Opening Day

Auracle Music

Yeah
Wizzy
The kid
So undone
Let's goOpening Day
Coming soon... to you[Verse 1:]
Zonin out, drift off with me
I can't get the beat off of me
I puffin blunts living pompously
And if I had a million dollars, to be honest
I'd be chilling in the same place I always be
Ripping mic's cultivates my artistry
And every breath I speak is a 100 percent a part of me
They say "me rap" is like a major controversy
And I'm confused I don't know who I ought to be
But if you judge, hold a grudge or look off at me
Your nose clog, peeps smell me like peppery
And I'm so sorry that my mouth is like the potty
Shit on mothafuckas, you know I came here TO PARTY!
Partake in this game
I swear to God, what I say is insane
Out my two right speakers
That's my left and right ears
You want it, dog?! I get you like a beeper!
The heater, I be the people's fuckin speaker
Cause you know you hear me and I'm blastin out your speakers
Different words, two words you know I am Aretha
Franklin, mouthafucka how I blow this shit, ether[Hook:]
Man, I think this feel like a classic
Grab your lighters, yeah baby, and then you pass it
And yeah, I wouldn't even call it rappin
Cause fly with me, academy, you're speaking of the captain[Verse 2:]
Why am I so in the zone
Like every joint bounce off Logic Pro
Gimme more space, five yards like they just got a hold
Penalty or encroachment like you never know
The soul burnin oyster that's forever glow
And I know how they taste, they slide down my throat
Yup, at the grill by my house and tied to the coach

Lemon squeeze up on the side for this guys and broads
That acknowledge that I'm in college but somehow I'm broke
And home is nothing like it, there will never be
When dudes say that you suck but know they feel the breeze
When see those rainbows between they feet
And all the bullshit they found fake was pedigree
Purebred/pure bread, but some times I find it hard to eat
From out of all the studying, blocking my nasty sleep
But no voice, when your whole role is supposed to speak
Looking in the mirror I'm itching to cop every sneak
Yeah, new hoes, like, every week
Yeah, they get to drill, the domin before they get to leave
Yup, Eighties Baby t-shirts that they get to keep
I'm stacked full from Alex and Geoff, thankfully
And, my career cruised on cause every time I hand it
You know this is gon' blowin
I'm like Lohan
Too much blow in my system
And I can't be Sam
But now I'm with man
And I stay on my grind to the finish
Finish, I feel it every bitch, every inch[Hook:]
Man, I think this feel like a classic
Grab your lighters, yeah baby, and then you pass it
And yeah, I wouldn't even call it rappin
Cause fly with me, academy, you're speaking of the captain
Yeah, yeah the captain

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