

Huh, yeah
I need y'all to come ride with me, nah'm sayin'?
I been on a long journey, huh
Interstate 38, nigga, huh
Ayo

I heard 'em say I got the mindset of Jay, skillset of Dre
So it's guaranteed a billion is on the way
I got a big gun for niggas that wan' play
You wearing your emotions, your feelings is on display
Your heart's on your sleeves, I'm like, "Motherfucker, please
Tell me what you motherfuckers need"
My ex-bitch mad
Ninety percent of the time she was 'round me was on her motherfuckin'
knees
I'm a different era, I don't know what's up with these
New hustlers that don't take much to please
They rap about how they cutting up the keys
We gave it to you raw, they fucking up the cheese
Rap or the trap, had to choose my grind
Took a lot of losses, didn't lose my mind
Shit real, see a couple good dudes had died
I was comfortable, ran the streets with my shoes untied
Trust

You know
Like I said, I'm just getting started, nigga
Huh, ayo

I did it refusing to lose
And even after my losses, I came back new and improved
I see why you was confused
You at the bottom, I'm at the top, we got two different views
My side bitch gon' be here forever
But like Clark Kent and Superman, y'all never see us together
I'm more concerned with my selfish pleasures
Self-centered, I got a skillset that no one else could measure
Therefore, I never felt the pressure
The problem is you see me, consider yourself as lesser
Now everything I sell is extra
I told my bitch, "Get your pistol permit and watch for these jealous
heffers"
Realize as long as I'm level-headed
That these bitch ass niggas'll never catch up
I'm real respected and well connected
Started a vinyl company, now I'm literally selling records
Trust