

Success

Pete Flux & Parental

[Hook:]

Don't fail, fail

Ain't nobody tryna do that

Don't fail, fail

Let's continue making moves black

Don't fail, fail

I guarantee we don't do that

Don't fail, fail

Hands up in the air for the new cat!

[Verse 1:]

I flick the switch on, now I've written sick song

One crack at bat, I swing and it's gone

My raps and tracks are never split long

All because the high you'll get from this song

Is the inhaled smoke ripped from six bongs

All at the same time, a crime I'm this strong

Like attractions dudes have for Ms. Wrong

And the attitudes of the mainstream

About the the avenues used to get to your dreams

That we aspire to, with crew on the scene

I'm tryna get these words moving, moving

My competition want my movement losing

But that don't matter cause I'm proving music

Is still alive in the genre

I'ma spit a single full of double entendres

Triple up the money then I'll focus on the commas

If rap had a school, I'da graduated honors

Rare as a nazi that celebrates Kwanzaa

Rare as a Ferrari traded in for a Honda

Bonkers, send over a beat and I will conquer

When I choose to dip I wanna be missed

My eternal sunshine will leave a rapper crying

Heard your boy spit, they forgot he exists

Erased from the mind with unstoppable hits

Bitch!

[Hook]

[Verse 2:]

Kyrie Irving when I be serving
Straight out the gate, I'm an ace with the wording
Pretty fly state in my twenty five eight
My flow is outer space. What's the fate of an earthling?
Dunzo. I'm just being frank up front
Kinda like a hundo, my bars never run low
Me on the beat, NRA at a gun show
Analogous, been set my metaphors to gung ho
Meaning I'm dedicated
Poetry elevated, this murder pre-meditated
They heard it then imitated all the ways that I said it
I'm killin' em so Parental aided and abetted
My cadence and my message got em taking anesthetics
Bringing too much pain and my crew sustained
Making up all these records in a ruthless game
I'm assuming it's the same, I'm prepared for the worst
Saw a rapper slain over there in a hearse
He was pressured to be something that he wasn't
His career is now buried in the dirt
And his words still mean nothing
Not a cautionary tale, but that is how you fail
If you can't see that, you need to learn Braille
And feel how the beat bumps, word to Andre 3K
Tryna keep lyricism alive down in the A
Nigga!

Lyrics submitted by Pete Flux & Parental.

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