

# Wishin'

## Prhyme

I'm sending my killers to the store for Patron and Danish  
My nigga, my nigga, I would go get it myself, but I'm famous  
And I ain't never changing, I'm never done paying my dues  
My mind frame is "I'm forever making my payments"  
I walk by a so called tough guy, watch him tuck his chain in  
No snatching though, watch what you put my fucking name in  
Kind of like an armless actor playing an action role  
I'm out on the west copping like Axel Foley, ask the police  
But at least I'm active though  
I bought my bitch an Aston, wrote it off on my taxes  
Listed it as an independent backing like Macklemore  
Half of my clique is bastards  
The other half of my clique don't know half of the kids they having  
Savage, that's average though  
Like 30k a year spent on yeast  
In order to walk in the streets  
In my shoes, you're gon need Flintstone feet  
And room for baggage, and room in your Nikes  
So they can hypothetically tag your toe  
Motherfuckers can't rhyme no more about rhyme no more  
Cause I'm so raw, will I win?  
Ain't an if, it's a when  
Kind of like asking "what time is karma gon find [?]"  
So tomorrow, in hindsight, if you an artist, death's near, the fans know  
What you draw falls on deaf ears like Van Gogh  
I chose rap glory over the stratosphere  
No plaques or a trophy, I already have them here  
(Let's go, Preem)  
I'm just trying to leave my mark but I've got the same backstory as a tatted tear  
The kind of frame I prefer to see the world through  
Don't ask me nothing about Budden, I suppose  
I propose to all my girls too  
I'm in the Forbes in in a pearl suit  
Bitches know the score like Sheryl Swoopes  
You know they say that you dying if you ain't living good  
I'm dumping a hit man's salary worth of quarters down the world's largest wishing well  
Wishing a nigga would  
(Wishing a nigga would)Ladies and gentlemen  
I think my record speaks for itselfA rival of survival, idle movement and chatter

We was stepping in the Chi before we knew the ladder  
Climb up till your time's up, but daily reminder  
My daily operation is to spark the population  
Salutation to the nation of the Nubians and hooligans  
That knew me when we was boxing niggas up in Julian  
The bond that I have with the Quran and the math  
Supreme talk, I'm walking a king's walk  
Watch it vibrate, while I take the wings off  
Straight out of Chitown where they get that lean off  
Fiends cough for serum, hitters rally rally like it's Durham  
You in Illinois, we don't know what can cure 'em  
I'm sicker than most of them from the 'Go so the flow don't end  
Come get it bae like you from Oakland  
I'm in the building and this my grand opening  
I'm posturing with niggas that were supposed to been  
Doper than, more pussy than fallopian These are the sounds of days that are passed Kick in the door waving the  
.44

Casing the floorboards, stays in the Waldorf  
I will board a jet cheap, fly the way for sure to get deep  
To show your crew my immortal technique  
I'll elaborate, sixteen pistols and extendos  
Hidden inside three or four twelve hundred crates  
If we at war, I'll exaggerate  
Sweep up the streets till the clique clean  
Shoot you while we watch the tables turn like a twig scene  
Street sweeper, knock his head clean off his body  
Then keep sweeping long enough to clean off his body  
Lean off the bottle then fly a nigga queen off to Cabo  
Then have her feeding me papayas and grapes, I'm an acquired taste  
If you don't like me, acquire some taste  
And all I talk about is murdering  
All you do is test pros, I'll shoot you while you protest  
Shout to all my brothers and my sisters out in Ferguson  
The police want us shot  
And you gon be the next to drop in front of that donut shop We record a new dimension of history I kick my  
habits of visvum  
Sneakers and developed into the new now  
With Animal Planet I got me a plaque  
And a Grammy well I'm goin' zoo now  
Me still be irrelevant, then became the elephant  
In the room now (is he gon' ever fall off)  
No, I walk by a so called tough guy  
Watch him pass me nervous, after I passed him  
He gon' get what the street life for  
He gon' turn the other cheek like

A half done assed job, sittin right  
In front of a plastic surgeon  
Then I jump in the black suburban  
Snatch the curtain, wrappin' your R&B act in it  
After I squeeze 21 entries, and it ain't no need to ask for ID's  
I'm certain that if you offend me, that it shall get windy  
And it's right before that Mack 10 is workin', click  
And it ain't no I in me in the fact that I am  
Givin' you fire, and the fire comes after the Earth Wind  
Wooh, Preme in his Prhyme, I'm in my Prhyme

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