Rolling round with a lightie, Versace shades from the nineties These niggas talking this paper, they ain't even hit the nineties But I ain't rich, nah nigga, I ain't driving a Ghost But how these niggas wearing Rollies and driving a Golf? Just put your money where your mouth is First rule, never keep your money where your house is Money off of ounces, make squares change shape Splashing in Manhattan, I don't care about exchange rates Had to leave studio, couldn't finish the track Niggas belling off my line, had to finish the pack I'm just spitting the facts, brudda I've been in the flats I swear the game's fake fam and I'm bringing it back Fake niggas make my soul ache Counting out some old cake, listening to S.O.U.L. Tape But trust me, my angles rusty Buss my nut and tell a bitch "Don't touch me"

Everybody's acting, you all deserve an Oscar
Cause I can't even separate the real from an impostor
And when the light camera goes, true colours start to show
Niggas be temporarily playing different roles
Call 'em stunt doubles
Call 'em, call 'em stunt doubles
Call 'em stunt doubles
Call 'em stunt doubles, stunt doubles

I ain't tryna die alone but I ride alone Bleeding outta my pyro G I thought these niggas had Z's Talking blocks when they're just xylophones Getting outta my bed, checking everybody's in line I ain't fucking with these niggas like a rapper after he's signed I just lost another soldier, doing thirty-five or over And I don't know how to vent, that's probably why I'm never sober Streets are on fire, still the summer's feeling colder Know they say this shit's a jungle but why's everybody a cobra? Even though I ain't the biggest, I say I'm the best No chain, I already got shit on my chest Couple needles in your skin got you fiending a rep Said he's cleaning up, all I see is a mess Funny now they wanna be lit, it all started with smackheads Young niggas wanna be me, I got lit and made it happen But I ain't competition for these trappers And I always feel like there's something missing with these rappers

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