

(Ayy)
Wanna know how I feel (Ayy)
Wanna know how I feel, yeah
(Rillo)
(Ayy, yeah)

Wanna know how I feel
Take a look at my face
Do it look like I'm fazed?
Do it look like I give a, shh?
Had to get off my phone (Prr)
Gotta stay out the way
Lotta things I could say
Put 'em all in they place
Then again I just chill
Tryna get me enraged
I ain't got time to waste
Do it look like I give a, shh?
Do it look like I give a-?

Be quiet, I'm not your financial advisor
You couldn't pay me to give a fuck
I'm over prepared and underrated
So my preposition is: The jig is up
All of that rambling talk really driving me nuts
Man, I had to go gear up (Brother)
I got enough bullets for them niggas that's teaming up
No sweat, I got swag in abundance
Leg work on the beat, do lunges
Squad deep and I came with my henchmen
Landscape kinda different out here
Can't say nothin', gotta keep grounded
Spend money like it's a no brainer
Lifestyle really come from my conscience
Halfway and I still do buckets (Hah, flee)
I'll knock your lights out, I'm on George [?], brother
[?] sandwich, bon appétit
Fuck around then can't catch these knuckles
But I can't fight 'cause I got my swag on
Three star on my hip, gotta keep it buckled (Well)
The caterer at the belly at the beast
Look at that, I got a new discovery (Wow)

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Yeah, bona
I don't care what it look like (No)
You don't know what it took like (No)
I've been doin' this thing so long, lil' nigga
I've been doin' this your whole life (Yeah)
I saw things on my own eyes (Yeah)
That would make you not wanna own knives
Niggas don't fight they own size
Sometimes y'all play both sides
Niggas believe they own lies
High standards from the low lives (Woah)
Whack ass rapper with a cosign
Whole time, niggas really dig my shit like a coal mine (Huh)
You boys ain't really got style so you stole mine
I know you guys wanna see me stop like a road sign
I keep going, I'm unfazed (No)
I'm just cruisin' in my lane (Yeah)
Hearts so cold like the ice age
Niggas throw dirt on my name
They keep sayin' that I changed (Yeah)
But I'm just tryna stay sane (Yeah)
They keep cappin' and shift blame
Poking the beast they cannot tame (Huh, woah)
24/7 on they necks
I can make it happen with a text
I can probably help you clean your mess
But hold on, wait a minute, no, no, I don't care (Damn)
Gotta get off my phone
Gotta tap in, get in my zone

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