

# Desperado

## Beast Coast

Desperado, loadin' hollows  
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Headshots to all my rivals  
Never, ever, ever had a fuckin' idol  
Bitches fake, niggas follow  
On the paper chase, look like I hit the lotto  
When the money close, I can't but help but count it  
C-c-commas, somebody call my accountant  
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(How many takin' flows?)  
Maybe 'cause the flow so cold (So cold)  
Heard you was a king, so cold (So cold)  
Heard I was a killer who tote, nigga (Who tote)  
(Somebody gonna hit the floor)  
If a nigga get too close (Too close)  
Niggas try and fuck with the Coast, yeah (Coast)  
Niggas try and fuck with the Pro (Look)  
I ain't ever read no Bible (No Bible)  
Wish I never met my idols (My idols)  
Meet 'em and they all turn rivals (Turn rivals)  
Hard flows, comin' for the title, wait  
Feed them and they all still bite you (Still bite you)  
Keep 'em at a distance, close by you (Close by you)  
When the time come, they gon' try you (Gon' try you)  
Effort's all about how you apply to it, apply to it  
Now I gotta ride with it  
Niggas always tryna find a fuckin' plot to twist  
Got me stressin', thinkin', "How the fuck it got to this?"  
Now everybody got a hypothesis  
It's obvious, y'all just in it for the come-up  
Got you niggas up 'til sun-up  
Y'all niggas just tryna one-up  
Either way, it won't add up, won't sum up (Sum up, sum up)

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You know what it is (Is)  
Bitch, it's the G.O.A.T. (G.O.A.T.)  
Don't play me no fool (Wah)  
Rap niggas is foo (Hehe)  
The Coast be the move (Yuh)  
This summer ain't safe (Nah)  
I got no patience (Nah)  
These niggas my sons (That's right)  
Don't need no more patients (Nah)  
Slid through the cracks in the Matrix  
Pull up to the spot in a spaceship  
That red hat lame (Wack)  
Lately, your shit played (Played)  
Been doin' it new ways (Ways)  
No competition, no one to race (Race)  
We the shine that made it from the bottom  
Brooklyn, baby, yeah we got a problem  
Desperado, no tomorrow  
Six rings, six shooter, cling

Desperado, money over hoes, never over bros  
Paper-chasin' and them hoes gon' follow  
Remain the same around those souls that's hollow  
Fuck it, though (Fuck it, though)  
Drink the bottle, drown my problems, Insta models  
Fuck them off and fly to death, I'm a walkin' coffin  
Laugh to the bank, I can't hear you talkin'  
See so many signs, proceed with caution (Skrrt)  
She wanna fuck in the Benz, had to park it (Skrrt)  
Moments like this, I just reminisce  
Back when a nigga just had no options  
Back when I take anybody wallet  
Young nigga out the Parkside and he 'bout it, 'bout it  
But I just stay on the beats just to go feed my posse, look

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