

Wishin' (feat. Common)

PRhyme

I'm sending my killers to the store for Patron and Danish
My nigga, my nigga, I would go get it myself, but I'm famous
And I ain't never changing, I'm never done paying my dues
My mind frame is "I'm forever making my payments"
I walk by a so called tough guy, watch him tuck his chain in
No snatching though, watch what you put my fucking name in
Kind of like an armless actor playing an action role
I'm out on the west copping like Axel Foley, ask the police
But at least I'm active though
I bought my bitch an Aston, wrote it off on my taxes
Listed it as an independent backing like Macklemore
Half of my clique is bastards
The other half of my clique don't know half of the kids they having
Savage, that's average though
Like 30k a year spent on yeast
In order to walk in the streets
In my shoes, you're gon need Flintstone feet
And room for baggage, and room in your Nikes
So they can hypothetically tag your toe
Motherfuckers can't rhyme no more about rhyme no more
Cause I'm so raw, will I win?
Ain't an if, it's a when
Kind of like asking "what time is karma gon find [?]"
So tomorrow, in hindsight, if you an artist, death's near, the fans know
What you draw falls on deaf ears like Van Gogh
I chose rap glory over the stratosphere
No plaques or a trophy, I already have them here
(Let's go, Preem)
I'm just trying to leave my mark but I've got the same backstory as a tatted tear
The kind of frame I prefer to see the world through
Don't ask me nothing about Budden, I suppose
I propose to all my girls too
I'm in the Forbes in in a pearl suit
Bitches know the score like Sheryl Swoopes
You know they say that you dying if you ain't living good
I'm dumping a hit man's salary worth of quarters down the world's largest wishing well
Wishing a nigga would
(Wishing a nigga would)Ladies and gentlemen
I think my record speaks for itselfA rival of survival, idle movement and chatter

We was stepping in the Chi before we knew the ladder
Climb up till your time's up, but daily reminder
My daily operation is to spark the population
Salutation to the nation of the Nubians and hooligans
That knew me when we was boxing niggas up in Julian
The bond that I have with the Quran and the math
Supreme talk, I'm walking a king's walk
Watch it vibrate, while I take the wings off
Straight out of Chitown where they get that lean off
Fiends cough for serum, hitters rally rally like it's Durham
You in Illinois, we don't know what can cure 'em
I'm sicker than most of them from the 'Go so the flow don't end
Come get it bae like you from Oakland
I'm in the building and this my grand opening
I'm posturing with niggas that were supposed to been
Doper than, more pussy than fallopian These are the sounds of days that are passed Kick in the door waving the
.44

Casing the floorboards, stays in the Waldorf
I will board a jet cheap, fly the way for sure to get deep
To show your crew my immortal technique
I'll elaborate, sixteen pistols and extendos
Hidden inside three or four twelve hundred crates
If we at war, I'll exaggerate
Sweep up the streets till the clique clean
Shoot you while we watch the tables turn like a twig scene
Street sweeper, knock his head clean off his body
Then keep sweeping long enough to clean off his body
Lean off the bottle then fly a nigga queen off to Cabo
Then have her feeding me papayas and grapes, I'm an acquired taste
If you don't like me, acquire some taste
And all I talk about is murdering
All you do is test pros, I'll shoot you while you protest
Shout to all my brothers and my sisters out in Ferguson
The police want us shot
And you gon be the next to drop in front of that donut shop We record a new dimension of history I kick my
habits of visvum
Sneakers and developed into the new now
With Animal Planet I got me a plaque
And a Grammy well I'm goin' zoo now
Me still be irrelevant, then became the elephant
In the room now (is he gon' ever fall off)
No, I walk by a so called tough guy
Watch him pass me nervous, after I passed him
He gon' get what the street life for
He gon' turn the other cheek like

A half done assed job, sittin right
In front of a plastic surgeon
Then I jump in the black suburban
Snatch the curtain, wrappin' your R&B act in it
After I squeeze 21 entries, and it ain't no need to ask for ID's
I'm certain that if you offend me, that it shall get windy
And it's right before that Mack 10 is workin', click
And it ain't no I in me in the fact that I am
Givin' you fire, and the fire comes after the Earth Wind
Wooh, Preme in his Prhyme, I'm in my Prhyme

Songwriters

ADRIAN YOUNGE, CHRISTOPHER MARTIN, RYAN MONTGOMERY, LONNIE RASHID

LYNNPublished by

Lyrics Â© Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song
Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>