

## Privaledge

### "Light Shows"

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[Hook] x 2

Then we go pour up, grip grain and show up  
Grip grain and show up  
Then we go pour up, grip grain and show up  
Turn up that light show  
Now watch as we glow up

[Verse]

In the studio where everyday but nothing changing for  
me  
I'm getting bored with this shit, Lord give me strength  
For I don't know how I'm gonna make it  
I'm tired of living basic, remind me of the long nights  
When I was in the basement, I must be doing  
something wrong  
Trying to put my cousin's on, help my younger Puddy  
Even put his little brothers on  
'Cause when I was young I ain't had inspiration  
Just a bunch of hood niggas around instigating  
Telling me I'm ugly telling me I ain't shit  
Now that I'm an artist I'm obligated to paint shit  
My niggers never left Philly so we ain't seen shit  
Instagram probably the closest they got to Vegas  
So when I go to the hood they think I made it  
The longer I'm gone the more I become their favorite  
And even though I wanna say I love it, I hate it  
'Cause that's the same thing P said before they hate it  
What's a dream if it got a limit on it  
What's a team if it got a gimmick on it  
World records I'm going guinness on 'em  
So when a world stop I'ma keep spending on 'em  
Hating niggas on my dick like they jammy on 'em  
They thirsty still drying snitching on 'em  
I just hope they keep it pushing before I push up on 'em  
But I really wanna push up on 'em

[Hook]

Then we go pour up, grip grain and show up  
Grip grain and show up  
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Turn up that light show

Now watch as we glow up

[Verse]

I know I've been falling off  
Rap just told me, rap just know me  
Before you niggers started treating privilege like  
Kobe  
I was one my lonely, one came and shooting videos on  
my probe tip  
Now er'where I go these hoes knows and spit  
Vegas, Nevada even California knows me trips  
I ain't even doin' shows and sh--  
Walking to church the past they looking like holy sh--  
Damn I'm still praying to the man and I ain't there yet  
I'm on fear facts, tryin' to get a pair of checks  
Last minute money would call me all the time  
In that full of ice cubes are you there yet  
We're broke and no compare to that  
If your chain ain't real, then why you wearin' that?  
You gon' have these little kids tryin' to rob something  
And go to jail tryin' to catch up with your square ass

[Hook]

Then we go pour up, grip grain and show up  
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Turn up that light show  
Now watch as we glow up

[Interlude]

I told you I was gonna bring these legends out right  
We 'bout to take you out down south  
Pause  
All it takes is one time, hold up, hold up

[Verse: Bun B]

Triolo T baby the man and the myth  
Got the douja by the uzzi and the vodka by the fifth  
Got that bobby by the pound and that Whitney by the  
key  
So if you know just like I know you should get it like me  
And if you can't get it like me then you can't get it from  
me  
First come first served, just show your boy the money  
This is cash and carry the rules don't vary  
Same time home boy don't be acting all scary  
Boy it's ashes like Larry they need a better lotion  
You're working and coming back write you need a  
better potion  
The girl ain't coming back tonight you'll need the better  
motion

And a bigger boat to make her get wetter than an  
ocean  
That's when I come in, that's when you go out  
RIP to your ho yeah a little more we pour out  
We go pour up, grip grain and show up  
Turn up that light show  
Now watch as we glow, watch as we glow.

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