

Say Hello to Adele

Joyner Lucas

[Produced by Austin Fig]

[Verse 1]

Now I be lying if I, I be
Now I be lying if I told you I ain't trying to get rich
I need mines, I need grind, ain't no time for no bitch
I'm surprised I'm alive, oh my god, take him up
Make him fly, break him even
They been sleeping, wake them up
They got molly, they got bands, I got fans, I got ooh
I got dro, I got grams, I got damn, I got blow, hoe
I got what you need, homie don't raise your voice at me my G
All these eyes on me, I see, that's word to Pac and B.I.G. I be, I be
On stages, and ain't there nowhere I got to go
I ain't got no fucking patience that's one thing you got to know
All these rappers in my way, they think they famous, I don't know
When I watch them hit the pavement I'ma feel like Holly Holms
I swear it don't get no better than this
I told my bitch we better get rich
Then flip these chips and get a new whip
And twist my wrist in front of ya, none of ya
Want to get pimped you son of a prick, let's flip this win and then uh
Jump in the air
I just want to dig a hole in a cell
I just want to say Hello to Adele

[Bridge]

Yeah yeah whooh whooh
I just want to let you know that I'm here
I just want to sing a song and a prayer
I just want to make a toast to El Chapo
My idol, I might dig a hole in a cell
I should probably change my hoe to affair
I could probably make your hoe disappear
Different emotions you don't know what to feel

[Verse 2]

Always feel like my jeans burning
No bail and I'm seen murdering
New gold grills and your teeth hurt
I'm still walking and my feet hurt
Where's Uber when you need one?
Just tell me where you see one
I'm driving bars on the wall

Okay, where's Luda when you need her?
Listen, I'm my back to the wall
Then I'm back to the zone, I'm in a Twilight
If you ever get a minute tell them other little niggas I've been winning I've been doing it from
hindsight
Don't you ever get a pen in on my level never said I'm not a rebel don't you ever get on my mic
And you ever been a kid and been a winner by the niggas and the pen I'ma end 'em in the
limelight rhyme-light
I'm like, I'm like
Swish swish whooh
I'm like eh ya hoe, there I go
I'ma kill the game this year
Say I won't, may I? Woo
I don't give a fuck about no haters or what I never did
I got angels here and that's evident
I got halos all in my head I swear
[Hook]
Y'all done lost your motherfucking mind, ooh
Y'all done... Y'all done lost... Lost your motherfucking mind, ooh
Y'all done... Ya... Y'all done lost your motherfucking mind, ooh
Y'all done... Y'all done lost... Lost your motherfucking mind, ooh
Y'all done, lost your motherfucking mind

[Verse 3]
Got what you need, this that 24-hour spot
This that Massachusetts, Kawasaki, and the Yamaha
My Mama, Auntie, told me if I ever started drama
I can go to jail
But fuck the cops
And tell the judge to suck my cock and go to hell
No filter, but I got real love
Niggas ain't real son, tryna get meals but
Everyone's still friends, she don't got heels on
But her ass still fat, bet if I hit that she gonna tear up
Where are my real thugs, when they gonna hear us, when they gonna feel us?
Everyone act cray
Don't know what make they way
I tell your bitch: ay baby
Poppa can't cripp stand
They ball so hard since wristbands
So my broads ain't got no implants, these bras ain't got no kickstands, and I know it though
Hold up
Fuck what you feel
I just want to sell salt to a snail
I just want to sell a hoe to a queer
I just want to go to Oprah and Phil
Give them both a little coke and some pills
I remember when I had to scrape a little change just to go to the store for some milk
I remember when my ex bitch didn't come home, she was stroking the field

I don't think you really know how I feel
I don't think you niggas know how to chill, whooh
So, the fuck is you thinking you older than me?
You got some type of control over me?
Just cause you got some shit you can hold over me, like you running this shit?
Act like I won't put my tongue in your bitch
Bring her closer to me
And then go to the beach, sit in the water
Don't act like you not an emotional creep
I pull over the jeep (skrtr, skrtr)
[Bridge]
I just want to let you know that I'm here
I just want to sing a song and a prayer
I just want to make a toast to El Chapo
My idol, I might dig a hole in a cell
I just want to say Hello to Adele
I could probably make your hoe disappear
I don't think you niggas know how it feels

[Hook]
Y'all done lost your motherfucking mind, ooh
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