

Crash

ScHoolboy Q

Too many M's to make (to make)
Too many rules to break (to break)
Too many fighting that case (that case) I gotta find my way (my way)
Daughter need new shoes (shoes)
If I lose, she lose (lose)
Then I ain't getting used to losses Days like this, I wish all my locs was unchained (chained)
I mastered the rap game (game)
I mastered the dope game (game)
Still I feel like I'm God-like on these long flights
I'm left behind, it don't feel right
Can't write the script when this real life
Rich, still dodging that bus ride
From the west side where don't shit slide
We on trip time
Seen the field in their lies (their lies)
Can't be serious with no rappers (No rappers)
Stayed down and what happened? (what happened?)
Got my daughter that mansion (that mansion)
Gave my mother that million (that million)
Sold my soul to my feelings (my feelings)
Can't go blind 'bout these women (no)
Too many M's to make (to make)
Too many rules to break (to break)
Too many fighting that case (that case)
I gotta find my way (my way)
Daughter need new shoes (shoes)
If I lose, she lose (lose)
Then I ain't getting used to losses
I'm going on 'til I crash
Fuck all the opps, I kid you not, see we gon' crash
My thoughts is sick, I don't have no sense
Sometimes I crash
Pour up this 1942, it knock me on my
It knock me on my
Nigga gotta hit the golf course to get a peace of mind
Family friends want a piece of mine
I can tell they all piecing up
And I can show 'em where peace resides
Since eight years old, I knew I'd be rich
'Cause the college route, it wasn't about shit
Tried the honest route, but chose house licks
Tried to lock me up, but can't catch this Now where we touch down is on my X list

I'm on a fresh tip
Too much time out living reckless
Now I got time up on my left wrist
Lil' rappers ain't impressive (ain't impressive)
Your tax bracket ain't impressive (ain't impressive)
You buy a chain, but won't buy no land
That hashtag should say, desperate (desperate)
I'm kicking game for these young niggas
'Cause one day they'll meet my daughter (uh)
All that bullshit I taught her (uh)
Way too blessed to be normal (uh)
Upper echelon, but we stand that
So, girl, be proud that your skin black
And be happy, girl, that your hair napped
'Cause the school system won't teach that
Where your father been, you gon' reach that
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