

# 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