

(Woo)

Everybody come and gather 'round, man
Why a hater never make a sound? Man, speak up
Why you quiet down, man? It's hard to hear you from the back do'
Somebody go and take a mic to the back row, aw man
Most time fly, but we struggle at the top, though
Homie gotta speak a little louder
Kinda hard to hear you from the top flo', aw man (Woo)
We be everywhere they not, though
God to the 'hood, God to the block
Every single place He not, though, aw man
We be seein' through the block, though
They be talkin' 'bout the main stage
But we knowin' that it's all a prop, though, aw man
Favor you, ain't never stop, though
Odds in a minute, be there in a second
You be askin' where the clock go, aw man (Oh my go-)
Everybody come and gather 'round, man
Why a hater never make a sound? Man, speak up
Why you quiet down, man? It's hard to hear you from the back do'
Somebody go and take a mic to the back row, aw man
God Over Money in the place, aw man
Drill top then I moonwalk in the devil face, aw man
We win, I ain't never ever seen second place, aw man
Ayy, man

I ain't got a problem with pipe dreams
And I ain't got a problem with the money or nice things
But I ain't never lookin' for the money that life bring
I gotta make sure that I'm servin' the right king
I'm not with the flip-flop, I'll be with the Christ thing
And I can hear Solomon in my ear when I'm writing
Wings of eagles, see, I be with the flight thing
Spikin' the rap game and I'm doin' the right thing
And they all left 'cause I'm doin' the right thing
My brothers all fly 'cause I'm doin' the right thing
I be in Suburbia, but the word to a courier
They probably gon' say that I'm doin' the white thing
Talkin' that real job, I ain't doin' the bright things
State to state move, yeah, I'm doin' the flight thing
And they all said that I should put it to bed
It's all dead, but the Lord said "Do that light thing"
And wait, wait, I know how the night be
And I don't really care if anybody will like me
'Cause I was on the road givin' people the right key
New wine stains all on my white tee
Carry all drip all on my Nikes
I can't let a hater dominate my psyche
Married to the mic, so the booth is wifey
I'm married to the mic, so the booth is wifey
And I don't wanna hear so-and-so wanna fight me
'Cause it be on-sight, then the day when it might be
'Cause I done changed some other names up, your rap heroes
And my phone to scam likely
God be the gang every time I write be
Eyes to the sky, that's where my sight be

One of a kind, ain't ne'er one of y'all like me
So when I'm at the party, ain't nobody invite me (GOM)

Yeah

Too loud, sit down (Sit down)
Heart too small for the big crowd (Yeah)
Got a lit sound, but a big frown (Yeah)
They been on a big cloud, but [*punch*] gotta keep the chin down
(Yo, better keep your chin down, son) Yeah
Big boy talk when the kids 'round (Kids 'round)
Pups gon' bark when the friends 'round (Friends 'round)
But a big shark move with the fin round?
That's when a little pup slim down (Slim down)
Big crown, big crown, big crown (Big crown)
E'erybody want a big shot with the big crowd
But they don't really want a pit 'round (Oh, man)
Can't even dunk and barely knowin' how to tie shoes (Yeah)
But they keep it goin' on my moves (Yeah)
And they get to drawin' like high news
Sayin' ("This ain't the Lord if it's-") I'm cool
I gotta learn to leave it alone
When they only seein' the benefits (Ayy)
They don't know 'bout the kid and the genesis
They don't know how to live and we're venomous (Yeah)
Nemesis to the Most High God
Back when I was just a lil' kid (Ayy)
I don't even miss a lil' bit (Nah)
But they only see us as menaces (Hey)
Get out the way, get out the way
If you ain't the real and you wanna play (Ayy)
Tryin' to slay 'til you gotta pay
You better chill, I'm one of His slaves (Ayy)
I got the Spirit inside of me ('Side of me)
And if I'm a pen in His diary
You gotta hit 'em on the side with the inquiry
Livin' water, not a winery (Ayy)