

TrakBoss

"Aspiration"

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(Joonya)

Where do I wanna go?
What do I wanna see?
How do I wanna live?
Tell me what I can be

(Verse - Joonya)

His heart is turning black, walls about to collapse
His life, he don't know if he should keep it or give it
back
In spite cause he feel selfish for tweaking off what he
lack
It's like his fucking gift is the only reason he rap
He try to put the soul on a track but his shoes are tore
up
He bang the music gang, boy don't make him have to
throw up
The game's full of lames, it just make him gasp and
throw up
Elevator flow, when he rap he lift the flow up
All I know, bruh, is he better not find who first is
Cause he kill second and destroy the third person
In third person, and I'm just trying to get the verse in
I did this shit by accident but it's about to worsen
Trying to show them how to master this, they too busy
jerking
Y'all trying to impress these girls, me and Trak too
busy working
It's certain that we gon see a mill before the dirt, kid
They lurking, looking for a way to steal my worse shit
on purpose
I make these niggas feel like they are worthless
My purpose is to make them feel like I am worth it
Kush got me floating through the flood, I bet I surface
Stutter when I'm sober off that but I spit it perfect
Fuck it, I'm perfect, parents made it through the worse
shit
Backpack on my back full of memories and verses
Hear them Trak? They hating, now they're memories in

hearses

I cooked them up and ate them, I'm just waiting on
dessert, bitch

(Hook - Joonya & TrakBoss)

Where do I wanna go? Everywhere
What do I wanna see? Everything
How do I wanna live? Carefree
Tell me what I can be, Anything
Where do I wanna go? Everywhere
What do I wanna see? Everything
How do I wanna live? Carefree
Tell me what I can be, Anything

(Verse - TrakBoss)

Little homie made it, who'da knew?
Proves that if he can do it you can do it, too
Got a nice catalog, I'm just new to you
I bet you make a hit if I'm producing you
I'm Curt Henning with them verses
That means every line is perfect
I compose with a purpose
Trying to hit Tahiti just so I can go surfing
I'm imagining myself on a big yacht
With a red bone, no top wearing flip flops
Cool nerd, small nigga with a big plot
I predict an upset when my shit drops
I got respect for this thing called hip-hop
Shit'll stress you, make you wanna take six shots
Gotta put in work even if your shit's hot
Plenty pit stops racing to the tip top

(Hook - Joonya & TrakBoss)

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How do I wanna live? Carefree
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