

Supreme sold for 2 billi
Looked at my closet like they should split that with me
For every collab tee sold for \$250
And every face adorned on it resembling me
All the resemblance made to fit in that frame
Shit you either give us a lane or deal the aim
Son that's the energy, automatic but based on a Semmi
Akeem or high beam, whichever's litty
Like either you up under a crown or you're taking one
You give me a grey bottom I'll bet I'll make me one
Suited for it with the time to do it
Recollect on the beauty of it like Amanda Lewis
The same beauty in the allure of everything you was listening for
Back when you was first sent to the store
A growth spurt and an itch in your palm can take you in from the calm and
Lead you to where you should sit in that storm
The crowd waiting be a big enough draw
Where if you pick up the call
The dial tone will turn into applause, for real
And they just wanna be positioned where you been
Sorta like how they turned Living Single into Friends, right?
Collage that for you to comprehend it
And make orange the new black like I'm Knowledge Bennett
They said it's corner store calligraphy on how I pen it
And sneak a round of Henny in if I got time to finish

For me and you and you and you and
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I was buying art, my friends was buying dope
I went and made friends with rappers that was buying both
Similar regards when a vision's in the fold
Hanging from the walls or dripping from your nose
OGs telling me to get what I was owed
Made sense of all of it, just as I'm suppose
Said to treat it like you water whipping, mixing out a bowl
And all of your desires being driven by the foam
Cooking with integrity, mirrors by the stove
Forever is forever but we still tryna elope
Live out a jungle where the Simba's pick and roll
Ever met a lion that can pen you out a poem?
Pass it down, pass it down til the batons gone
God bless the family of Quawan Charles
And God bless me if I'm tripping off award tours
Knowing Muhammad is my man so what the cost cost?
The same era that skips you until you're ghost
Then fold hands for you and christen you in a post
At the same table but listen to who they toast
So speaking of, I took my pistol with me to vote
2020 vibes, I'm at the march tryna touch the sky
But noticed that it takes a kill for us to come alive
I got friends with mothers like Breonna Barksdale
But we ain't crown Breonna Taylor til her heart failed
Soft eyes will help you see it better
Cause when you're all eyes it's harder to piece together, you see it?

Black as fuck so relating ain't an option
A Gil Scott vision and a Kenya Barris closet
A bat call away from who you play the most
A trap song away from a Fader post
Quicker than a SNKRS app crash
Round of applause if they need you that bad

For me and you and you and you and
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Open arms for the regime
6 feet away so you outta harms reach
Close enough for you to call it how you see
Black Mirror, white bear, take a peak

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