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

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