Good Evening

Isham Jones Orchestra

Uh, look,
Good Evening.
Yeah,
When I party in New York take the late night subway,
Goin' out Friday to comin' home Monday.
From all directions never find me on the one way flavor,
The rhyme just the icin' on the cupcake fuckface.
My fans notice these other rappers is bogus,
I'm Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.
And the boy stay, kickin' incredibly dope shit.
Make my momma proud cuz my clothes fit.
Travel round the globe bitch, on my Lewis Clark shit,
Don't matter where I live, cause I can tell you where my heart is.
I just stay on my side, fuck where everybody at
Tell the planet "peace" cause I'm gone, I ain't comin' back
Had the whole, regular life I can tell you that I'm done with that,
Try an build a mill off a couple stacks on my own business
Investin' all I got into these fuckin' raps,
Willlie Parker money hand it off and it's runnin' back.
Ayo, you fuck wit dat?
Uh, you gotta fuck wit dat.
You in love with dat.
Look, uh, Mac Miller.
Takin' sips from the fountain of youth,
If you ain't heard about the kid then you out of the loop.
As I'm sittin' back starin' at this world in my eyes,
See out the window in my room that I'm hidden inside.
I'm just a kid who stays speakin' his thoughts, talkin' his mind,
Like a roller coaster but I stay along for the ride.
Put my heart up on the page and the song gonna cry,
There's logic behind the way you stayin' caught and alive, boy.
Ain't a shock and I'm a topic of discussion,
Mo' fuckas want my spot so they probably wish I wasn't.
They give a lil love like everyone does,
In reality they stoned off that competitive drug.
And I don't blame em,

Cuz those who above me, I'm gunnin' for ya.
Try and make my way to the top startin' from the floor.

And I don't even need to bring a single gun to war,
Cuz I be on some shit that they ain't never done before.
Takin' over piece by piece startin' from the core,
It's only been a year, I can stick around a hundred more.
Said I could stick around a hundred more.
I ain't goin nowhere.
Young and so much time to go,
Jerm you might as well keep this one rollin'.
I got like one more verse, I haven't spit three verses on a song in a minute
See if I can remember this one.
Ight look
You can find me in the lab workin' overtime.
Smell the weed when you go on by, global grind
I ain't just a local guy.
When you feelin' stressed out have an L,
Blow money, keep my lady decked out in Chanel.
Live fast, when I die better wish me well.
Huh, I just hope they servin' beer in hell.
Just an everyday story that I'm here to tell.
So please, stick around for the Epilogue,
For anyone who ever blog probably heard my name,
Hip Hop's underdog he wanna win the game.
I'm sick of hearin' how music change, never been the same,
And these dudes who think they everything and never pick a lane.
Call yourself a vet but haven't won a single game.
Mad every girl got my name imprinted in her brain.
Boy I'm a beast match this style in bars
Find me smokin' weed where the wild things are.
Yessir.
So I mean, I had to take this time,
real quickly, to just go in.
I don't know man, I feel like you should never stop goin' in on your shit.
That's just me.
I mean, Q, TreeJay out there we excited just makin' history,
and Jerm of course.

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