

Holiday (feat. Taylor Bennett)

James The Mormon

No time baby you gon' live it like a holiday
Anytime they give it ya, they gon' take it all away
Baby its the same game, cuffin you around the wrist
It ain't no surprise what you sweatin proolly counterfeit
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It ain't no surprise what you sweatin proolly counterfeit
Hatin, when they see me on me grind
Instead of puttin work you out there livin with the swine
Truth is it ain't workin then you need to redesign
Boy your fate already written time to read between the lines
I'm frank, wit cha, listen I ain't talkin ocean
Got me feeling roped in, and I ain't even spoken
You all bring guns but I'm filling them with roses
Now you feeling split like the Red Sea feeling Moses
Hey man listen when you see me round the way
Seen your full potential, I'mma pump it through your vein
I know you a child but the trial you overcame
Time to pull out all your cards and charge it to the game, now
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Hey, what you sweatin proolly counterfeit
Hundreds, fifties, and twenties
And all above [?]
Credit holders anonymous
Credit calling the [?]
All above like an ornament
Baby girl you a flounder fish
Bottom feeder with confidence
Constantly shifting continents
Always extra like condiments
Argument? I could count on it
Counter it till i conquer it
Baby girl you so counterfeit
But you cuffin around the wrist
And I don't think this cuff is really sweatin proolly counterfeit

Hey, got some arguments, well I'mma count on it
Hey, black suburban from suburbia she ain't fond of it
She a bottom feeder, girl thats a flounder fish
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