

INDUSTRY GAMES

CHIKA

Niggas be playin', yeah (Niggas be playin')
Industry games, yeah (Games)
Rappin' but they not in love with it (Hmm)
Think it's a shame, yeah (Think it's a shame)
I'm 'bout to pop on some other shit
Think it's a game? (Think it's a game?)
They don't control where I land (Nah)
Royal flush, nigga the cards in my hand (Cards in my hands)

I'm tryna stack all these M's (M's)
All of my idols is friends (Friends)
Came to the fight with some Timbs (Timbs)
Will I let up? it depends ('Pends)
Been through the struggle, I don't run from trouble
No breakin', I just want to bend (No breakin', I just want to bend)
Won't be defeated, I'm hella conceited, I ride on that beat like a Benz, yea
h (Skrr, skrr)
I am the one from the stories that got you excited
Rhythmic flow is ignited
"How it's so easy for her to recite it?"
Can do this shit while I'm asleep 'cause I write it
Watch how these niggas be so quick to bite it
I let them in but they never be quite it
Imitation is just inspiration, if you feel like takin' just be sure that you
cite it
I'm a trippy nigga with a different aura
Adamant the vision, had to start with the supporters
Had a premonition, had to get the shit in order
And I'm finna take it all, fuck a wall, what's a border?
I've been counted out for too damn long
Like I couldn't take the crown with two damn songs
All up in the booth with no home training
Please give me a counter to dance on (Just to dance on)
Yeah

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I'm fresh than a bitch and you know that
Don't take my body to show that
Get in the booth, I'm the truth, I get loose, I don't hold back
Fuckin' the game, they the same, need a hoe bag
Tradin' they lyrics and shit, I ain't for that
Don't need a scam with a plan or to "fuck on your man"
Y'all want more of that?
I am the antithesis, making 'em wish that it was just a phase, now they pray
for the show back, stole that
Kill 'em with kindness and sound
Know I'm the tightest around
Head in the cumulus, feet on the ground
They say that I'm gifted, well-spoken and brown
Don't need a Birkin, need diamonds in mouth

Too much to ask of rap, Queen of the South
My shit is imported, they shoppin' at Ralph's
"No Squares" was a teaser, I'm makin' my rounds
Niggas watchin' me, they be flockin' it
They say they tryna slide with me, yeah
I can hear the snakes, they hissin', tryna break my mission
'Cause I know who I'm 'bout to be
I just tell 'em "Hold"
Tell 'em, "What, I got too much on my plate"
And I know that I'm a sight to see, yeah
I can make it so official, I'ma blow my whistle
It's a game, I decide the team

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