

Symmetry

Blanco

Witness the greatness
I ain't with crypto but I know the gist of the trade and
Move with invaders, like Iraq in '03 I move with dictators
You know what they say about fakers, rats and snakers
They'll play like the Cavs and the Lakers
I shoot bell in blazers
I ain't phased, there's a flare in the chambers
[?] I made this devil, wet ground
Wait play this, I don't wanna see B
Straight A-list
I'm still in the slums, I'm a fake escapist
Corn spread like American pages
War with a racist, crusaders, a guardian patriot
St. David or Patrick, power like James's
DNA more than a million traces
All limitations are self-imposed
All of the God's bestowed
Bo done it in jail like he done it on the O
I'm in a sovereign state, man'll come with a tinted wagon
Chopstick, American Dragon
My project gonna blow like Manhattan's
It's dead, but they talking
Lying, there's two and half in the trap, [?]
But they tryna find that the desktop squeeze
Black, gimme top not the desktop beats
Got the tray in the centre, no Lebanese
That's why the house smelt like weed
On the wing with a striker, no chemistry
I don't want no felonies
Get sidetracked
I got the fight like right back
I don't want no option deals when I sign that

Yo
GOAT in a human stature
High profile so you might be a map out
Bro had a .22 no cap out
It was like Bruce tryna hide his gamma
Before tryna rise this hammer
I ain't seen a ting go road since Anna
Had a cloak in the side and a dagger
So they might swim with the Trident, [?]
Still in favelas
Had a red bull on a late night drive, Mark Webber
Beef just turned salmonella
He was like bitch, tryna rise the beretta
See this Blanco guy so clever
Toxic girls but the guys the aggressor
I don't know first one, not Cheshire
You can see the lies in my eyes when I get her
Chiraq, I came through the back door
Time with the capsule, fly squad
No pterodactyl
Bro let it blow, no shrapnel
Leng from Leicester, so I just strike Iheanacho
Went OT, I was that short
I was just minding the gap with the train and the platform

Same gender was transport
Locked in the cell or slammed in the jail, Kurt Angle
Boy, I don't do that
GG, driving a record like Michael Schumac'
Jump on the wave then I might just durag
Eyes on me then I might turn Tupac
I was in cell with a mac
Stuck with the boys in suits so I might just blu-tac
Man City, son's like Rory Delap
Gentle fist with the gloves, Hyuga