

PRhyme

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Gather around, gather around
Witness the memoirs of 5'9 being read as he sees it fit
Police sirens behind him while he's driving
Instantly causes butterflies in his stomach even though he's legit
Now brothers and sisters, they
have not stopped
It's about to hit the fan, what is it?
Shit's getting deep in here, I mean like thick
Just another day in my reformed life, my
unreformed mic
I still write like it's my son was born knight
I'm tired of swinging on these niggas
Man, these niggas can't even fight
I'm a casual sneaker head, I don't need them bleeding on my Nikes
Marshall said that I'd be a problem if I get my shit right
That if it's probably the biggest if I ever live by
Which is why I'm known as a underachiever, I just skip by
I need it to be inebriated to prevent me from getting shy
That's better than getting shot, that's a much healthier ending
I'm running this race all by myself
My competition is in the selfie olympics
Coming back with a vengeance in LV vintage
Anybody got a problem with me winning his shit shall be offended
Prhyme, PRhyme, I'm in my
permanent prime
The crown is on, that's how you determine a don
Prhyme, PRhyme, I'm in my permanent prime
I ain't never falling off
Then the car pulls up on the side of me
An attractive women is in it eyeing me trying to get my attention
But I just play the victim like "what do you want from me?"
Then I pull off like ERR
My nigga, my nigga, my nigga
You don't know what it feels like to be tired of fucking these hoes
It's just hard to stay alive these days
I can't end up on no more collages on bitches' IG pages
They see these cars then they want to be reality TV stars
Just another day in my reformed life, my unreformed mic
I still write like it's my son was born knight
I'm tired of cheating on my wife, man, these bitches just ain't right
Can't even kiss them in their mouths
Too many dicks been in their diet
Me and Chris we veterans, but when youngins call you vet
You start to feel like Hardaway with that UTEP, two step
They come in the league like A.I

With that their look and that crossover
Moving that make their old shit seem useless
But I'm balling
I can afford to hire somebody
That tried to break all of their legs like Tonya Harding
Seem like the feds be like "fuck honesty"
My favorite rapper was signed to Duck Down
Then signed to the Duck Dynasty
Prhyme, PRhyme, I'm in my permanent prime
The crown is on, that's how you determine a don
Prhyme, PRhyme, I'm in my permanent prime
I ain't never falling off Make your money, my nigga, get your money
But don't make the shit make you, now deal with that
I lost a whole bunch of money chasing bitches
But I never lost no bitches chasing money, how real is that?
Only time a woman made a man a millionaire
Was when that man was a former billionaire, how trill is that?
My nigga, get you a fly chick and a drop top
And when she piss you off, do me a favor
Hop in that bitch and peel it back
I already got one
All these bitches be doing is playing musical chairs
With different rappers' front seats without calling shotgun
Face it, you're a ho, as God as my witness
That paper's my litmus I take it then I dip with it
Then I wait for the result
And the verdict is in
Now that I'm sober niggas is saying it's over
Couple of niggas had to off 'em
Couple of bitches mad cause I'm off 'em
Either that or they think that my life is so good my nights be sunny
Oh, he's only been so quiet
Cause he been spending that "Lighters" money
Man, these people spend too much time predicting
Was on your mind up until the time you're non-existent
In the midst of all my success and my failures
I'm just out here struggling
Guess that's what happens in rapping
When you're in your motherfucking prime, prime
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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