

Hey, I'm back like I never left, spit to 'em  
The realer you are, the quicker you get to 'em  
Why front when you can't back it?  
Get dough off of blow, but you can't stack it  
Something like David Blaine, I got that street magic  
When the coast is clear, watch it disappear  
Never been a fuckboy, nigga I ain't fakin'  
I'm a man of God, so they gon' hate  
A lot of forks in the road got me thinking about tomorrow  
When they see you moving up, yeah, they push you horizontal  
Music is an ocean full of sharks and piranhas  
A couple of octopussies here and all the crabs at the bottom  
If you know like I know, I hide amongst that core  
Where hip-hop is still alive and rappers still have morals  
Based on the game, they saying, "we won't change"  
Like, the South just booty and we ain't got no brain  
Fuck that, my nigga, I spit crucial  
That Cranberry juice, my shit, it go through ya  
To get respect from Mississippi is a dream  
If it means my death, I'll take one for the team  
No blinking, no hesitation, I'm only me, I ain't one to do imitations  
I am one to be motivated to get cheddar  
I'll never be comfy knowing that I can do better  
Not your typical Southern rapper, am I?  
Got the whole 3rd coast still on stand by  
You get nailed down here playing with hammers  
Hey, the world is yours like Tony Montana  
You ain't got the types of gifts I got  
New Chevy on deuce-deuce, that's the malox box  
Get me in a custom [?] ho  
If one don't get her done, shawty I know plenty mo'  
Pretty pros, pretty faces, and they pretty toes  
Pretty eyes, pretty mouths, and they pretty throats