

Uh
Yeah
Yeah
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye
Straight to the top, that's how I rock

Aye, back to the basics, back to the work
Like we back from vacation, we never not takin', we what?
Back to the basics, back to the basement
I love makin' progress you peons not makin'
Bro turn this back on me then push back up on me
I'm not really fazed by his fakeness
I'm cut from a different cloth, engineered from a different tier type
greatness

Okay, let's get it, let's get it, let's get it, let's get it, let's g
et it, let's get it, I got it
They love to talk shit but can't top it
I might just style yo' stylist
They went and did what I did after I did it, shit ironic
The way I did what I did, my bitch love to call me iconic
Aye, aye, aye

Big time they gon' free up, the contract get read up
Yo business is fucked, crackers runnin' it up, why they kickin' they
feet up? (Stupid)
You might as well signed you a preup, then copped you a Fiat
Don't worry, I got properties that you could rent out
I'm not a new artist, brodie, I been out
These hoes wanna end us, these boys think I'm finished
But I turn the tables like foam flakes in NY
Yeah, it's gon' all come around like a fish eye
And I'ma need all that lil' back that I dish out
The peace is Jesus, yeah, I had to go Biggie
Y'all nigga rap like y'all actin' like Shiggy
I'm in a Mecca you boys can't touch down in
They turn a conscious rapper unconscious
They feed these gangsta rappers to piranhas
They take off your Cartier, fill it with diamonds
To put on they eyes just to hide all the trauma
I just ain't rhymin' to rhyme, bitch
We back to the basics, back to the work
Like we back from vacation, we never not takin', we what?
Back to the basics, back to the basement
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Let's get it,
let's get it, I got it
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