

# Usual Suspects (feat. Willow Stephens)

## Social Club Misfits

I've got a secret, yes, indeed  
Universe in sight of me  
Deep like a goldmine, soon you'll see  
So far from ordinary  
I've got a secret, yes, indeed  
Universe in sight of me  
Deep like a goldmine, soon you'll see  
So far from ordinary Yeah, in the game since '98  
With the Peter St. 37's  
But I feel young, like I'm in my prime  
Like I'm 23, I can feel the blessings  
Wrist game like I need a bracelet  
Sing proud like I need a baker  
Ride the wave that we came on  
I'll give it to you, you don't need to take it  
This Steph Curry VS. King James  
This Game 7, we gon' see rings  
This flow different than most spitting  
When I flow it's like, you be seeing things  
3D how I'm coming at ya  
No pause needed, I'm all action  
I wrote Provelli since late 90s  
They still askin' how grace found me  
So when I rap I don't take it lightly  
Twitter traffic and Instagram  
Got us feelin' like we the realest, probably  
With a fur coat in the winter, probably  
This is, I'm talking with the winter option  
At the Lord's table with the dinner option  
No side dishes, no shrimp lobster  
Just fire spitting, that choir singing like, woo!  
I've got a secret, yes, indeed  
Universe in sight of me  
Deep like a goldmine, soon you'll see  
So far from ordinary I, I don't like it  
I don't like the waves they be riding  
Can somebody tell me where my mind is?  
Rappers drive me crazy, always fighting  
Can you feel it?

Can you tell the fake from the realest  
They said that I'm too deep, in my feelings  
Bang bang, I wonder if they feel this  
Yeah, I wonder if they feel this  
Bang bang, I wonder if they feel this, ooh!  
Yeah, LA-X  
Flying home on a 7, bust  
'Parts at the Mi Cup  
M-I-A, can't sell my love  
Caught my tapes on decks  
Saying bite the dust  
Still got the gang with me  
Y'all rappers sound the same to me, they  
Prey on me, or pray for me  
FAV for dweebs, I don't really like the light  
So if I can't change the world  
Tell me, what's the point?  
Rock 'n' Roll shirt with the sleeves cut  
Birkenstocks on, no sneaker's  
Army green looking like Jesus  
Give our fans hugs when they meet us  
Everybody eats bruh  
Yell out, "Gang, gang, gang, gang"  
When you see us I've got a secret, yes, indeed  
Universe in sight of me  
Deep like a goldmine, soon you'll see  
So far from ordinary

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