

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 sobe
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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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