

Foenem Radio, bitch (Bang)

I done seen the same shit that I already seen
I done got my hands dirty tryna keep 'em clean
I seen money from rap and a triple beam
New shit, got Glocks with triple beams
I done seen more ass than a damn surgeon
Put me in a time machine, let me reverse it
Where I'm from, it get live, but we don't rehearse it
Young nigga chasin' dreams, the streets not working
Baby, leave that ass alone, everything not perfect
You should never give up if everything's not working
If you ever see me in Malibu, I'm not surfing
I just had to switch locations, resurface
Baby, leave that ass alone, everything's meant to be
I got bags under my eyes, it don't mean I need sleep
Yeah, I know I ain't slept, but it was just a POV
Don't look up to me, go look up to G-O-D

Dark night, little Zamunda
Fade to black
Bitch nigga
Black nigga
Twenty-one darkness
Twenty-one shadows
In the oven
Zyliss skillet
Skillet lit
Uzi burnt (Bang)
Young limo tint (Bang)
Foenem Radio, bitch (Bang)

Don't look up to Chief Sosa, look up to Jesus Christ
All these two-liters, I need an endorsement with Sprite
Bitch say she believe me, but she don't believe the hype
Ex asked me, "How's life?" Told that bitch, "Nice"
Grab the AK and show y'all I know my ABC
Nigga said he did what? Man, that's make-believe
Sippin' sizzurp like it grow on maple trees
Turn your head into a baseball, major league
Rollin' all this weed 'cause this shit grow on trees
Spending all this cash like the money grow on trees
Yeah, that bitch'll leave you, but your problems won't leave
All this ice on, I'ma need a long-sleeve
Letting off the hammer, damn near pulled a hamstring
We pour pints to celebrate, not no damn champagne
I'm a king, not a prince, I'm still sippin' purple rain
We ain't mad 'bout a bitch, EA, it's in the game
Chief So the first man, bitch, I'm still in the gang
We'll color your ass red, don't be standing in the paint
Nigga talkin' 'bout he a P, nigga, you put the P in prank
Ridin' with the AR, we put the A and R in rank
Say you signed for a Hank, nigga, I spend that shit on drank
Pull up and make it crank with the ratchet and the clank
I got money in the bank, I like Grant, Jackson, Frank
Bill got a nigga served, they say this shit for Lil Saint

I'll still get him cut, try messing with the flame
Fuck it, life not perfect, dump an eight out for the pain
I was walking through the rain, blood diamonds in the face
Like a slavemaster, all my niggas havin' whips and chains
Car way faster, Hellcat, widebody frame
Optimus Prime, blick transform a nigga brain
I don't got no feelings when I'm fried off the drank
Know I really love shorty, but I'm dealing with some things

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Young nigga burnt out, he'll crash for some fame
Leave a bitch body orange like a fuckin' spray tan
I don't know Miley Cyrus, I move molly sand tan
Big Glock, Flintstone, motherfucker, bam, bam
We don't got the same vision, I can't rock no Ray-Ban
Silver crosses on the Rollie, this a Chrome Heart band
Turbo Porsche 911 like the fuckin' fireman
Yellow-red Trackhawk, I feel like I'm Iron Man

Right now, it's all about the windy city
Chicago's hardest nigga in town
My nigga Sosa
We back reunited
'Bout to shit on the whole world right now (Foenem Radio, bitch)
He's 'bout to shit on all his haters with this new shit
This new Almighty So 2 is gonna shit on everybody
Shoot that motherfucker
Hey, fuck you
Go to the medics, go to the medics
I got one down