

# 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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