Lil Cobaine, Memos

[Verse 1: Cayman Cline]
I'm high as I've ever been
Higher than Heaven sits
Roll up my weed and think about my exes and jealousness
How to stay current and relevant
This be my story I'm selling it
I am the author, the writer, the typer, the proctor
And all of which credited
Said it and said it again
I’m obsessed with the check it’s a sin I’ve been sinning since
Man please don't check my stride
My moves got me global
I ain't even seen you step outside
Measure grind
Do the math, equated
See I struck and stretched on time
Been the freshest out
Fuck a crest on shine
Dog, I'm blessed on Cline

[Dialogue Samples]
But yeah, know I appreciate the uh, the advice
Well I don't know a lot
Well I don't know there's a lot of gray
You just
Life is gonna bring you things that, good and bad and
It already has and
You're.. Just don't worry about it
Just be feel like, be your blessed
And uh
Be very, very, very blessed

[Verse 2: Cayman Cline]
Went home for the holidays
Seen my fam that shit changed me in a lot of ways
Smoking inside the press box and got head from some hoe
In the end I was not amazed
Fuck it I'm on, though
Bro picked me up in a Benz I was riding to 7/11 for cigs at 11 PM
Took the time to say "What's up?" to one of my exes
And scat the fuck out, no offenses, just hate her friends
I'm in a Uber
Riding like 79, I'm too exact
Still got me plenty of time
Texting my main in Cali counting when I get back
Caught the doobie and sat
Played the new shit from my homies
And all my homies like, "What's that?"
That new dude cookin' up
That he be lookin' up
And now all them labels go and chat
Man you funny
I'm corny, you crummy
That heat made me sick to my tummy
You fuckboys are dummies
Now look at who's running
Fuck Presidential Elections
I'm what they cheer in student sections
I'm no button watch who you're pressin'
I get paid to walk inside your session
TBT to when I was peasant, that shit's fucking ages
Man that shit's fucking ages
Damn