

# 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 "what 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

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Lyrics submitted by RaZak.

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