

Distance

Beast Coast

Yeah
Uh, huh
Ain't know my mind

Nigga like van if he starting with me
My niggas still going hard in these streets
Triple six nigga, they marketing beats
I am not my potential, I'm feeling the least (Sheesh)
I put that bitch on a leash (Leash)
Hit the motel, they deceased (Deceased)
No let mercy on my enemy (Enemy)
Know I make it by any means (By any means)
Know I won't fuck like I ain't copped me no cleats (Cleats)
Pull my dick out, let her drop on the leash (Leash)
Pop with me, double that's beef (Beef)
I do not know who they want me to be

All of my chains and I'm feeling so free
I tried to tell 'em, I've been an OG (Yeah, yeah)
Tell me what they really know about me
I don't think they really know anything
How you not fucked up? You woke up to beast
Everywhere I go, we force Bentley's
We gon' run down and they forced to retreat (Yeah)
Every last one of my niggas gon' eat

She tryna fuck, make her knock her knees
Can't hear you talk, I speak Wop-anese
Rapping to work, I'ma cop a key
Smoke out the v, tryna dodge police
Nigga been stuck in his ways
Bill Belichick, how I'm calling out plays
Causing a rec, hope I don't catch a case
Watch how you step, my niggas will spray
G-Macking, keep the heat up packing (Huh?)
C-statik, keep the reach slumming (Uh, huh)
Squeeze-matic, see a team napping (Uh, huh)
Wreck havoc, none of my niggas capping, that's a fact
Nigga been lit, I've been knocking out hoes
Rolling this tip, I'ma blow me a zone
Toolie is playing, you got to go
Don't fuck with niggas, just leave me alone

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I tried to tell 'em, I've been an OG (Yeah, yeah)
Tell me what they really know about me
I don't think they really know anything (Woo, woo)
How you not fucked up? You woke up to beast
Everywhere I go, we force Bentley's
We gon' run down and they forced to retreat (Yeah)
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I'ma need more than a twenty at least
Grew from the slums, now we repping the Beast (Woo)
She got the cake, so I'm taking a piece
Made no mistake, I can play but not preach
Woke up a G, I put teams in the gang

Blessing the Karma, to build up my name
Blood on the rival, enduring the pain
Or why hibachis in Europe, they train us
Too many rappers and not enough painters
Free up the Dal, my palette like moaning
No one can stop me, I'm too stubborn to her
Only get down when I'm stuck in the groove
Wipe myself down and I'm busting a move
Gold is evident, ice on the tooth
In the meantime, I got nothing to prove
Why they know Hootie with nothing to lose? (Errt, Errt)

Lose (Errt, Errt)

Lose (Errt, Errt)