I feel good about this boy Praise goals, paid tows even if you play it pro Player that's the way it goes, ain't nothin' to say no more See it's either or feast, took a plate, only ate a roll Felt regret, hunger that I kipper save me later though Fire burn in my belly everywhere that I would turn I was met with diversity and from that fire I emerge Pen I felt along the way, never made it my concern Took it as a lesson to the game and let the tires burn Gassed out, gassed up, bout a pastor passed up This to every faggot battle rapper that harassed us Hard work, added up, perseverance paid off Independent underground, grindin' no days off Played the boss, paid the cost, rappin' then stayed lost Now I need that prime cut, slathered in steak sauce Matter fact I'm takin' all of that, then I'll take more Livin' in the moment what you waitin' for Why you been actin' like some poor babies? I get it crackin' never relax and doin' my chores daily You got a fine wine well then my rhyme is the gourmet cheese You're finally a guideline, I'm in my prime you been warned take heat I got a list of accolades and I don't have to say And I ain't talkin' now, I'm talkin' way back in the day Headed up to now for real it's still nothin' to me I'm on top that man I got that y'all ain't fuckin' with me, boy Hey yo what up dog, what you lookin' at? Took it from us and got pissed when we took it back You pickin' up what I dropped they can't hold us I'm plottin' on whatever you got now hand over Give it to me, (Come on with it) give it to me Give it to me, give it to me, (It's the Ces) give it up Give it to me, (Give it up, from the front to the back) give it to me Give it to me, give it to me, give it to me Ain't nothin' changed, I still arrange to pack up in the civic The frame of mind is ain't nobody fuckin' with the clinic Ironically get enough, you fuck with us and get the dick The faction back in action spinnin' ridding Come on and knowledge I commit on the pivot Killin' it, put on a show then we come in and steal it Feelin' it, we bout to go bananas, can you peel it? Cause you'll be like canvas and acrylic But we don't know no limits, roll the credits just finished Sit home and watch a chain if they complain I change the image Heard opportunity knockin' hopped in the cockpit Just another pissed pilot who's ready to drop ship If death is certain, must mean the reaper is loarkin' And his cousin sleep is creepin' in while we closin' the curtain I'm working a fucking miracle out of the situation To knock it back out of orbit and blitz the administration So what they do for yo dude? I gotta be more rude then Judes The second I enter ya lood, I'm comin' to Rubik's ya cube They lookin' at me like I'm food, been hurtin' to get em a meal They wanna know steps that I took, been try get 'em a deal Behold the murderous hands on I bring the death star to any planet ya land on The prettiest in pink, I think you stuck in that to came on With orange mocha frappe chinos and a man pawn, bitch

Hey yo what up dog, what you lookin' at?

Took it from us and got pissed when we took it back

You pickin' up what I dropped they can't hold us

I'm plottin' on whatever you got now hand over

Give it to me, give it to me

Give it to me, give it to me,

Give it to me, give it to me

Give it to me, give it to me