get it  
And anybody can get it, word to a Sean Combs remix  
And whatever Sean Combs did, we did  
Same rule applied like summersaulting a key out, key in  
Shit is ordained like a prefix  
All we really wanted was a '95 bad boy logo  
On the back of a letterman, backstage at letterman  
Fitted over my brow like I was Mason Betha in  
Patent leather 11s and, the band play the record and  
Puff screaming how we won't stop while I get settled in  
To the swing of the record and, then the swing of the record is  
Tryna mimic this St. Laz piece over my neck and I  
Get to swinging this rhetoric, Fulton street benevolent  
But rap like a clip off the waist before the sedatives  
OZ orchestra, theme music for peddlers  
But back to the scene and the stage that I was setting and  
The feeling of a Hitman record gets  
Higher than Branson, or fly as a Vanson  
Or fly as BIG buying keys outta advances  
Fuck up a bag and run it back or run it round  
Rollie's in the sky, bet nobody brung 'em down  
And when he told you "t-bone steak cheese eggs and welches grape"  
I grew up between Mikes and Country House  
Mikes is better, the lights is better when you underneath  
You light up whoever when you wanna eat  
Looking up to a logo of a toddler with his fist in the air  
Or letting the lama rip in the air  
Because all we really wanted was a '95 Bad Boy logo  
On the back of a letterman, backstage at Letterman  
Fitted over my brow like I was Mason Betha in  
Patent leather 11s and, the band play the record and  
Puff screaming how we won't stop while I get settled in  
To the swing of the record and, then the swing of the record is  
Tryna mimic this St. Laz piece over my neck and bet  
That I don't gotta loop this no more, you get the messages right?