

# Napoleon (Prod. M16) (DatPiff Exclusive)

## CyHi The Prynce

(The Napoleon complex is when short men)  
(Over compensate for being short) Cyhi!  
(Usually by being really aggressive)  
Y'all know what time it is! Huh, young prince with the soul of Napoleon  
I see art, like I know the custodian  
At the Gagosian and my ho is Cambodian  
While I'm smoking, I send her to the store for some Ozium  
Huh, if I ain't hot, you must be smoking that opium  
Or that shit Hector gave Smoke' and 'em (Sup Smokey!)  
In that Impala, but ain't nobody dope as him  
So, hip-hop, it's time to hold the symposium  
Or a seminar with no podium  
For all the lame niggas throwing sodium, on my name, no Utopian  
My fans are like the '96 Lakers, coach, throw Kobe in!  
Remember selling nicks at night, no Nickelodeon  
Now I'm pulling chicks at night feelin' like Scorpion  
Dr. Kevorkian all in ya ho fallopian  
Got her in the car givin' toppings, anchovy-ing  
Speaking of cars, they rush ours like 4 P.M  
How you a gangsta but on Instagram emoji-ing?  
In America, niggas dying over pussy  
In the Middle East, they dying over petroleum  
A pound in a FoodSaver look like a head of lettuce  
Niggas steal my metaphors like I never said it  
Try to battle me, you gon' need a paramedics  
That means two, a pair of medics  
And a helicopter full of hella doctors  
For sounding like Andy Milanokis on the teleprompter  
Huh, let's get it poppin', Orville Redenbacher  
Don't make my partner kill your dog with that Cruella chopper  
Hotter than that red sriracha, can't care less about ya  
The last thing I'm tryna be is fresh when the feds is watching  
No disrespect to my nigga Chainz  
But, when the feds really watching, that shit'll wreck ya brain  
That's why I left the game but, if I had to do some time  
I'll still make money from the pen like Ester Dean  
And I could go to jail for some shit I did at 17  
God knows where I would be if I never dreamed  
Huh, the dopest nigga in our decade

I don't rest, hey, cause these hoes give me a headache  
Huh, I'm out in L.A., I never went to school  
For writing but I'm still good with them essays  
Every bitch I had end up fucking the squad  
No love in my heart, back then, I wasn't that smart  
But, I went into some classes overseas  
Now all I do is study abroad... Get it? Study a broad?  
What I learned is that these hoes'll tear your buddies apart  
Now it's Greek mythology cause I run with the gods  
Street astrology cause I'm one with the stars You gon' need your liquor license just to fuck with my bars  
Puffin' cigars, leave the show to a lovely mÃ©nage  
Huh, thumbin' through the check like I'm shufflin' cards  
Bullet wounds left my friends with the ugliest scars  
Revenge'll get ya even but what are your odds?  
Of gettin'it away with it or getting stuck with a charge, huh  
Flowing so ethical, plus I'm cold and poetical  
It's my time according to this gold Oyster Perpetual, uh  
Ghetto activist, I'm not a Devil's advocate  
As humble as a dove but I run with some savages  
Catch my goons laying on a nigga, mattresses  
Yee ain't from the streets if you thought that was some faggot shit My ratchet is always in the car so please don't  
clap in it  
Cause they haters wanna see you holy like the Catholic  
You don't know the half of it, gladiator Maximus  
We ain't in the same class, you algebra, I'm calculus  
On my neck is a charm of the man who stayed in Nazareth  
My mind just so deep, I swear that you couldn't fathom this  
Huh, and rap is like college  
I'm working on my doctorate cause I already mastered it  
Huh, yesterday I talked to Yeezus  
I said I'm paranoid, that's why I always got a heater  
Huh, so if a nigga try to sneak ya  
All you hear is "bang, boom, pow", onomatopoeia  
Then I'm gone...

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

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