

## Letter To The City 2

Tory Lanez

Uh, soon as you here this verse, I'm out the record deal  
They cheated 12 albums, 4 years, and that's a record still  
Head to the sky like Emmet Till off the stepping wheel  
And minus all the sex appeal, your boy about to flex for real  
Rolls Royce Cullinan, 4 doors 'cause my son in it  
I'm driving down the garden to Toronto home city  
With 2 tings that I partnered up, playing putter and possum  
Then I puff with my girls like Buttercup with a Blossom  
Excessive needs for pussy, power, and SUV's  
That drop us to the back-door entrances, stress relief  
And no less indeed, the shooters is pressing like refugees  
And the fee at the entrance way too high just to let 'em free  
What can't alarm me is whose crew's finna harm me  
My little dudes move like new recruits in the army  
And all they see is food, shrimp, scallops, and calamari  
I galavant at a Barbie while they gather back at your party, uh  
Should let the women I fuck raw an unprotected  
Like fuck if you get pregnant, I'll keep it  
Keep a secret only in town for a weekend  
I'm dating women knowing I'm cheating for foreign reasoning  
Fuck y'all niggas throwing y'all beef in  
I'm going vegan with Heaven's timing  
Shooting and set designing  
Then moving like I sold 10 million records in record timing  
I did, then I kept on climbing  
I started at 90 and ran the plays and private agendas  
Tryna get fly but niggas tried and I kindly reject 'em  
They ran my name through the mud, but I'm finally respected  
This here out of the plan, this more of a God purpose  
This here out of my hands, this'll never feel like 2012  
Signing to Sean Kingston for clout and advance  
I'm still proud of that man, know I fell out from his hand  
He didn't do me worse than... and all of his friends  
Them niggas out of this world, they came out of the sands  
I'm still bout it my mans, thought this shit was mad love  
Till I seen my album advance  
They took radio from me, I stayed proud of my stance  
I kept slapping the world with hits like I powdered my hands  
I would've been 10 times bigger if...  
Wasn't being bitter and doubted my chance  
Threatening to shelf my whole career for 5 years  
As if he wasn't taking money from out my advance  
I got out by a chance  
Them nights was like the Superbowl watching out from the stands  
God don't make things happen by chance  
And it's some things you gon' have to experience  
I'm dapping up the board of office and passing the clearance  
He always makes a corny joke 'bout my rapper appearance  
Then I do a fake laugh that he catches like pass interference  
I fly back into Paris, blunt smoke, ash on my terrace  
My competition's just an empty ass class full of chairs  
Talking to myself, it's lonely minus the fact that I'm here  
I'm tryna see all of my niggas blossom  
Mariah selling shows, Coachella her first year  
And minus all the times we disagree, I'm still here  
Pierre, Papi you're 'bout to be a whole millionaire  
Davo coming out the cut with a chick with Sicilian hair

Mansa dropping next month, you niggas should be in fear  
Watching Melli do the numbers like she running track and field  
Plus we just got Kaash in here  
And it's all Umbrella army, I'm full attack mode forreal  
New Toronto 3, I'll leave it at that  
And ain't nobody fucking with me, folk, I'll keep it at that, yeah  
The next move is going fully independent  
And any label offer under 100 mil' is just offensive, I promise