Check this, look I do it like this, look Say one time for your motherfuckin' mind like Or two times if you came in with your vibe right And three times if you're ready to vibe tonight Yeah, yeah, now look, I say (Guard your face) Who said we wasn't steppin' in? Ayy Guess again, hah, guess again Y'all thought I wasn't gon' make it out, beat the odds, and win? Guess again, hah, guess again You said I never learned to separate all the snakes from friends? Guess again, shit, guess again You thought I wasn't gon' be able to switch the Porsche from the Benz? Guess again, shit, guess again Yeah, back when I was a youngin We just trying to double my double-up, stack up my fetty, and blow Ooh, my niggas was ready to go, uh We tryna break the doors Uncle was slangin' dope In Deb's house with the fiends, yeah I really seen it up close, uh Graduated to the Rollie face with the VS2s in it I don't want the Benz if it ain't blue on it Rappin' like '05 Fab, fuck around and have to get Clue on it Actin' like you want it, girl, what you finna do on it? Ayy, is you gon' act a fool on it? Wham, bam, then I'm cool on it Smokin' to pass time, can't sleep Thinkin' 'bout my goals, every single dollar that the labels owe I can't go back to sharing burgers or clothes Burners and hoes, Al-Qaeda soldier, I'm determined to blow Yeah, from all angles, go Kurt on them hoes, yeah Exotic kush and I'm burnin' it slow, woah Save your cap, I done heard it before You thought we came to an end, uh Tell them niggas guess again, yeah (Guard your face) Who said we wasn't steppin' in? Ayy Guess again, hah, guess again Y'all thought I wasn't gon' make it out, beat the odds, and win? Guess again, hah, guess again You said I never learned to separate all the snakes from friends? Guess again, shit, guess again You thought I wasn't gon' be able to switch the Porsche from the Benz? Guess again, shit, guess again Look, steppin' in, reppin' again, we goin' postal Quick chance, bust Ray Bans, high off the dope, uh Got the fans liftin' they hands, who want smoke? Yeah, that's what I like I just aim for the best, straight from the West

With them head hunters, boy, they don't aim for your chest

Lookin' goofy in the studi' with a chain and a vest Lookin' lame, this is chess, real game manifest Hear my name and ask a nigga am I flame? Nigga, yes I don't strain, I don't stress
Mix the Chucks with the damn near anything 'cause I can dress
Real thang in the flesh
Can't complain when you blessed
Just ace it if you test
Now you see me, don't you?
You'll really do it in Paris and Santorini, won't you?
Just 'cause he fuck you from time to time, that don't mean he want you
That's just my thoughts while I'm rollin' to Mr. Feeny, coastin'
I hope your team is focused
West, one question (Guard your face)

Who said we wasn't steppin' in? Ayy
Guess again, hah, guess again
Y'all thought I wasn't gon' make it out, beat the odds, and win?
Guess again, hah, guess again
You said I never learned to separate all the snakes from friends?
Guess again, shit, guess again
You thought I wasn't gon' be able to switch the Porsche from the Benz?
Guess again, shit, guess again

Ayy, one time for your motherfuckin' mind like Or two times if your motherfuckin' mind right Or three times if your motherfuckin' mind right Yeah (C'mon, c'mon)