

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
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Oi, you a chat lad who would chat, lad, yap yap for a lap dance
You a snitch though with ya backpack, that is what I call a ratbag
Yeah, boy, was a rap fan, but the rappers here they be trash as
Saw THC up in a graf mag, that's a motherfucking hashtag
Honestly, I'll kick ya sons nuts, you won't ever be granddad
Then I'll break ya fucking spine, yo, that's the definition of Snapback
Working, I'm never not busy, this attitude, yo, I get off 50
You wanna get it on with me, you could be Kobe's last game and you'll never
drop sixty
You ain't dropping this
Like a eunuch, homie, no topping this
Whether battling or a song I did they keep yapping it like they wanna bit
Yo, they need to know that I'm adamant, it ain't arrogance, yo, it's confidence
I'm a nice bloke, ain't it obvious? But in God mode, I'm on top a this
But at my shows I sell tix and ain't talking 'bout where Boston is
(Goddamn) You dunno what the roster is, and I ain't talking 'bout a gab, but
I got a gift
And getting off the piss and off the piff and off the sniff made me wanna jump
off a cliff
Say no when I'm offered pip, better than ever whenever off the shit
I don't care for your problem, I dodge 'em, you can get ya mug shot tryna rob
the kid
Won't back down, ain't the type to go chat now
If someone's turning their lights off all I say is I blacked out
They mustn't know who raised me or the circles that I rapped 'round
Those same dudes who raised me you should see the circles I wrapped round
These past years been a big blur, in poor form, but I'm back now
My arm says keep evolving and I'm upping the level the way I rap, now
See the whole game gonna back out, when I stood up, homie, yo, they sat down
Every single thing that I wanna happen, yo, it's gonna happen 'cause it's mapped
out
Couldn't write with a crown on so I got it sitting in my lap now
If you wanna do it we can get into it, but I guarantee you're gonna tap out
In a battle they say 3 won, that's the way that all the votes go
All I'm hearing though, "3.6., is it cool to get a photo?"
Of course it is, you don't need to ask, but listen up because I'm so close
Said three-one-three-six, that's my old postcode if you don't know
Went from hanging out at Eastland (Hanging out at Eastland)
To a massive house on the beach end (To a massive house on the beach end)
I ain't bragging 'bout my achievements, I'm saying anybody can achieve 'em
If you got a passion you believe in, if you wanna have it you can reach it
Just dream big (Get to it) Yo, it's obvious I been to hell and back
I'ma show the world where Melbourne at, this is my city, I'ma tell 'em that
(Where the album at?) Don't tell 'em that, they're like "Why's this not a album
track?"
All the best shit I have held it back, but doesn't matter, I got hella raps
No swagger jacking, they just yell on tracks, everybody here can tell I'm back
I'm on top 'cause you dropped off, now you in the middle like where Malcolm
at
I can see I'm making fellas sad, like a telepath I can tell you that

I can tell you're mad 'cause I'm with a girl that is hella bad and you jealous as
She make more money than me, she make more money than me, yeah, she a boss bitch
Even on holiday she was a money machine, there ain't no off switch
You a germ, man that they gassing up, but no Auschwitz
Get 'em jumping 'round goth chicks in mosh pits at them rock gigs
Never mind, yo, I got this, 60 never been robbed, bitch
'Cause growing up in that Ringwood, boy, learned to hide my money where my sock is
Better get it, yo, you're not this, from the country of the convicts
I was living gritty, hitting skiddies, but this mini little city's where my squad is (Squad)
Dropped hits and then got rich, hitting 'em up with that bomb shit (Boom)
Understand when that bomb hits you'll be breathing it in like that bong rip
If it's not 6 in your top pick then that topic getting top split
Yeah, it's your opinion, but it's wrong, bitch, this is God shit