

# Courtesy

## PRhyme

I like this one  
Just let it go PreemZ06 'vette, gripping feeling almost there  
Listening to Bon Jovi, rolling 'Living on a Prayer'  
Privy to the gossip, that's what's said about me constant  
It's the life and times of Bumpy Johnson meets Nucky Thompson  
I used to rap about death, now I'm only concerned to live  
I value relationships, still I keep it competitive  
Nowadays chances are that if you see me throw the match  
It ain't to lose the fight, it's to walk away from a burning bridge  
I'm from a family of alcoholics and coke addicts  
Daddy taught me if the ass is so fat it's a fact  
That if you with your ho, don't matter it's still appropriate to scope at it  
Living life with no balance, driving drunk on co-pilot  
Driving 'till I total it  
I'm trying to stay afloat, but I got nobody to throw a rope at it  
The game is just a game of splits and politics with no ballot  
All kind of clips with mo' malice than Pusha  
If you profiling, it's probably be more violence than looking  
I'm so stylish, but I ain't talking eBay, no high end fashion either  
If you catch me by the runway it's the one that's for the PJ  
This one is for my lyricists - courtesy of my DJ(I can't control it, can't hold it, it's so nuts)  
(Hustle hard in any hustle that you pick)  
(I respect that)  
I done had a lot of niggas say they wanna hurt me  
Somehow, some way they just end up in my mercy  
Just show some courtesy  
(Hell yeah, nigga you know, niggas still got it)  
(Believe that shit)I got killas 'round the way ready to move that work for me  
Niggas wanna ride my wave, bitches wanna surfboard me  
All I want is courtesy, who cares about the radio?  
And you can take the cassette deck from off your old boombox  
And it wouldn't matter  
It still squares on your radio to keep your  
Wealth  
I learned to stay to yo - self  
I call for Shantelle to spray paint a mural in Watts  
Of me spray painting a mural of Miracle Watts  
Shoutout to Michael 5000 Watts  
I'm on than lean movement like I'm out here tryna box

Look, nigga, this is a boss thing, uh  
Meaning you getting the laze dot to your offspring  
I'm a lost being, uh  
Try to cross me without falling off, I'm afraid not  
I'm a frayed knot like a draw string  
I'm preaching to the congregation like I'm Peter Popoff  
If you can imagine  
Me hopping up out of the cabin like I'm one of the dukes of hazard  
Like fuck it, leave the top off like time for foreplay  
That last line that was before ya time  
Like Big Ben sitting in BeyoncÃ© doorway  
While I'm receiving Four Seasons, Norwegian top in Norway  
Listening to rappers kick knowledge  
That they probably got from Toure'  
These Michael Eric Dyson niggas claiming they king  
Not knowing the kind of drama that that bring  
Imma be the first established rapper to hop in that battle rap ring Turn that to gatling  
My next album gon be so dark and so fly  
I should CD package it wrapped in batwings  
The Soultrain music awards actors rock fake as wrestling  
Dressed bottom to top in leather looking like bacon in Vaseline  
How you looking like beef jerky, beefing in every verse  
But never beefing in person? Randy Savage  
You wouldn't snap a slim Jim  
You wouldn't rip a wrapping on Christmas in Santa's attic  
With the hands of Eddie Scissors, ain't you average?  
Put your motherfucking hands up  
My job is to move the crowd, move the motherfucking crowd  
Put your motherfucking hands up

Songwriters

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