

Kyle Bent "Haters Appreciation Day"

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Verse 1:

Black teenager
With a flashy taper
With a swag he favored
Raps last savior
Tryna crack this player
Like it's glass he's made of
Immaculate state of
Mind, I aint lying (ye)
Never messed with my concepts
Now they impressed by my progress
My contents so complex
Safe to guess that I'm on next
Paved the way for these vacant lames
Tryna change the game but yet remain the same
Patiently wait on my consent
Wearing chains on their long necks
So I pay those slaves in like one cent
We bared the pain in those olden days
Those golden chains don't make you great
Embrace your fate, I'm clark Kent
An apprentice, but aint no novice
Get shredded it aint no contest
Big headed but yet stay modest
Know it can all go as fast as I got it
So as long as I have it
I remain to stay passionate
Expectation, know that I pass it
We above all averages
So that bad chick probably wants to have this
I just want to know what your address is
And you attractive like magnets
So shawty what's happening?

Chorus: They want to see us fall, see us fail, see us all
go down hill
Tell em nah, no way, no way
Cause we came from the bottom, hope to see you at
the top, at the top of
This highway, highway
(Put your hands in the air if you got somewhere off the
haters, now thank

Them for the favor)2x

Verse 2:

Got 3 main homies and I don't need no more
They'll be with me when I'm rich cause they seen me
broke
They seen me grow
Even seen me lose hope, so
They gon' see me get promoted to a CEO, yo
Never doubted myself
Knew I was destined for bigger things
That's why I'm proud of myself
For never bowing or giving in
They never thought that I had a shot
Now I'm sniping rappers off of their spot
Don't need no ladder, I'm climbing faster
Than jack when he first got his bean stock
Tryna tell me I'm famous, truth is I aint even scratch
that surface
Who is Kyle Bent, he aint even worth this time
Until a friend probably recommends his rhymes
Still working because I deserve this shine
For certain so you know I'm earning mine
Slipping on mines, hoping that I blow up
To enlighten these minds til I find closure
I aint never have time to recline on sofas
Cause I was chasing a dream that many let go of
But they don't listen to me because I aint grown up
Yeah I'm only 15, so what?
That don't mean I can't phase you
Amaze you
Been amazing since age 2
Spitting that vague truth
To all you April fools
Blazing but you know I stay too cool

Chorus: They want to see us fall, see us fail, see us all
go down hill
Tell em nah, no way, no way
Cause we came from the bottom, hope to see you at
the top, at the top of
This highway, highway
(Put your hands in the air if you got somewhere off the
haters, now thank
Them for the favor)2x

Verse 3:

And rappers want to know my secret but there's
nothing I can tell them
Cause they think I cut those corners, working corners,
probably selling

But it wasn't til the seventh grade that I started
excelling
Just by spitting, spitting, spitting out the seeds from
watermelons
Used to go by Kayogee but now they call me Kyle Bent
Because that name just wasn't me so I stuck with my
government
I came up from the debris, hitting the mountain summit
since
There aint gon' be another me and that's my only
covenant
(Ye)
Never have to mention man we aint bout all that talking
Cause my presence is a present leave that hanging in
your stocking
So I'm never selling out, wont be that man up in that
auction
Had a plan to carry out, so while I ran you got
exhausted
And it's tough coming up in an industry of rap
Wack rappers get publicity while you stuck in the back
And even though you killed the track
The crowd will never care to clap
Until you do something profound to put your town up
on the map
And imma do it

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