

INJURY RESERVE PRESENTS





FLOSS

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS:
PARKER COREY, NATHANIEL RITCHIE AND JORDAN GROGGS

ALL SONGS PRODUCED BY INJURY RESERVE

MIXED BY JEFF ELLIS AT BEDROCK LA FOR JEFF ELLIS WORLDWIDE
ASSISTANT MIXING BY DJ_TIMMAH COURTESY OF JEFF ELLIS WORLDWIDE
MASTERED BY JEFF ELLIS AT BEDROCK LA FOR JEFF ELLIS WORLDWIDE

RECORDED AT THE DENTIST OFFICE IN TEMPE, ARIZONA; NICK'S APARTMENT
IN KOREATOWN, LOS ANGELES & EMPIRE STUDIOS IN LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

ARTWORK PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAKE OSMUN
CALLIGRAPHY BY SONIA BAMBINA
MODELED BY SNOBS

A&R MANAGEMENT: NICK HERBERT
A&R COORDINATION: SAM DURRICK

VIC MENSA APPEARS COURTESY OF ROC NATION, LLC

PRESENTED BY LAS FUEGAS



TRACK 1: OH SHIT!!!

(NATHANIEL RITCHIE, JORDAN GROGGS AND PARKER COREY)

PRODUCTION BY INJURY RESERVE

RECORDED BY NATHANIEL RITCHIE AND PARKER COREY

MIXED BY JEFF ELLIS AT BEDROCK LA FOR JEFF ELLIS WORLDWIDE

TRACK 2: BAD BOYS 3

(JORDAN GROGGS, NATHANIEL RITCHIE AND PARKER COREY)

PRODUCTION BY INJURY RESERVE

RECORDED BY NATHANIEL RITCHIE AND PARKER COREY

MIXED BY JEFF ELLIS AT BEDROCK LA FOR JEFF ELLIS WORLDWIDE

TRACK 3: ALL THIS MONEY

(NATHANIEL RITCHIE, JORDAN GROGGS AND PARKER COREY)

PRODUCTION BY INJURY RESERVE

RECORDED BY NATHANIEL RITCHIE AND PARKER COREY

MIXED BY JEFF ELLIS AT BEDROCK LA FOR JEFF ELLIS WORLDWIDE

TRACK 4: S ON YA CHEST

(NATHANIEL RITCHIE, JORDAN GROGGS AND PARKER COREY)

PRODUCTION BY INJURY RESERVE

RECORDED BY NATHANIEL RITCHIE AND PARKER COREY

MIXED BY JEFF ELLIS AT BEDROCK LA FOR JEFF ELLIS WORLDWIDE

TRACK 5: WHAT'S GOODIE (FEAT. CAKES DA KILLA)

(NATHANIEL RITCHIE, RASHARD BRADSHAW AND PARKER COREY)

PRODUCTION BY INJURY RESERVE

RECORDED BY NATHANIEL RITCHIE AND PARKER COREY

MIXED BY JEFF ELLIS AT BEDROCK LA FOR JEFF ELLIS WORLDWIDE

TRACK 6: GIRL WITH THE GOLD WRIST

(NATHANIEL RITCHIE, JORDAN GROGGS AND PARKER COREY)

PRODUCTION BY INJURY RESERVE

INTERPOLATION BY CARTER LANG

RECORDED BY NATHANIEL RITCHIE, PARKER COREY AND MELIK RICHARD

MIXED BY JEFF ELLIS AT BEDROCK LA FOR JEFF ELLIS WORLDWIDE

TRACK 7: 2016 INTERLUDE
(NATHANIEL RITCHIE, PARKER COREY AND TYREE EVANS)
PRODUCTION BY INJURY RESERVE
RECORDED BY NATHANIEL RITCHIE AND PARKER COREY
MIXED BY JEFF ELLIS AT BEDROCK LA FOR JEFF ELLIS WORLDWIDE

TRACK 8: ALL QUIET ON THE WEST SIDE
(NATHANIEL RITCHIE AND PARKER COREY)
PRODUCTION BY INJURY RESERVE
RECORDED BY NATHANIEL RITCHIE AND PARKER COREY
MIXED BY JEFF ELLIS AT BEDROCK LA FOR JEFF ELLIS WORLDWIDE

TRACK 9: EENY MEENY MINY MOE
(NATHANIEL RITCHIE, JORDAN GROGGS AND PARKER COREY)
PRODUCTION BY INJURY RESERVE
RECORDED BY NATHANIEL RITCHIE AND PARKER COREY
MIXED BY JEFF ELLIS AT BEDROCK LA FOR JEFF ELLIS WORLDWIDE

TRACK 10: KEEP ON SLIPPIN (FEAT. VIC MENSA)
(JORDAN GROGGS, NATHANIEL RITCHIE, VICTOR MENSAH, AND PARKER COREY)
PRODUCTION BY INJURY RESERVE
ADDITIONAL PRODUCTION BY MELIK RICHARD
GUITAR BY AYDIN IMMORTAL OF WOLVVES
HORNS BY TORREY McDANNALD
RECORDED BY ALEX 'PAPI BEATZ' BAEZ, NATHANIEL RITCHIE AND PARKER COREY
MIXED BY JEFF ELLIS AT BEDROCK LA FOR JEFF ELLIS WORLDWIDE

TRACK 11: BACK THEN
(NATHANIEL RITCHIE, JORDAN GROGGS AND PARKER COREY)
PRODUCTION BY INJURY RESERVE
RECORDED BY NATHANIEL RITCHIE AND PARKER COREY
MIXED BY JEFF ELLIS AT BEDROCK LA FOR JEFF ELLIS WORLDWIDE

TRACK 12: LOOK MAMA I DID IT
(NATHANIEL RITCHIE, JORDAN GROGGS AND PARKER COREY)
PRODUCTION BY INJURY RESERVE
RECORDED BY NATHANIEL RITCHIE AND PARKER COREY
MIXED BY JEFF ELLIS AT BEDROCK LA FOR JEFF ELLIS WORLDWIDE

TRACK 1: OH SHIT!!!

Oh shit, They said,
Man we want some more hits,
Man this sound like some shit from '06,
What that sound like? Man that's some cold shit,
I said, Oh shit,
Aw, So you want some more hits?
This ain't sound like some shit from '06,
Fuck what it sound like man this some cold shit,

I say this ain't jazz rap,
This that, This that spazz rap,
This that raised by the internet ain't had no dad rap,
Yo, I'm good don't pass that,
Hit me on my Snapchat,
You might have to back back,
Cause your shit is mad whack,
This that eeny meeny miny moe might need some snapcash,
Matter fact hit the liquor store might need some cash back,
Grab some gum and some water, Yeah the chips yeah grab that,
Watch your son and your daughter cause them pigs will snatch that,
Cause they always tryna box us in but we won't have that,
I'm a sleeper, Dennis Rodman, So watch the glass jack,
Remember when I had the composition in the backpack,
Now we killing with the composition like the Rat Pack,
I say this ain't jazz rap,
This that, This that spazz rap,
This that raised by the internet ain't had no dad rap,
Yo I'm good don't pass that,
Hit me on my Snapchat,
You might have to back back,
Cause your shit is mad whack,

Oh shit, They said,
Man we want some more hits,
Man this sound like some shit from '06,
What that sound like? Man that's some cold shit,
I said, Oh shit,
Aw, So you want some more hits?
This ain't sound like some shit from '06,
Fuck what it sound like man this some cold shit,

This the type of shit I used to ride with Tego in his Chevy to,
'06, Back when I was supposed to graduate from school,
Remember momma told me that I need to get my act together,
10 years passed, The only difference is I'm rapping better,
Copped my own swishers shoulder tappin for them bottles now,
Unless I'm with my big brother Chuckie used to hold it down,
Now that shit is poppin fake homies wanna come around,
And they say I changed, They just mad cause I'm stuntin now,
Got you like, Oh Shit,
And this the type of beat that make me drink a whole fifth,
And this is how we do, Word to the old fifth,
And you know everything we drop that's some cold shit,
Yeah, This ain't jazz rap,
This that dad rap,
This that fuck my nine-to-five, I'm leaving never coming back,
I'm too good at rap jack,
To get caught in rap traps,
If your shit is mad whack,
Homie you can have that,

Oh shit, They said,
Man we want some more hits,
Man this sound like some shit from '06,
What that sound like? Man that's some cold shit,
I said, Oh shit,
Aw, So you want some more hits?
This ain't sound like some shit from '06,
Fuck what it sound like man this some cold shit,

On and on and on,
Play my favorite song,
Make me dance all night,
Baby you do it right,

TRACK 2: BAD BOYS 3

I went from niggas telling me I really shouldn't rhyme,
To dropping a classic album motherfuckers couldn't find,
Bad boy like Will and Martin in '95,
Bad boy, I'm Isiah Thomas in his prime,
You know its Mr. Lackadaisical,
Corny motherfucker but my voice sounds amazing though,
Shit y'all trying to do, we done done days ago,
Chilling in the desert, but you can tell The Bay's my home,
Ya my name is Step and I probably need like twelve of those,
Black Tee, A's fitted, chinos and some shell toes,
Been nice since I was wearing baggy ass girbauds,
Use to rhyme my shit on The Bart headed to the 'Sco,
All this time passed, feeling better than before,
Gone for a minute, falling off hell no,
I'm telling y'all that'll be the day that hell froze,
Ya I'm telling y'all that'll be the day that hell froze,

Yo, check it, motherfuck the police,
We the new Bad Boys, but that's a different story,
Groggiss might go he drinking 40 after 40,
But if I'm goin out I hope I'm going like I'm Kobe,
Wassup, Man we look like rap Weezer,
But if you think it's all hooks, bring back "Ether,"
Stunting all season, got to floss often,
Man I'm dressed like Carlton,
I'm the black Ben Carson,
Wassup, Jesus Christ had dreads so shake them,
I ain't got none cause I cut them off, that was dumb
I had to do it like fuck it,
The white girls were always like, "Can I touch it?"
Oh shit, break your neck,
This that Busta Bust '02 chase a check,
This that Belly shit, bald fade demand respect,
Balotelli shit, I got it but couldn't give two shits,
I can skate on this,
I stay on p's and q's like I came from Fig,
Got it down to the t cause my name's legit,
Killing it since Motorola Razors paper thin,
Wassup

TRACK 3: ALL THIS MONEY

I should make them say,
Oh my god,
Hey, I ain't done shit all my life,
Hey, I'm about to spend four, bout five,
Hey, I'm about to spend all this money,
Oh my god,
Hey, I ain't done shit all my life,
Hey, I'm about to spend four, bout five,
Hey, I'm about to spend all this money,

Yeah I'm about to break a whole check,
Yeah, In my melo jersey, No gold, No Beck,
Yeah, I ain't got much but I'll make a nigga fresh,
Yeah, We the indie Puffy spend the budget on the check,
Yeah, Spend it all on the video, Riding in the slingshot,
Downtown, Put it up,
Tell Me When To Go, Just bumpin in the radio,
Tell me when you're going to the mall I'm tryna spend it bro,
Guess they right,
Never should have gave y'all niggas money,
Got fat cause there used to be nothing in my tummy,
Got my foot up in the door and all my niggas coming,
And Parker so smart that he got y'all dummy,
Was pretty bad before but now I'm just reckless,
Apple Ciroc for dinner, lunch and breakfast,
You know how it goes, If you got it better spend it,
And if you ain't got it I suggest you go and get it,

Oh my god,
Hey, I ain't done shit all my life,
Hey, I'm about to spend four, bout five,
Hey, I'm about to spend all this money,
Oh my god,
Hey, I ain't done shit all my life,
Hey, I'm about to spend four, bout five,
Hey, I'm about to spend all this money,

Yeah, Pretty motherfucker,
Better go and smile for the camera,
Might stash a little I ain't going out like Hammer,
Can't spare to save my life,
Getting money from my grandma,
The boy so charming, I get it from my grammar,
Now I ain't got a lot but it's more than a little bit,
Same old Groggs I ain't out here getting ignorant,

But I'd be lying tho If I said I'm not belligerent,
I guess that's just the life when you're out here killing shit,
Yeah I'm out here killing shit,
Massacre, Killing shit,
Maybe not a little bit,
Okay not even a little bit,
You get it? Yeah, a little but,
Okay I'm sounding ignorant,
Spent my last 50 cents out my fucking piggy bank,
They ain't got no crazy shit on the dollar menu man,
Now a nigga hungry but my fit is on Pootie Tang,
Yep, Unruly mane, Fit is on Pootie Tang,
Graduated from Coolie Mane,
Nigga gon do his thing,
I'm nice as fuck,

Oh my god,
Hey, I ain't done shit all my life,
Hey, I'm about to spend four, bout five,
Hey, I'm about to spend all this money,
Oh my god,
Hey, I ain't done shit all my life,
Hey, I'm about to spend four, bout five,
Hey, I'm about to spend all this money,

Ay man, let me tell you something man,
I don't care if you only got \$27 in your paycheck,
Go ahead and take yourself to H&M or Zara or something,
Get you a couple of shirts,
Just don't get one of them mofuckers with the zipper on the side,
I don't even know who's idea it was to put the zipper on the side,
Like what, What you gon do wit-
I don't even know what the fuck I'm saying

TRACK 4: S ON YA CHEST

Ya Vic said he want that blue collar rap,
Man how I'm suppose to bring blue collar back,
I guess Groggs is Phonte, and I am early Ye,
Cause I ain't Big Pooh man that nigga kind of lame, yo,
Had that happy headed nigga on they payroll,
Had a s on his chest since the Muppets,
I can't wait until I can get to stunting,
Get a Tesla and take it to West Coast Customs, it's nothing,
Me and my niggas get it jumping
They askin for a brotha at the door like Lauren London, in Frontin',
We been on we been on something,
They just hella mad cause the kid been buzzing,
What you know about a young nigga like this,
What you know about a young neighbor like this,
I did the second one for the white kids,
Cause I know you want to say it, but that ain't right kid,
This that Aquemini plus a Pisces,
This that fuck you come and fight me,
To your boss cause he just thinks you're a nice kid,
And could care less if your future was the brightest,

Ya what you know about a young nigga like this,
What you know about a young neighbor like this,
I did the second one for the white kids,
Cause I know you want to say it, but that ain't right kid,
What you know about a young nigga like this,
What you know about a young neighbor like this,
I did the second one for the white kids,
Cause I know you want to say it, but that ain't right kid,

Ya, with a s on my chest, yo,
Ya I'm the best I'm the best,
I've been going and going going,
No rest for the best,
If you're going and going going,
No test for the rest, ya,
Ya, and they like how I roll,
Remember when a nigga was 5'9 with corn rolls,
Now I need pink suits for the whole show,
We need Groggs in all pink or all gold,
Yah it's time to floss,
All these other dudes they ain't down at all,
Ever since a Motorola, I've been down to ball,
I've been, I've been going no time to fall, I said,
Ya, with a s on my chest, yo,
Ya I'm the best I'm the best,
I've been going and going going,
No rest for the best,
If you're going and going going,
No test for the rest, ya,

Ready to tour the world I'm done with this local shit,
If you got crazy bars then we the locoist,
Stay with an A's fitted like Coco Crisp,
Ya I'm athletic even though I'm kind of husky,
I got that bay game I still pull the girlies trust me,
Fuck you, I'm a lady killer,
Word to Green, Al or CeeLo,
I'm just a common man out here trying to do it for the people,
Looking at these rappers I don't see too many equals,
Stay drinking liquor cause it got me feeling good,
Even know this nine-to-five got me mad stressed,
Got me smoking more blacks than the hood,
But really its nothing to me,
No time for losses, all we do is see W's, you like "what's a W b?",
Since we're talking about dubs we're the best on the west,
Here to save the game with this s on my chest,

Ya, with a s on my chest, yo,
Ya I'm the best I'm the best,
I've been going and going going,
No rest for the best,
If you're going and going going,
No test for the rest, ya,
Ya, and they like how I roll,
Remember when a nigga was 5'9 with corn rolls,
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Yah it's time to floss,
All these other dudes they ain't down at all,
Ever since a Motorola, I've been down to ball,
I've been, I've been going no time to fall, I said,
Ya, with a s on my chest, yo,
Ya I'm the best I'm the best,
I've been going and going going,
No rest for the best,
If you're going and going going,
No test for the rest, ya,

Remember momma said you need to go ahead
and say it with a yeah yeah yeah,
Now I need a vest just in case the pigs spraying at it,
yeah yeah yeah yeah,
Shit we all need a vest just in case they spraying at it,
yeah yeah yeah yeah,
But real niggas multiply, yup that's the saying ain't it?,
yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah,
Riding around and the windows tinted,
Yeah we're breaking necks in the whip we spinning,
Shit I'd break a neck in a Honda civic,
I be breaking necks dancing on Thanksgiving,
This one makes me wish I never cut it,
Had the naturals like my dad I'm stunting,
In the backseat swang-

Remember momma said you need to go ahead
and say it with a yeah yeah yeah,
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Remember momma said you need to go ahead
and say it with a yeah yeah yeah,
Now I need a vest just in case the pigs spraying at it,
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Shit we all need a vest just in case they spraying at it,
yeah yeah yeah yeah,
But real niggas multiply, yup that's the saying ain't it?,
yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah,
Riding around and the windows tinted,
Yeah we're breaking necks in the whip we spinning,
Shit I'd break a neck in a Honda civic,
I be breaking necks dancing on Thanksgiving,
This one makes me wish I never cut it,
Had the naturals like my dad I'm stunting,
In the backseat swanging banging jumping,
And the white girls like can I touch it,

TRACK 5: WHAT'S GOODIE (FEAT. CAKES DA KILLA)

Yup, what's goodie,
I'm the hottest around, my city,
I got all the sounds, got plenty,
You should ask around, my city,
You should get to work, get busy,
Do it until it hurt, get busy,
You should go berserk, get busy,
I'ma make u work, get busy.

Yo, let me talk my shit,
From a college dorm to a suite in Chile,
Getting drink tickets in my Mishka hoodie,
To a Mac sponsor just to up my pretty,
Fees is changing so I'm high sadity,
Avoiding fake fuckers who claim they fucking with me,
Dick riders trying to match my witty,
Had to cleanse my palate appetite too picky,
All this Henny in me got my mood all pissy,
Foreign labels keep me feeling frisky,
Steady hating, what's the ishy?,
I'm the MVP so bitches cannot bench me,
Groupies on me when I'm in they city,
Bet you want this lifestyle cause it sounds so kinky,
Feeling cocky, iced out the pinky,
And if you kiss the don don't leave no hickies,
Yup.

Yup, what's goodie,
I'm the hottest around, my city,
I got all the sounds, got plenty,
You should ask around, my city,
You should get to work, get busy,
Do it until it hurt, get busy,
You should go berserk, get busy,
Imma make u work, get busy,

Yup, what's goodie yo,
Been the hottest round since a nigga ate cheerios,
Parker flipping shit like his ass Rey Mysterio,
619! Ya that use to be the area code,
Now a nigga been all arround like a Mary-go,
Turn this shit loud if you hear it on the stereo,
A nigga about to go Jose Canseco,
Ya a nigga about to go Jose, shit's scary yo,
Remember they were like "Oh shit you on the radio!"
Now these niggas like "Oh Grogg?" That niggas very old,
We be like, "Chill out nigga hear me out",
You just mad there's only 10 likes on your video,
But there's like 20 niggas standing in your video,
How that work out? That's a 50/50 ratio,
You just that bad nigga you might have to let it go,
And that hairline nigga you might have to let it go,

Yup, what's goodie,
I'm the hottest around, my city,
I got all the sounds, got plenty,
You should ask around, my city,
You should get to work, get busy,
Do it until it hurt, get busy,
You should go berserk, get busy,
Imma make u work, get busy,

Yup, what's really good,
I'm the hottest motherfucker in my neighborhood,
Even if I came to yours, I probably would,
Ok maybe not if you live in Hollywood,
I might pull up, I might skirt off,
In the Pathfinder with the Birks on,
Or the 4Runner with the Hares on,
And your girl still mad I cut my hair off,
Cause its Ritchie with a motherfucking T,
I got a classic tape, plus a degree,
Ok not yet, I got another year,
I'll have another classic plus my grandma's cheers,
I ain't trying to be no motherfucking engineer.
I'ma get my mom a crib with a rap career,
And a 6 series make the roof disappear,
So she can never say "there ain't no fuckin room in here,"
Yup.

TRACK 6: GIRL WITH THE GOLD WRIST

Come on, get going with your bad self,
Ain't no money too long for your bad self,
I've been waiting too long for your bad self,
Come and get it, next song with your bad self
Come on, get going with your bad self,
Ain't no money too long for your bad self,
I've been waiting too long for your bad self,
Come and get it, next song with your bad self

Damn, what you doing?
I've been floating, I've been coasting, I've moving,
I've been thinking like damn what you doing?
No for real like later what you doing?
Go ahead and get jiggy if you want to,
You can go ahead and spend fifty if you want to,
I ain't ever spent fifty but I want to,
But I had the city like wow with the whole crew,
And I'm draped in A.A. but that's old news,
Had these niggas like, "hey look at those shoes,"
Got these niggas like, "Ritchie what you going to do?"
But you know I'm going to ~~boss~~ like I'm suppose to,
But she hopped out the car, and its Rolls too,
And she had the sugar daddy, what a cold dude ,
Had the long fingernails with the gold tooth,
Now I'm thinking like "Damn, Ritchie what you going to do?"

She about to have a good time at this party,
She ain't hurting nobody but her body,
Girl don't do drugs, unless you're with me,
Now its kicked in your heart feels like a stampede,
Got Dee in the cut he's sippin that MD,
She say we the best, yes indeed,
Got your nose on drip but your wrist on bling.
Numb to the world and you can't feel a thing,
I know you quit for a minute now you back at it,
Got you out here moving like a crack addict,
I ain't mad though we all got our bad habits,
You got a big ass I love to look back at it,
You a smooth criminal with your bad self,
Partied so hard I ain't mad at your bad health,
Ya, dirty dancing by your bad self,
Think I'll help baby in the corner with my dad self.

Girl with the gold wrist,
Girl with the gold wrist;
Girl with the gold wrist,
Girl with the gold wrist,
Girl with the gold wrist,

Come on, get going with your bad self,
Ain't no money too long for your bad self.
I've been waiting too long for your bad self,
Come and get it, next song with your bad self,
Come on, get going with your bad self.
Ain't no money too long for your bad self,
I've been waiting too long for your bad self,
Come and get it, next song with your bad self,

TRACK 7: 2016 INTERLUDE

Yeah, why you still worrying about me?
I was in the ...
Like bruh, its 2016,
Like bruh, its 2016,
Why you still lying to yourself?
We know damn well where your family got its wealth nigga,
Like bruh, its 2016,
Like bruh, its 2016,
Its 2016,
Why niggas still behind bars for some weed?
Why niggas still worrying about my damn jeans?,
Why to get a job does she got to get a weave nigga?
It's 2016,
Why we got native mascots for some teams nigga?
Why you still act like global warming ain't a thing nigga?
Why you worrying about them niggas praying to the east nigga?
Why you still worrying about me?
Act like Jesus really care where you pee nigga
Like bruh, its 2016
Like bruh, its 2016
Why you still lying to yourself?
You know the meaning of that damn flag on your belt nigga
Like bruh, its 2016
Like bruh, its 2016

TRACK 8: ALL QUIET ON THE WEST SIDE

West side, west side,
East side, east side,
Left right, left right,
Let everybody know we getting down tonight,
We getting down tonight,
We getting down tonight,
We getting down tonight,
Let everybody know we getting down tonight,

Yo check it, let everybody know,
We need niggas from all sides on go,
Someone hit the eses on the west coast,
And the niggas from the south that be tipping on 44's,
They be singing Friday on a Friday,
But please don't play my song nigga this ain't my day,
We can have a party and do it five ways,
We can put the PA by the fireplace,
Ask your boy if he wants to DJ,
I'm trying to hear some "Hey Ya," Andre 3k,
I'm trying to hear some Estelle "American Boy,"
The neighbors better not complain about no damn noise,
And if the cops come scream "fuck five-o,"
Okay one more time nigga "fuck five-o,"
Just make sure nobody opens the front door,
I don't care if they put the lights through the window,
We ain't coming together for no answers,
The only thing we agree on is fuck cancer,
Someone play that Thugger that "Fuck Cancer,"
Shout out to my mom nigga, fuck cancer,
And to the white kids: please don't say it,
And my nigga with the strap: please don't spray it,
Matter a fact, nigga please don't bring it,
And if you know the words nigga please go sing it,

West side, west side,
East side, east side,
West side, west side,
East side, east side,
West side, west side,
East side, east side
Left right, left right,
Let everybody know we getting down tonight,

TRACK 9: EENY MEENY MINY MOE

Eeny meeny miney moe,
Yeah yeah yeah,
Catch a rapper at a show;
Yeah yeah yeah,
Couple dollars let him blow,
Yeah yeah yeah,
Who's up next I don't know,
Yeah yeah yeah,
Eeny meeny miney moe,
Yeah yeah yeah,
Catch a rapper at a show,
Yeah yeah yeah,
Couple dollars let him blow,
Yeah yeah yeah,
Who's up next I don't know,
Yeah yeah yeah,
Eeny meeny miney moe,
Yeah yeah yeah,
Catch a rapper at a show,
Yeah yeah yeah,
Couple dollars let him blow,
Yeah yeah yeah,
Who's up next I don't know,
Yeah yeah yeah,
Eeny meeny miney moe,
Yeah yeah yeah,
Catch a rapper at a show,
Yeah yeah yeah,
Couple dollars let him blow,
Yeah yeah yeah,
Who's up next I don't know,
Yeah yeah yeah,

Ahhhhhhhhhhh! We made it,
Ahhhhhhhhhhh! We made it,

Damn, oh shit yeah,
Ain't nobody really fuck with your shit yeah,
You ain't really really made no hits yeah,
Me? Shit I made "Oh Shit!!!" yeah,
They created your ass with a plan bro,
From clothes to the pies to the fans yo,
See they love what you make not what you stand for,
Got they black Pinocchio with the round nose,
Post him up in the mall for a fucking photo,
Don't let him team up, make nigga solo,
Ask the hood what they think, "Man that nigga so so,"
We don't care who your daddy, like that nigga JoJo,
They going to do what it takes to make some fucking more dough,
New trends, new ends, revenue get slow-mo,
Ain't nobody's really care about that nigga no more,
Let him go, drop him off, make that nigga go,

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So you want to be a rap star?
You think lyrics and dope beats will really get you that far?
Shit, I wish that's all that it took,
It's way more than a catchy ass hook,
Don't know the right people, you ain't getting no looks,
If it was that easy, we'd be getting more looks,
Then you got these dudes that thinking they Rambo,
But truthful ya'll just looking like sambo's,
Would you dance for a dollar? "Yeah yeah yeah,"
Might as well be a stripper then,
Sell your soul for a buck? "Yeah yeah yeah,"
Well damn go get it then,
Man this music shit so demanding,
Not even on and lost so many damn friends,
All this lack of sleep and hella planning,
If you think you got what it takes, then put your hands in like-

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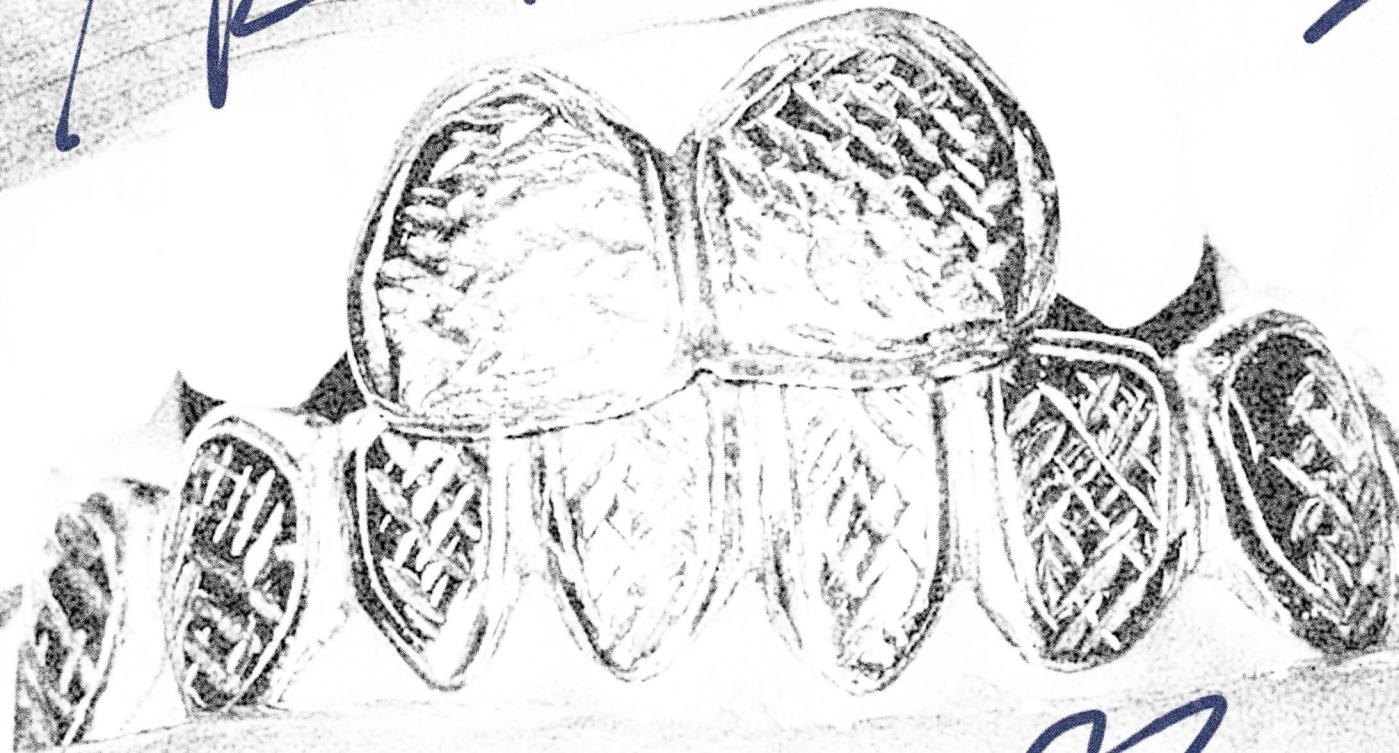


TRACK 12: LOOK MAMA I DID IT

Damn, look mama I did it,
This the same boy that was dancing in your kitchen,
And in the backseat singing, that's tradition,
We knew that whole Jill Scott down to transitions,
Mother's Day card "Hey Mama" lyrics within it,
Got you the pink kicks with the pink ribbon,
I want to scream so loud for you,
Can you hear it?
Cause I'm so damn proud of you,
Can you feel it,
A year ago selling shoes trying to get commission,
Now making records for the kids that need a vision,
Cause I just found some friends that were also sick of wishing,
And we cooped up in a dentist office,
History was written,
Look dad I did it,
Yup, look dad I did it,
This the same boy that was dancing in your kitchen,
And in the back seat singing, that's tradition,
It sucks it took you passing to get me close to my sisters,
And my little brother not close enough I admit it,
Just sucks when I'm at your funeral and no one knows I existed,
And I'm the one with your name man, isn't that twisted?
But I ain't really tripping man, that's family business,
Had the same outfit on I graduated in,
Cause I heard you were fighting the doctors,
And they still made you miss it,
And that was down to the shoes,
The stealth foams, my favorite,
Third and last time will be at my first Grammy nomination,
Like look dad I made it,
Yup look dad I made it,
This the same boy that was dancing on the pavement,
The same kid that was at that hospital waiting,
The same kid that ain't going to stop 'til I'm the greatest,

Back against the wall and I came out swinging,
This beat is so beautiful I should of came out singing,
People kept on doubting so I kept on dreaming,
All these doors are opening up and me and the team in,
Was dealt a bad hand from the go,
But my momma saved my life,
Could have got left in the 'Go,
Forget participation trophy's man I want the gold,
Tasted a little bit success and hell yeah I want more,
Trying to be a healthier man for my mini me,
Feeling like Luther now, man I miss the skinny me,
I don't ever do much, I guess it's never too much,
Nate hitting y'all with the hooks man he's to clutch,
P is the hottest in the game plus that man that cold,
And I'm living proof that you're never too old,
Kids looking up to my now, no pressure,
Not a role model but I'll appreciate jesters,
Don't expect shit given you know you got to take it,
Either that or you got to fake it until you make it,
That must mean we got it cause we haven't faked shit,
Nobody in our lane cause we're constantly repaving,
Like look mama I made it, look mama I made it,
Doing all these shows and got the whole room singing,
I'm telling ya'll this is what victory sounds like,
And I'll be damned if this don't get the crowed hype,
Thanks to every fan who's shared or shit or bought some merch,
Never thought I'd see my face on someone's shirt,
Y'all the reason Imma go hard until it hurts,
Took you to the dentist office now we took you to church.

Mark Ross



Mark Ross