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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