

# Denzel Curry, X-Wing

All these beats go dumb in the stereo  
But I'm just too smart for the radio  
Masked up like a young Rey Mysterio  
Mask off when I'm back in the studio  
Mac ain't make it to twenty-seven  
Pac ain't make it to twenty-six  
Big' ain't make it to twenty-five  
It's only right that I gotta get rich  
Cut niggas off and I curse niggas out  
Niggas thirsty for help  
It's a motherfucking drought (bitch, it's dry)  
Niggas envy when you famous first  
They don't know what they name is worth (they don't know)  
Please excuse my grammar (please)  
See my opps getting filled with anna (okay)  
This game like Home Depot  
Bitch, they got keys, hoes, and hammers (for the low, for the low)  
Niggas' gangsters, killers, and scammers  
We was out dodging bullets and cameras  
When you broke, niggas won't throw slander  
Get money, now your ass can't stand us, man  
I want a whole lot of green and a pair of nice jeans  
I been with the new beam and this pair of ice creams  
Ever since I was a teen (uhh! Huh!)  
I been focused on the cream (uhh! Huh!)  
Want the clothes and the kicks and (what?)  
And I don't want a car, I want an X-Wing (yeah)  
I'm just onto the next thing  
Growing up, I didn't have the best things  
Now my diamonds on my neck gleam  
I don't want a car, I want an X-Wing (yeah)  
I'm just onto the next thing  
Growing up, I didn't have the best things  
Now my diamonds on my neck gleam  
New mind state in a new spot  
Fuck a TikTok, bought a new watch  
It's my time now, where my G-Shock?  
Fur coat fresh off a Sasquatch  
Told me to keep it P.C  
Nah, nigga, I'ma let the mac pop  
Everybody wanna be the man  
I'm the nigga counting money in the backdrop  
Oh shit, it's the nigga slicker than some lubricant  
Young, exuberant  
Moving through the city where your Uber went  
Am I killing it or am I losing it?  
'Stead of counting sheep, I count dollars  
Riding high, Chevy Impala  
If I make that bitch an inch taller  
Then I upgrade to a Skywalker  
Rap elite, I'm top tier  
Kill the game, then drop tears  
Gassed up, I'm Scarecrow  
I reveal your worst fears  
Niggas work hard 'til they on Star Island  
But I won't stop 'til I own Star Island  
Money stack up and the jets keep piling  
Drop-top windshield, Audi five thousand  
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