Same Ol' Story (feat. Kid Ink, ScHoolboy Q, Corey

DJ Drama

It feel like the same old story, everywhere that I go
And I don't really wanna do it all again tomorrow
So I'm trying to find something brand new
I'm sorry if you see me and I'm acting brand new
It feel like the same old bitches, same old haters
See me in the club, wanna come sit at my table
I'm trying to find something brand new
I'm sorry if you see me and I'm acting brand new
Motherfucker

No handouts for no niggas No handouts for no bitches Killed the underground with my lifestyle I'll let y'all fucks be the witness But I'm losing my mind On the block like 9 and a 9 Well until it got pined You ain't know that it's something about time? We didn't care about that Remember the time I said I rapped? Then the niggas came after Even the hoes was full of laughter Flew back to the booth, went harder Now node your heads to the product Suck a nigga dick like he hotter Slinky on the booty like your father

Beard look like Osama

Don't talk to me less about commas

Real shit, Go time get a meal tip

Save your compliments for the comments

Getting money is my assignment

Will still be in the set(?)

It feel like the same old story, everywhere that I go
And I don't really wanna do it all again tomorrow
So I'm trying to find something brand new
I'm sorry if you see me and I'm acting brand new
It feel like the same old bitches, same old haters

See me in the club, wanna come sit at my table
I'm trying to find something brand new
I'm sorry if you see me and I'm acting brand new
Motherfucker

Damn, these niggas hating, I can't understand
I'm your favorite's favorite, you the fan of a fan
I feel like if I fall off this boat I could walk
Y'all rap, Cory Gunz talk what he talk
Shorty said she coming, she bringing a friend
They ain't smoking with me, though, cause they didn't put in
Bitch, I be touring with Tunechi and Mack
Saluting Stunna on the way to the stage and way back
How many niggas you know chill on the block with they fam and
Tell you if you need something handled, go and holla at Nick Cannon
Still spitting like I'm trying to get the deal
Don't fly private all the time, but I fly private with Shaquille

It feel like the same old story, everywhere that I go
And I don't really wanna do it all again tomorrow
So I'm trying to find something brand new
I'm sorry if you see me and I'm acting brand new
It feel like the same old bitches, same old haters
See me in the club, wanna come sit at my table
I'm trying to find something brand new
I'm sorry if you see me and I'm acting brand new
Motherfucker

Same old haters, niggas just don't give a fuck
Tired of that old shit, swag is on some Bentley truck
Tired of these zeroes, ain't nobody near, though
Cause ain't nobody ready, throw the paper like confetti
Man, I get jobs, a hundred stack
Ya'll miss Jobs, like Wozniak
I make y'all insomniac?
No more sleeping, nigga
What you thinking, nigga?

I got your girl and need that E like we the Weeknd, nigga
People figure, cause I don't like it unless it's brand new
Everything is old news, even all your club clothes
Look like shit I wear when I need something from the Whole Foods
Royalty the newest niggas fucking old dudes

It feel like the same old story, everywhere that I go And I don't really wanna do it all again tomorrow So I'm trying to find something brand new
I'm sorry if you see me and I'm acting brand new
It feel like the same old bitches, same old haters
See me in the club, wanna come sit at my table
I'm trying to find something brand new
I'm sorry if you see me and I'm acting brand new
Motherfucker

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/