

# Greatness

## The New Yorker

Uh, I am a distraction,  
Comin' from my spot and I dont signal as I back in.  
If cash is beautiful and money is attraction  
Then I should be a motherfuckin' centerfold to Maxim.  
Open to my page and admire my desire,  
Frequent flyer I aspire to retire,  
My voice stands alone even if I'm with the choir,  
Got a cannon on my hip but nigga this is not Mariah.  
Nah, this the record killer for hire.  
I sleep and eat with the weapon, the beat is all I require,  
Look what I created despite the niggas that hated,  
Every single bar gettin first forty-eighted  
In the state of euphoria feelin so sedated.  
The me and bitch the same we feeling so related,  
Forest Hill estated or Dennis Caded  
I put a thousand on it, I could prolly fuck the waitress.  
So wait just take this,  
One line at a time, make sure it makes sense  
White cup, orange pop Tennessee State shit  
Drop a four in it and appreciate the greatness, nigga haha  
Yeah, I wrote this verse sittin in my new car,  
Sometimes where you headed is too far,  
It's more about where you are.  
And I am everywhere that you wish you could be  
Somebody somewhere just really understood me  
Yeah, I dream big, no false hope  
My other niggas move keys, no off notes  
But understand rich is how we're all ending up,  
I'm at the label in the elevator,  
Send them up

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