

Yo
Pulled up in all black like dark monks
Came in smellin' like Versace
As soon as we sparked, stunk... [*scoffs*]
I feel her sadness when I hear
My heart thump, it skip a beat for her
I might have died just
Drivin' across the street for her
I want all my people inside of a sleek Porsche
At least when I'm deceased then
My peeps can still floor it
From police and have a chance in Supreme Court
Because we came a long way from kissin' feet for ya'
Nigga
I'm not sorry I can't be your
(Nigga!)
In a past life I was piss poor
And all this school shit just tryna' make you miss course
Ironically...
I'm just tryna' keep you informed
Like, George Washington had slave teeth...
I can put the knowledge to rhythm
That's why you pay me
I'm out in Compton with my niggas bumpin' Jay-Z
And smokin' spliffs to the face, this shit is so wavy
Still tryna' do ayahuasca in a rain forest
They looked at us and thought pockets was finna' rain for em
Hell nah
I'm in a plane countin' the dots like a train course
You in the field, but me and my squadron trained for it
In the smog...
Fog
Nü