

It's the incredible, Mr. Incredible
Where we at?
It's the Jackson
What else?

I'm from the block where niggas get spilled
Barely got time, can never sit still (I ain't got the time)
I mean, I'm kind of like a big deal
These diamonds in my kit real (You know that)
The whip I drive come with the fish gills
I mean, I'm kind of like a big deal
For Blocks, niggas'll get drilled
Youngin'll spiderweb your windshield
I mean, I'm kind of like a big deal (Ayy)
Been slidin' with this ten mill'
I keep a rocket like I'm Ishmael
Murder for hire, welcome to Hitsville
Signed to the streets, lifetime contract (Yeah)
Lifetime probation with no police contact
Still broke every law under the sun under the wiretap
If being broke is a joke, then y'all niggas wisecracks (Haha)
Sell anything that you can name just for financial gain
Wasn't too good at selling weed, went hand in hand with 'caine
Graduated to letter H chasin' a letterhead
While all my youngins in the hood just tryna catch a shred
On that open road, more adventurous than Bill and Ted
So many tools in the spizzy, we could've built a shed
Did everything out of my heart, not for no extra cred'
And in return, niggas snitching, you should've killed 'em dead
Whoever thought that I was slow must've been special ed'
Lucky we let 'em breathe, just caught two set of kis
All that runnin' off and finesse gon' get you letter T'd
Caught up in the blender, but, oh, what a tangled web we weave

Pull up, big raptor, bag full of Ritz crackers
Niggas tryna steal my image, but don't got the it factor
Not an A-list rapper, but when it come to that A1, I'm the mix master
Niggas want my spot, don't got the it factor
Foreign whip crusher, I'm the Black ghetto Mick Jagger
Brick smasher, niggas want my shine, don't got the it factor
Designer drip mismatcher
Equipped with thirty shots, extended clip packer
Since a lil' nigga, I had the it factor

Ayy, 2020, made ten and tax and commission left six
Told my mom to just live and added a two to V6
The Cayenne S in two-four, I hit a six-oh in a jiff
Got the bag and still piss on the rich and money means zip
Born cattle, shuffle on, the cattle prod is a god
My hand a pentapus with one tentacle raised to the law
You graze on anything they give you which is nothin' at all
I almost quit because of how much I'm not fuckin' with y'all
You see these students in streets, it means that the jig is on fritz
You tryna put on the ritz, they puttin' cuffs on they wrists
Me and most minds don't align, I don't take kind to no swine
My stomach twists at any fuck who think it all'll be fine
It's not a glitch, it is a feature that I'm always on zone

You call me underrated again and I'm diggin' a hole
I'm in a scramble suit, I'm not someone that you could just know
Can't be explained by all that research you had done on your own
I got it

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