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 starsYou 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 shitMy 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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