

Ain't Shit

Travis Thompson

Back when daddy had the Acura
Mama used to pack the lunch
'Fore I flipped the tassel, Hasselback still had to pass for us
'Fore they kill the tattle-tales, Patrick had to pack for us
'Fore I looked up in the sky, saw no one coming back for us
And I've been high the last six months
Tripping on southern civics, and sipping on some sadder stuff
For now, I'm back and I'm rolling heavy
My city-scape is looking different
My wallet's stiffer, I'm getting faith
And all my visions is not as vivid, what day it is?
My dad a poet -- the apple's fell and we raked it in
And I've been traveling, spitting switches on new pavement
Packing polo, I'm touring in Tommy's suitcases
True statements: I'm due payment -- them dudes hate it
What can I say, we some redskins with blue faces
And they talking like a dude made it
Now they mood's changing
I said, "If I ain't shit, what that make you?"
I said, "Friday? Sip. Monday? The blues."
I know life ain't shit but a waste to you
Not my style (ahh-ah)
I said, "If I ain't shit, what that make you?"
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Not my style (ahh-ah)
And everybody like me 'til a month ago
Went and split the check with 'em
They feel away, they fuckin' broke
Fly out to a sunny coast
Come home to some Dutch's roll
On the porch with mama
See her grinning 'cause her son is home
Not hard to track, or hard to find, or hard to see
But I'm partial to the kids I started with, so pardon me
I don't fuck with most 'cause rarely do they go as hard as me
I ain't never had a guest list
If they here, they start with me
But that's just me though

And who I keep close
Eating tacos with Tim and sittin' they chemo
Feel like I'm a kid again: at Swedish when my dad is shit
Still don't like cafeteria, nurses -- battles in my head
I can't escape the memory
Every time somebody ask, he was lying in the tub
Sarah like, "What's wrong with dad?", yeah
I don't trip as much no more
This check is good, my bong is packed
Every time I leave a room
They make sure that it's all intact
My reputation precede me before I show up
I'm eating, don't see no slow up
I feed off to see my goals grow
For where I be in a year
Getting shitted on, see my glow up
Bitch, I'm here and they hate it
Like 3012 who need they quota
I'm a muddafuckin' menace
Thanks from Johnny, dang
And I ain't seen a fuckin' dentist since I had a job
It's been a minute
Adorable? I'm bad, bitches
Way, way back I seen that vision
Of a young-ass kid from the west side ditch
With a mug like mine, blowing tree
I said, "If...
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You alright, bro? You good? (Good, good, good...)

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