

Servin' It Freestyle

Alex Wiley

The whole world's turning backwards
As I burn my Backwoods
Still never turned a tassel
Can't die till I earn a statue
No, No
I feel like smoking doja
I always feel like smoking doja
I never seem to have a lighter though
Aw man fuck it then
Light the stove up
Consistently I'm willing to do
Like Mr. T
I pity the fool that mentions me
Fixing the price
This shit too sweet
The listen is nice
Is it just me
It's meant to be
Y'all waiting on my shit like Christmas Eve
I realign everything mentally
And everything I put receives censory
I'm counting up
Every single blessing He sent for me
So we...

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Can't slow me down
Foot duct taped to the gas
Move straight to the cash
Move base of the weed
Eight days of the week
Make way for the G's
Imma pray for the rejects
Been a G since my C-Section
See keys in my reflection
Keep trees in my jeans
QP's it's a reflex son
Caught a case like a reception but it's all good
I'm back with the pack again
Matte black while I'm stackin' M's
Loose with the lingo
Goose and the gringo
Move like a king on acid, damn
Sleep when I'm not serving
Got word of the cops, on my block swerving
Sold all the dope that I copped perfect
And a hearse if I'm not serving that means we

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