

Paranoia

Aja

Too many thoughts in my head, I can't breathe
So many, uh, yeah, I wish they would leave
Hen, I'm a heartbeat, name on a marquee
Not too many friends, uh, I don't like to party
So many mood swings, so many mood swings
Finger on frostbite, nah, that's a mood ring
I'm more crazy, uh, than uh-uh, you think
Losing my mind, but losing, that's a you thing

So many critics try to be analytic
When I come through, though, uh, all I hear is crickets
Top shelf, no gimmick, witch doc, no clinic
An unfortunate event, I'm Lemony Snicket
Ever seen a [?]
The people on Lost look found? Uh, yeah
That's the kinda crazy I cause
Go stupid when they hear my sound, uh, yeah
I never been the type to show mercy
So whack, bitches stay tryna curse me
Wastin' my time like damn
I should make them reimburse me
Thick with the straps, tryna hold me back
I speak all caps, I don't wanna chat
Killin' the rhythm like a heart attack
I spit the venom like a mamba black
Icy with the K-O, no yayo
With the miracle whip, no mayo
My fashion [?]
I'm backed by bars like jail
Niggas got us on they shoulders
They think that they cold, but I'm colder
I got more range than the rover
When I pull up, blue face like Grover
Who really think they can spit like this?
Make little bitches eat shit like this?
Stack all the racks then dip like this?
You won't get rocked like a chain necklace
I'm practically sittin' in the cockpit
If you mad, you should join my mosh pit
All talk, so your energy cockless
I got your bag inside my pockets (Nigga)

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Run-run 'round all you want 'cause you done-done-done
I'ma hunt, you know I'm the one-one-one
[?] you bum-bum-bums
Start to freak out, scared, you wanna peek out, uh
Why you wanna see what I'm doin'?
Don't you niggas get the clue, hm?

You wanna see what I'm brewin'
Touch down in Berlin with the crew, hm
I carry this weight, no bait, wait
I'm real, these niggas so fake, fate
I'm in my feelings, no Drake, ayy
I'm waitin' for my big break, no pause
Special effects, no cause
My brain be like, "it's all yours"
I thrive off the applause
Keep it clappin' like a [?]
Wanna play a game? No Saw
These hoes so dry, no sauce
Never take an L, it's no loss
You suckin' my dick, no straws
I'm ruthless, only say true words
Only spit news and you only spit rumors
I only spit facts, you niggas are computers
Programmed to be a bunch of motherfuckin' losers
I'm programmed to be a beast
Flow holy like a priest
I'll have you whiter than some bleach
When we cover you with them sheets (Nigga)

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