

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