

# PRhyme

## PRhyme

Gather around, gather around  
Witness the memoirs of 5'9 being read as he sees it fit  
Police sirens behind him while he's driving  
Instantly causes butterflies in his stomach even though he's legit  
Now brothers and sisters, they  
have not stopped  
It's about to hit the fan, what is it?  
Shit's getting deep in here, I mean like thick  
Just another day in my reformed life, my  
unreformed mic  
I still write like it's my son was born knight  
I'm tired of swinging on these niggas  
Man, these niggas can't even fight  
I'm a casual sneaker head, I don't need them bleeding on my Nikes  
Marshall said that I'd be a problem if I get my shit right  
That if it's probably the biggest if I ever live by  
Which is why I'm known as a underachiever, I just skip by  
I need it to be inebriated to prevent me from getting shy  
That's better than getting shot, that's a much healthier ending  
I'm running this race all by myself  
My competition is in the selfie olympics  
Coming back with a vengeance in LV vintage  
Anybody got a problem with me winning his shit shall be offended  
Prhyme, PRhyme, I'm in my  
permanent prime  
The crown is on, that's how you determine a don  
Prhyme, PRhyme, I'm in my permanent prime  
I ain't never falling off  
Then the car pulls up on the side of me  
An attractive women is in it eyeing me trying to get my attention  
But I just play the victim like "what do you want from me?"  
Then I pull off like ERR  
My nigga, my nigga, my nigga  
You don't know what it feels like to be tired of fucking these hoes  
It's just hard to stay alive these days  
I can't end up on no more collages on bitches' IG pages  
They see these cars then they want to be reality TV stars  
Just another day in my reformed life, my unreformed mic  
I still write like it's my son was born knight  
I'm tired of cheating on my wife, man, these bitches just ain't right  
Can't even kiss them in their mouths  
Too many dicks been in their diet  
Me and Chris we veterans, but when youngins call you vet  
You start to feel like Hardaway with that UTEP, two step  
They come in the league like A.I

With that their look and that crossover  
Moving that make their old shit seem useless  
But I'm balling  
I can afford to hire somebody  
That tried to break all of their legs like Tonya Harding  
Seem like the feds be like "fuck honesty"  
My favorite rapper was signed to Duck Down  
Then signed to the Duck Dynasty  
Prhyme, PRhyme, I'm in my permanent prime  
The crown is on, that's how you determine a don  
Prhyme, PRhyme, I'm in my permanent prime  
I ain't never falling off Make your money, my nigga, get your money  
But don't make the shit make you, now deal with that  
I lost a whole bunch of money chasing bitches  
But I never lost no bitches chasing money, how real is that?  
Only time a woman made a man a millionaire  
Was when that man was a former billionaire, how trill is that?  
My nigga, get you a fly chick and a drop top  
And when she piss you off, do me a favor  
Hop in that bitch and peel it back  
I already got one  
All these bitches be doing is playing musical chairs  
With different rappers' front seats without calling shotgun  
Face it, you're a ho, as God as my witness  
That paper's my litmus I take it then I dip with it  
Then I wait for the result  
And the verdict is in  
Now that I'm sober niggas is saying it's over  
Couple of niggas had to off 'em  
Couple of bitches mad cause I'm off 'em  
Either that or they think that my life is so good my nights be sunny  
Oh, he's only been so quiet  
Cause he been spending that "Lighters" money  
Man, these people spend too much time predicting  
Was on your mind up until the time you're non-existent  
In the midst of all my success and my failures  
I'm just out here struggling  
Guess that's what happens in rapping  
When you're in your motherfucking prime, prime  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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