

(How we gon' do this?)  
(One, two, three)  
Yeah (Yeah, yeah)  
Picture me rolling like Pac, uh  
Nah, picture me rolling all this weed that I got  
(These niggas thought we wouldn't leave the blocks, nigga)  
Woo!  
Yeah  
Yeah

Picture me rolling like Pac  
Nah picture me rolling all this weed that I got  
Nothing less than a lot  
There's nothing on the stove when I say I'm burning the pot  
The ball was in my brother's court  
He made sure to pass me the rock  
Feeling like Kobe at the Rucker Park with the orange top  
Tomahawk dunking the shot  
Trying to prove that I'm real and you're not  
Does not fill my pockets with knots  
I already got it on lock  
You should be earning your spot  
Michael just sent me this chop  
I'm about to set it on fire  
Add a little mint-pepper sauce  
Kicking raps, throwing punches like a bellator sport  
You cannot critique the form  
Your favorite rapper needs to put his best foot forward  
Better yet  
Tell your favorite rapper I could write his best verse for him  
You cannot afford to wage war  
You're still in the training course  
I was a major tool in creating the wave they on  
They study the way I move  
Maybe I should create a course  
Of course  
I'm on track on every track  
Them niggas is off course  
I quote: my brands are an extension of me  
Who would've thought the king would be a kid from Danville Extension 3

Poppa was a rolling stone  
Now his young nigga out here rolling cones  
The Godfather, call me Corleone  
I'm on the rise so they call me Don  
Smoking flowers got me in the zone  
Get on the planet that I'm living on  
Through the songs  
The boy made the call now you know what's going on  
I been rapping since the war started happening up in Lebanon  
Michael chopped it so I had to get my shit off  
I smoke that shit and get lost  
Make music like a wizard  
These niggas feel the blizzard  
No rolling with the rizla  
We are not beginners  
They better get the picture

The captain, I'm the skipper