

# Rari

Bazanji

Aye, I won't be stoppin' until I be hoppin' up out of the 'Rari  
Yeah, roll with my team, keeping it clean, the life of the party  
That ain't my girl, that's just another one of them lil' shawties  
No one can stop me, it's too late I'm sorry  
Hop out the 'Rari

Yeah, they didn't think that I would get it poppin' but now they be calling  
Get to the bag I won't fumble it, give it to me, I be ballin'  
Step in the building, they all gotta listen, let me do the talking  
No one can stop me, it's too late I'm sorry, yeah

Aye, need a 488, put the Forgiato on it we gon' race  
I need a foreign estate, a couple Latinas that come with the place  
Yeah, mixing tequila with sober thoughts  
Turn to a demon the way I talk  
Wake up and then I go pray to God  
I need forgiveness whenever I'm feeling lost  
Back to normal, I be rappin on 'em  
Got a plan to follow, never lost control  
And I be wanting more, no matter what's in store  
I never lack the motive, moving past Corona  
Gotta go and get it, never stop forgetting  
About the past or present, I don't want attention  
I just want everything that I'm meant for  
Never let a setback come forth

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I be distracted by money and women and gambling  
I gotta handle it  
Fuck up the game I dismantle it  
I give out my life so they learn from it  
Nobody perfect I promise you that  
Everyone dealing with something they lack  
I don't let ego make any decisions  
I'm keeping that shit all the way in the back  
Future too bright, I be trapped in the tunnel  
Losing my sight but I know that it's coming  
This is my life, not a game  
I don't play with that shit so don't act like it's subtle  
All of my people be counting on me  
Told 'em just wait cuz it's coming soon  
I got a lot that I gotta do

If you blocking the way then you know I be running through  
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