Waves

Joey Bada$$

Yeah
You remember back in the days when niggas used to rock waves and shit?
When like... Yo, I had the fucking 360s, my nigga
Like, nobody in the hood was fucking with my shit
And that's real shit

Since 9-5, momma been working nine-five
And I know the landlord fed up with our lies
So we pray to the Gods, the Jahs, and the Allahs
To keep us safe and watch our lives
Cause all we tryna do is do good
Put on my hood when I walk through hoods
Cause these niggas these days is loco
You'll get it in ya vocals if you ain't a local
Yeah, that's why I'm tryna go global
Yeah, that's why I'm tryna be a mogul
And Iâ€™m hopeful that me spittin it soulful will have me in the Daily Postal
Flying coastal eatin tofu
Like I told you I know niggas who trash rappin
Worried bout the trendin fashions rather than ascendin' passion
They want me send em tracks but I just send em laughter
Right after I start laughin, they start askin â€œwhat happened?"
But back to the chapter
Momma told me follow dreams, should never have to ask her, to
So thatâ€™s what I do, became an MC master
Since then itâ€™s been a disaster for you and your favorite rapper
Go ahead ask em "Who is Joey Bad?"
Watch em gasp, asthma, damn itâ€™s so sad
He paused the chatter cause he know he rather back up
Than to admit the kid is hotter than magma
But fuck it, you gotta give credit where it's due
Cause you ain't gon' like the karma when it's set up on you
It can get you on your medical, fuck you up in the decimals
Or get you 2 to 3 for residue found it your retinue
And they told me not to be so complex
Dumb it down to accomplish articles in Complex
And The Source, alfredo of course
There I go again, steppin out of line, runnin' off course
I heard reports that it's like sexual intercourse

With your thoughts when I talk about the shoes in which I walk
For it is not faux, nor false that this kid from the north, speaks with forced supports of reinforced assaults
I'm sure by now you can assume he never lost
Unless with some form of divorce, or a corpse
Born boss no days off, child labor
Let me see those in favor to spin that back like tornadoes

What the rap audience ain't ready for is a real person: You know what I wanna say: a real N-I-G-G-A. I'm coming at 'em a hundred percent real; I ain't compromising anything. Anybody that talk about me, got problems, you know what I'm sayin'? It's gonna be straight-up, like if I was a street person. That's how I'm comin' at the whole world, and I'm being real about it and I'mma grow with my music

But it's far from over
Won't stop 'til I meet Hova and my momma's in a Rover
Til I'm an owner of the world's finest motors
I blow like supernovas in your daughter's room on a poster
Known as history's biggest musical composer
No disrespect to Bob Mar, but yeah, another stoner
Marijuana my odor, and when I get older
Hope my spermatozoa from my scrotum intercepts an ovum
Like 3 times, have 3 kids, I hope
Me & wife can show em not to make the same mistakes you know that we did
I hope they acknowledge the knowledge cuz yeah, they 'gon need it
Cuz when my parents tried to tell me, I just wouldn't receive it
Couldn't believe it, 'til I saw with my own pupils
Felt bad when I learned that their advice was truly useful
But fuck it, only made us as human beings more mutual
Even though over time, my punishments they grew more crucial
Should use the word brutal, cuz my parents mad strict
Hope one day I'll attract the likes of even Madlib
Go gold on mad shit and hear my songs mastered
Until then, all I can do is imagine

Imagine

I'mma make it all happen

Lyrics submitted by RaZak.

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