

You gotta be present for the moment of momentum
Kill a coward with my lyric the murder is corba venom
I'm hurdlin further engines, runnin through an entrance
Such a resemblance in the mirror I see a blemish
The chemist, I am with dentist, six senses
As of now, life is tennis at Venice
Such a breeze I can feel it
Rollin up my sleeves, put a little hash in it
Exceeding cash limits, if you got it ain't a bad image
I play the ball, motherfucker - not half a scrimmage
Your gimmicks just mimic cause you do not have an image
I'm sixty seconds past the minute
Cabbage lettuce, cash is fetish in me
I'm grabbin spinach, teah

Heard about a nigga rappin? Yeah, that's just one of my bitches
(I'm) Sellin weed here trappin, that just one of my bitches
Clientele payin taxes, that's how I'm runnin my (/I run my) busi
ness
Stay the fuck off of my mattress, they sleepin on us niggaz

Got my own flow, spend my own dough
Drive my own car, fuckin grown hoes
For these four-ohs, for these lil' bros
And my door know, teachers don't know
Vul-ner-able, shoot a porno
Losin wardrobe, your body foreclosed
When the doors closed, the mask of Zorro
Her ass is moreso, a comedy
I'm sick I'll probably suffocate from all of them vomiting
Fuck commenting, I'm committing
Taking off, rocketing while profit pocketing
Homaging, sock 'em bop 'em king, not fosters out the ring
Boom bada bing, I gotta sing, you should fuckin honor me
All these collard greens, dollar greens
Presidents holla scream, prophesies
Roll up and watch the leaves germinate, regurgitate
First you like it then you love it; third is hate