

Right Now (feat. Vic Mensa)

KAMI

[Hook: Vic Mensa]

Somebody tell me what's good
Cause I been doing better right now
We roll our issues in them Backwoods
Bitches bigger than a nigga, niggas stressed out
But everybody got their own problems
I got mine I got mine I got mine
Everybody don't know how to solve 'em
But I got mine I got mine I got mine

[Verse 1: Vic Mensa]

Yeah

I don't like the club but I like to have a table
I don't like TV but you see my ass on cable
This shit could change so quick man
Just a year ago, I was leaving momma's house behind a Toyota steering wheel
Fast forward just two months got my own apartment
Fucking hoes with my girl at stake on some Joan of Arc shit
My girl so TNT you know she know the drama
I got baby momma problems with no baby mama
By brother Joey paying child support he love his daughter
My other brother momma own that rock but no Gibraltar
His Granny lost the crib now he's sleeping in them bandos
Police running in at 8am, he jumping out the window
I'm in LA buying Saint-Laurent of Venmo cash
Lease the whip and two cribs money for the rent go fast
I'm on a bender like Avatar, ecstasy addiction
Sometimes I wish I could pass away just to see my niggas
It's been a minute since childhood, the hood don't seem the same
They show no mercy to the meek inside this fearless game
You see what Drizzy did to Milly this shit ain't a battle
I don't wanna watch the murder rate but I can't change the channel
Jealousy and desperation that shit is all around me
My brother Kami still selling grams you think I'm worried 'bout a Grammy
Old man asked me for change so he could buy a bottle
I'm tryna' get drunk too nigga I got my own problems

[Hook: Vic Mensa]

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Everybody don't know how to solve 'em
But I got mine I got mine I got mine[Verse 2: KAMI]
I hate the way they talk on you when you ain't around
Open they mouth revealing crooked smiles
These days I been feeling abandoned since my niggas got that crib in Los Angeles
To these hoes: heartbreaks in the form of friendly handshakes
I gotta go
I need a bad duet to pour moet to drown this pain
Just cause it's champaign don't mean that this shit a celebration
Pour some bubbly for my niggas that's been on vacation
Pour some bubbles for our niggas that gon' never make it
Self-medicated, overdosing I need respiration
I'm running out of time, I'm running out of time
Everybody got their own problems now I know this
We runnin' out of time, they said the world was mine[Bridge: KAMI]
They said the world was mine, they said the world was mine
They said the world was mine, they said the world was mine[Verse 3: KAMI]
Thank you and yes I really believe it
The moment I heard them breathe it
When me and Joe made that season
We had to give y'all a reason
I had to keep the lights on
I need my on power on, Farrakhan
Something on my arm, skin tint just like Sherezade's
And life's been playing out like an opera
Just like that motherfuckin' opera
I watched some fat lady sing, I gotten used to some things I held on things, they was close
Upgrade that Merc to a Ghost
It's like you bound to see Ghosts, when you start living the most
I'm doing this my way, I drive i swerve just like Sinatra
I swerve in any lane that car so black it grew a conscience
Same niggas next to me, duck that fact just like we playing Contra
We still alive, we stay alive and then repeat that process
There's no such thing, there's no such thing as running out of options
There's no such thing, there's no such thing as running out of options
Take your time with it, take your time with it
Don't get caught up tryna do this shit for right now

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