

Ayy, fuck the government, tryna disrupt my reaches  
Ayy, money scans can discuss with leeches  
One hand wash the other hand, that's the thesis  
Why they hands out when my count increases?  
I can't understand a man who ain't tryna be shit  
All my life, I been strivin' for new achievements  
Yeah, best believe, my hustle is Medellín  
My struggle is everything, I'm subtle with everything  
I run it in every scene, distinguished  
Even when liquor spilt on me, speakin' broken English  
My vision is pure, my light, it cannot be extinguished  
I pictured this now when I was only a delinquent  
Can't fuck with nobody who motivation are relinquished  
And more people I meet, the more I realize that it's frequent  
Y'all really need to skip the sob, picture God, go get a job  
Realize that the only thing stoppin' you from a lot  
Is your own mind, own thoughts, it's in a knot  
Voices inside your head, whisperin', never stop  
And it's always negative, it's a wrist in the pot  
Even when it make somethin', there's a twist in the plot  
Can't tell the difference know 'tween a bitch and a thot  
'Tween the real gang bangers and the pussies who flock  
Internet got you tryin' to be somethin' you not  
And it's only goin' up, feel like it never stop

I'd rather die real  
Y'all should clap for my victory lap, now stand still  
If I don't speak the shit from my heart, what do I feel?  
If all I do is mumble on tracks, what's my appeal?  
If all I talk about is my racks and bein' real  
And make you love money, you jacked, it get you killed  
And what's the point of grabbin' this mic and tryna build?  
My voice meant to shake up your life, that's why I'm skilled  
I smoke a lot of weed, my momma say I should chill  
I'm dealin' with victories and life with plenty seals  
People lookin' at me with eyes, they gotta share  
They see me as a blue dollar sign, acquired deals  
They me as an opportune moment to make mills  
So how the fuck do I find time that's tranquil?  
Pressure like that bring average man to a standstill  
The weight the world all on shoulder like anvils  
I'm droppin' it off, meditation  
My lifestyle is [?], this my generation  
Lookin' off at my mind state, there's no limitations  
Even when I had MySpace, I was pushin' greatness

We try to make this music because if people can listen to this music like you see them today, it won't be viable, it won't live on. You understand? Today, it's something like, disposable music. Cannot fall for that trap. The music must have spirituality, that is what the founding fathers intended, this music's only sixty years old. Okay, [?] too quick. There's more to it than that. It's entertainment, yes, so I

would never knock it, I would never go down sayin' nothin' 'bout what some of my brothers might do to earn them bread. But the foundation of the music must be kept, and the moral standard of the music must be kept as well