

# Cordae, Sinister (feat. Lil Wayne)

Yeah, alright, my flow sinister  
This ain't rap music, this straight literature  
Small minded nigga, all your ideas miniature  
They tend to hate on you when they can't get rid of ya  
I ain't going nowhere, twenty year career minimum  
Call Hit-Boy for beats, ask for ten of 'em  
I don't follow trends my nigga, I swing the pendulum  
If the bitch bag a dipshit, I'm gon' give her some

Let's reflect times, I try to collect minds from complex rhymes  
And by the way, shoutout Tech N9ne, uh  
Go and shut the fuck up, just let me talk, nigga (Shut the fuck up)  
I'm a time bomb that's waiting to go off, nigga  
Quite nuclear, amazing what fame could do to ya  
Too peculiar, although I'm truly a Renaissance starter  
My mind divine, this shit take me a lot farther  
Growing up, shit, I really had beef with my father  
But why bother explaining my feelings?  
Try harder but either way, they gon' paint you the villain  
Eight months with no phone dawg, we aiming for brilliance  
Hi-Level maintain in the building, nigga, we making a killing

Yeah, alright, my flow sinister  
This ain't rap music, this straight literature  
Small minded nigga, all your ideas miniature  
They tend to hate on you when they can't get rid of ya

A wise man told me that silence never betrayed him  
Keep your mouth shut 'cause niggas got ultimatums (Yeah)  
Stupid situations the tongue often creates them (Yeah)  
The motor mouth nigga is usually causing mayhem

Lil' Tune flow sinister, I'ma finish ya  
Many men gon' need ministers, I made men of them  
Enemies, I'm the enema, I'ma shit on them  
Just like my keys, drop my genitals on her dental work  
My thoughts I keep confidential or it's consequential  
Our philosophies unidentical, I'm not into ya  
My Siamese brother Benjamin, it's how I stick to him  
These diamond Bs all VVs, I call em' Vivica  
Skatin' underneath a bridge, stay hustling as it is  
Make money, feed the kids, ain't nothing in the fridge  
Wake up, repeat the sins, eight blunts, I needed ten  
Stay muddyy 'til the lid, eight hundred, eat a dick

Yeah, alright, my flow sinister (Yeah)  
This ain't rap music, this straight literature (Mula)  
Small minded nigga, all your ideas miniature (Yeah)  
They tend to hate on you when they can't get rid of ya  
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Yeah, alright, my flow sinister (Yeah, yeah)  
Yeah, alright, my flow sinister  
Huh, yeah, alright, my flow sinister  
Never lied in my rhymes, you can go ask Jennifer  
That's my mom's name, I create and find change  
My mindframe ensured that forever I reign, motherfucker