

4 a.m.

Antemasque

Uhh.. Welcome to paradise  
Paper planes, long flights  
Welcome to the life  
Destinies fulfilled off the filling from the pillow talking  
How you killing my highs, I hope you built the coffin  
I got virgin lungs please excuse the coughing  
Think I'm bout to blow, they call me George from Boston  
Respect is never given so I confiscate it  
Get acquainted with mine I get them acclimated  
Cherry red dice I'm a gambling man I'm never taking twice  
Had to escape the life  
This ain't for ordinary people, don't compare me to rappers  
I'm trying to be like The Beatles,  
Give me some soul money, niggers is gassed up  
Tell them to keep it running, I'm keeping the grass cut  
No snakes, royalty hating niggers don't get no pussy  
So it's more for me, she invited me in her mouth  
You know it's cordially, we throwin' racks, she said please don't talk to me  
All my niggers is winning, shout out to Charlie Sheen  
I spit bars the metronome's a money machine  
A money machine, of course I'm trying to be the king that was part of my dream  
And wale told me fuck y'all so we fuck yall, we don't love y'all  
Loud B.O.T. above y'all, patron at 4 am, fuck the last call  
We aint heard of that, and we aint hear of y'all  
Doggin, Hard listen, mean muggin for when niggas don't see their C's til they see the judges  
Dark side of town, baby mama blues,  
When drama ensues niggers Ndomakong Suh  
Old lyin ass defensive as boys,  
Why you knock that bitch up if you cant tend it out boy  
I'm a tenant my opinion is monumental  
  
I'm here forever, these other niggers scribble in pencil  
Got indelible colors, only look when they're buzzing  
I'm at Dallas with luggage flyin straight to the money  
And you don't understand my slang my colloquial is lovely  
So they quote me and love me like I'm a poet or something  
Hoe I kick it, I punt it like Reggie Roby or something  
Shady bitches'll feel me, Reggie Smokers disgust me  
Make the least of you haters, make the most of your money

Have that consistent drive long as your motor's running  
I used to heat up mama house by opening ovens  
Now mama see that shit on Oprah and know that it's coming  
That's real shit, it's bigger than rap, my n-gga Cole busy, but genius is back  
I light up my spliff take a sip of my yack  
Thinking back of when the city weren't thinking of rap  
They weren't thinking of rap, they weren't giving a f-ck  
Now everywhere I go they be giving it up  
I seen it all from Barry Farms to Sursum Corders  
They had that rocking like a Park that's word to Mike Shinoda  
Shout out to captain Ginnny and free my n-gga Ricky  
We always pray for polo, we miss you little Penny  
We skip college, chase dollars and black pennies  
Not in the kingdom of Zamunda but it's mad semi's  
Where bad bitches with bad intentions just act friendly  
This where they love you then they hate you, go and ask Fifty  
Yeah, go and ask fifty  
They love you then they hate you, go and ask fifty  
Go and ask fenty, hating ass n-gga, sweeter than sibling  
Who got the juice n-gga ?  
juice n-gga,  
juice n-gga,  
My... dont keep it deuce nigga  
work, work, work, work, work.

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