

Cordae, Westlake High

Uh, yeah
You know, um
I just wanna apologize, um, in advance, really
For all of my mistakes that I'm- I'm bound to make
That I've made in the past, though
No human is- is perfect and I'm not tryna be, either
Yeah, alright

If only Father Time had the patience of Mother Nature
If only I was wiser when I first discovered paper
If only Martin Luther never stayed at the Lorraine Hotel
Should he still be alive and well
Shout out my nigga Yo Gotti, that's my Memphis connect
He always put his niggas on and so I give him respect
My right wrist Audemars, left wrist a Patek
Fuck a aux cord, nigga, throw that shit in, cassette tape
I went to Westlake High where death rates rise
And some people go on to waste the rest they lives
I go back every now and then to check they vibes
The rest of my classmates workin' tech-based jobs
I just bought a Range Rover and did a song with Nas
In the belly of the best where the strong survive
Tryna move past the lows and prolong the highs, huh
But still I rise, yeah

You know, uh
It's times like this in life, where
You just gotta relish in the moment, and then-
And cherish these moments, dawg, 'cause, like
I made it, man, and, um
It's not like it's a surprise or anything
But I'm just gon' live in this moment
And be present at this time, though
I'ma be doin' this music shit at the absolute highest level
For a long-ass time, man, as long as I wanted to
And, um, that's all I try to do, man, is
Give y'all my life and everything from a bird's-eye view
Though you must remember that the mantra
The way of life is always, huh
Everything high-level
And- And, also, um
I wanna dedicate this album to my grandmother
My late grandmother, God rest her soul
Janet Dunston
Um, she was on my last album singin' interludes, dawg, and, uh
Man, I miss that woman so much
But, um, I'ma be here for a long time, man
As long as I wanna do this shit
Everything high-level