4Am

YONAS

t's funny as a writer
I remember when I couldn't get a write up
Show up to the club on industry night
But, ain't no one invite us
Just an uptown kid with some downtown weed
Like, anybody got a lighter?
And I still shut it down with my invisible crown
Cause I was told a king is a fighterI'm focused on a dream but
In between life a movie like a scene cut
When I pray, do my prayers just beam up?
I don't know, but to me they seem stuck
Cause the police smile when they see them
But the motherfuckers shoot when they see us
Tell me how's that a blessin'?
I'm caught between picking my discretion and picking up a motherfucking weapon
Pressure man I need that
Fame yeah I need that
Major labels I need that
Wait a minute, I don't need that
I'm good
And this is how we ride
All around the world we tell em
Money man, I need that
Love yeah I need that
Haters yeah I need that
Wait a minute, I don't need that
I'm good
And this is how we ride
Way before I even had a dollar to my name
Wasn't for god I probably would've caved (True)
All the things that I be doing
And the shit that I be saying
Shit I'd prolly give Holly with a grave (True)
I don't care about the fame
I be airing out your names
So chill if you ain't tryna cut your fate
If you looking at your favourite rapper and he don't respond
Then this motherfucker prolly is a slaveShit, I'm focused on a dream but
In between life a movie like a scene cut

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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