

ROUTINE

Woke up this morning

Power's out again

Somebody get me

The fucking president

Water light and rent

Up 15% percent

how am I taking a cold shower again

Now I'm late

Traffic's a bitch I never ate

Car blowing hot air, this shit feels like Kuwait

Would stop at McD's if I had the time to wait

But this red light caught me twice this ain't really my day

Goddamn

None of this shit was in the plans

Emails saying I need to talk to Uncle Sam

Rustle up some funds. Find some way to pay him

Swear Nigerian princes are nicer with their scams

So what the fuck can I say?

2 more years up in the bank

Then we're dropping the tape

2 more days feels like a stretch

I'm probably quitting today

Hit a couple of parlays

And then we empty the safe

I remember telling Norman

I would make it with the music

Don't expect me here in autumn

I'll be working with producers

But truth is that my two cents

Only worth some if I use em

And I guess I'm out of change

Cause I lost myself in bullshit

What's a savings account?

Imaginary greens is my favorite amount

That's why I live up in my dreams

No taxes up in the clouds

Subconscious focused on the CREAM

Materialism endowed

Wild

I'm tripping on the future

Every day I'm feeling stupid

20 something with no blueprint

Running clock is always moving

And I'm stuck

Reality's a Mack truck

Dropped me to the asphalt

Tired of feeling passed up

Vamos

Done with dealing with all this bullshit I know

Wanna trade my Honda CRV for a Phantom

In a year you'll only see me on camera

Catch me if you can man I'm on my Leonardo

Flow's stupid

I could go for two days

Feeling like a soothsayer

When I'm writing bullshit

So fuck a hook what are you saying

Fucking up these records like I'm Usain

Quit playing man I'mma keep it moving

Come with me baby I'mma need some groupies