

# MAD

A-Reece

Haha, yeah

Next door neighbours smell the aroma  
Triple A shit, I'm a premium smoker  
Bet on myself, no folding  
Man like me don't play no poker  
Jokers all in my comments claiming that I fell off and the run  
is over  
Really, I made more hits and half of the time I was hardly sober

Only the radio stations, record labels who think it's lies  
Only 'cause I do not pay for the tracking spins and I did not sign

V12 engine motor but I don't drive I pay the chauffeur  
I'm catching a fever when I'm on fire 'cause my heart get colder (Ayy)

They do not love us they wanna divide  
Voodoo spells on the boy cannot suffice, I'm too divine  
You boys ain't got no backbone, how is you stepping without a spine?

You boys ain't got no soul I can tell you looked in the devil's eyes (Ayy)

I never wrote up a CV  
Was too busy selling out CD's  
Before you could stream on your PC  
They say I look taller on TV  
I know the kids wanna be me  
I know they mad and I understand, they back in the hood smoking bidis (Haha, right)

Even Americans know what it is  
Came up tryna impress for a co-sign, now I don't need that shit  
None of em' better than this and half of them guys ain't really that big

And I ain't promoting bottles just to get on a live with Rick (Huh)

If it ain't broken we don't fix  
KTK went platinum, P3 coming in '26  
And we going viral when I'm with Clen you know it's lit  
We already know these blogs online gon' say I dropped a diss  
And say I'm talking 'bout niggas who really to me just don't exist

All I'm hearing is - A-Reece that and A-Reece this  
The boy is whack, the boy is mid  
He always raps, he shouldn't sing  
But just like DJ Khaled, T-Pain all I do is-

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