

# Junkman

Aceyalone

(Somebody say ho-oh...)  
(Say ho-oh-oh....)  
Yesss man  
But I'm not a motherfuckin' yes man  
Yeah you know how it goes down  
You just longer now, ain't nothing to it but to get it done  
You know i'mma throw in this PMG  
I got this love and hate on my mind  
You know I'm sayin; its a cool little summer day  
You know winter day, spring day, fall day, everyday, all day  
You know good brothers own day with sisters  
Good life baby  
You can catch me rollin' through your area  
In something big like a aircraft carrier  
With the big beat bangin' on the stere-a  
Sitting next to a pitbull terrie-a  
On the loan so it's no hysteria  
In the cut just like the interio-a  
Scoop the homies so it's more the merrier  
You make a move for ya mic and I'll bury ya  
You either got new friends or new enemies  
When you show the world ya true identity  
You see I move with a God type energy  
It's so big one of me make ten of me  
You have no idea what it's finna be  
You see the whole car smoking like a chim-a-ney  
Yeah I got the poison and the remedy  
To get mo' hands moving in the center p  
(Ahh, that was tight)  
(Yeah the west keezy easy)  
(Yeah, AC.. hey man, wha?, hey, hey!)

Rollin' in my two thousand and twenty-one  
More than machine with expandable wings  
I land on the scene like a man from a dream  
And grip the highway like water in the stream  
Faster than your locomotive  
Swoop by quick so no one would notice  
Project lotus to styles to oldest  
The coldest motherfuckas with the world on they shoulders  
Top break-a bigga than a tank-a  
Might stop and drop the anchor  
Make em' bounce an ounce on my lap  
And that's a rap, that's a rap (that's a rap, that's a rap)  
Drive by just like Mr. Invisible  
You can't see me, it's not possible  
You can't feel me out, it's not probable  
Control the course and move past the obstacles  
You either got new friends or new enemies  
When you show the world ya true identity  
You see I move with a god type energy  
It's so big one of me make ten of me  
You have no idea what it's finna be  
You see the whole car smoking like a chim-a-ney  
Yeah I got the poison and the remedy  
To get mo' hands moving in the center p

[Chorus - 1x]

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