

# Penthouse

## Bas

Lately I got this feeling  
My niggas is meant to get it  
It's written up in the stars  
Made it from slimmer odds when only God was with us  
Fuck it nigga we did it, been picking the game apart  
My response for critics is spitting it from the heart  
Ain't no frontin' involved  
They feel it, I'm 'bout to make niggas fold  
Something in the water got me floating like the work across the boat  
Girl I wonder how we making it home?  
I'm no angel, I got an angle  
Back to the crib, bitch I'm tryna get you naked and bone  
She's no angel, but with the blow she's a snow angel  
The dangers of taking her home  
She said, "You caught my eye and my ears  
You speak sincere, write precise  
Cross your t's and dot your i's  
See my fears and read my mind  
If lawyers steal and doctors lie  
What's really left for you and I?  
(What's really left for you and I?)"  
Trust, shit I don't know too much about it  
We can take this leap of faithBut I don't wanna feel the bottom, no  
I don't wanna feel the bottom, no  
Girl I don't wanna feel the bottom, no  
I don't wanna feel the bottom, no  
Girl I don't wanna feel the bottomAnd I just called up my mama, she missing her son  
I've been pulling all-nighters and missing the sun  
I heard it gets addicted to some  
The bigger the light, the quicker they come  
They exit your life, just as quick as they come  
I'm numb to it like a brick to the gums  
I get to it, just as quick as it comes  
As quick as it comes now  
I wish niggas wasn't so addicted to power  
I wish heaven had visiting hours  
I wish we could hit the Ave like we used to  
Dime, nickel, 20 bag like we used to  
Ride with my dawgs, moving cross the States

Die by my word, that's an author's fate  
So how your shoulders holding up fine, great?  
I got the weight of the world on mine, I'm straight  
Now pay your dues til your dues paid  
Play your role til your role change, nigga rotate  
'Rari or Jaguar, switching forth lanes  
Call me for NASCAR, Bassy a track star  
Gassin' the track like I'm running propane  
Lapping these niggas and jealousy's a bitch  
Made it out the city, look around  
I brought all my niggas with me  
And I gotta thank God for the felonies we missed  
Gotta thanks mom dukes, gotta thanks pops too  
They say anything possible  
My squad like apostles, believe in me  
Don't know how to quit, that's a fiend to me  
Yeah, my niggas flood proof  
Pray for the rain, gotta deal with mud too  
Gotta deal with slugs who  
Lay six feet, try to get above you  
My niggas flood proof  
Pray for the rain, gotta deal with mud too  
Gotta deal with slugs who  
Lay six feet, try to get above you  
They love you  
And hug you, they sing your praises  
They wear their faces backwards  
Still I see 'em acting  
Just the walking reenactment  
Ain't nothin' real about 'em  
Niggas talk about us  
Spill they're heart up out us  
They spill they're hearts  
But what's her name again?  
We talking 'bout lames again  
Won't pretend I'm entertained  
I'm staying sane  
I'm going through the changes  
I'm still the same  
Everybody feel you, don't feel your pain  
Go on, go on, steal out, hold on to you  
Go on, go on, steal out, hold onCause I don't wanna feel the bottom, no  
I don't wanna feel the bottom  
Said I don't wanna feel the bottom, no

I don't wanna feel the bottom

Songwriters

ABBAS HAMAD, DERICK OKOLIE, KALEB ROLLINS, RON GILMORE, TIFFANY CALVERPublished

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