

Aye yo weak minded bitches fall victim because my charm's strong  
jazzy pair of lous on my feet Chewy Armstrong  
Ma couldn't be my cheerleader with platinum pom-  
poms she the type to misrepresent a king like Lebron's mom  
Beating on my chest with a crown King Kong Don Langston Hughes  
I write a poem that do the Bible psalms harm  
These other rappers want problems then bring it on umm this rap-  
ping beef is nothing my studio's in it's long form and all cow-  
ards'll become victims of man  
Keep a 5th of Remy and a stick of piff in my hand yeh they fly  
but I'm a pilot that no one can understand plus the way I go ha-  
m'll make a Muslim say damn  
Hustle hard trips to Miami for three days so I can meet with the  
connects and get the D Wade run up in the Gucci store and drop  
3k you bum I could get your whole outfit out of BJ's  
Lyrical scientist leaving mics with psoriasis so it's {bleeped}  
as Michael Myer's psychiatrist pyrics supliacist who being ly-  
ing stiff when the iron spits I come alone just me and one 9 Jo-  
hnnny {Unitis}  
And let my bitch serenade through these slums and blow so much  
loud I need a hearing aid for my lungs  
And as far as metaphors rate this I was a snail 'til haters threw  
salt on me and I dissolved into greatness

What goes around comes around like a hula hoop. Hair weave kill  
a I'll show up to your funeral  
All this work I need a cubicle. Clear coat cuticle. Different color  
diamonds like a rubrics cube  
If this was New Edition, I'll be Bobby Brown. Put the check over  
your head and call it Nike Town  
How could I be down? Free Boosie, wipe me down. My credit card  
is black and proud  
I've been trapping since roxies had the ankles out. I'm going to  
the money and I took the paper route  
Uh Yeh, I'm hood approved and I'm street tested. You a nobody;  
anorexic  
If you stay next to me you're close to a blessing. So, I'm guessin'  
I could get arrested for aggravated flexin' with all this ice on.  
My mic on, I apply pressure like a python. And everybody know  
this that body flow; bench press, cardio. They try to cram a  
nigga style like a Charlie horse  
Yeh, they plot on you, and they drop on ya. I put a Glock to your  
eye and call it glaucoma  
Bow! From 30 nights of sipping dirty Sprite. I call this shit Bluetooth  
because I don't need a mic. 2Chainz