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Humble
Our Last Night
 [Intro]
C Am Em D C
                   Am
Nobody pray for me
Even a day for me
Am D
Waaaaay (yeah, yeah!)
CAED
CAED
[Verse 1]
                                          Em
  I remember syrup sandwiches and crime allowances
Finesse a fella with some counterfeits, but now I m countin this
Parmesan where my accountant lives; in fact, I m downin this
D USSÃf‰ with my boo bae tastes like Kool-Aid for the analysts
Girl, I can buy yo ass the world with my paystub
Ooh, that pussy good, won t you sit it on my taste bloods?
I get way too petty once you let me do the extras
Pull up on your block, then break it down: we playin Tetris
A.M. to the P.M., P.M. to the A.M., funk
Piss out your per diem, you just gotta hate em, funk
If I quit your BM, I still ride Mercedes, funk
If I quit this season, I still be the greatest, funk
My left stroke just went viral
Right stroke put lil baby in a spiral
Soprano C, we like to keep it on a high note
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It s levels to it, you and I know

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[Chorus]
Bitch, be humble
Sit down
       Em
Be humble
Sit down
        C
Be humble
          Am
sit down (hol up, hol up, lil bitch)
        Em
Be humble (lil bitch, hol up, bitch)
Sit down
Be humble
     Αm
Sit down
Be humble
                Em
Sit down and be humble
           D
Bitch, sit down
    C
Be humble
Sit down
     Em
Be Humble
Sit down
[Verse 2]
Who dat fella thinkin that he frontin on Man-Man? (Man-Man)
Get the fuck off my stage, I m the Sandman (Sandman)
Get the fuck off my dick, that ain t right
I make a play fucking up your whole life
I m so fuckin sick and tired of the Photoshop
Show me somethin natural like afro on Richard Pryor
Show me somethin natural like ass with some stretch marks
Still will take you down right on your mama s couch in Polo socks
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E

Ayy, this shit way too crazy, ayy, you do not amaze me, ayy

I blew cool from AC, ayy, Obama just paged me, ayy

I don t fabricate it, ayy, most of y all be fakin , ayy
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I stay modest bout it, ayy, she elaborate it, ayy

A E

This that Grey Poupon, that Evian, that TED Talk, ayy

A E

Watch my soul speak, you let the meds talk

If I kill a fellaa, it won t be the alcohol, ayy

I m the realest dude after all

[Chorus]

D C

Bitch, be humble

Am

Sit down

Em

Be humble

D

Sit down

C

Be humble

Δ

sit down (hol up, hol up, lil bitch)

Em

Be humble (lil bitch, hol up, bitch)

D C

Sit down

Am

Sit down

 $\mathbf{E}\mathbf{m}$ 

Be humble

\_

С

Sit down and be humble

Α

sit down

 $\mathbf{Em}$ 

Be humble

F

Sit down

[Breakdown Outro]

Α

Bitch be humble!

Dm A

Dm A

D