

Rrrrrragh  
Hahahahahaha  
Evil shit, my brother  
I'm a winner, I'm going to win  
Wooooo  
I had to hustle hard, never give up  
You should understand that I ain't really fuckin' around  
Roll it up, roll it up, roll it up like  
Roll it up, roll it up, roll it up like  
Checka-checka-checka-checka one two  
Maybe if they tried to understand me  
What should I do? I had to feed my fuckin' family  
Whoo, whoo

Hear my name ring the bells like in London  
Big Ben, Guns N' Roses, this is Welcome to the Jungle  
This is angelic demons, insane sinners and evil  
And trips that's out to Belgium with Js spliffs and diesel  
This is Amsterdam, Thailand, the rest of them I paid off  
Call me top dog when I'm smoking, yeah the J rock  
Since a schoolboy I had a Q and yeah my name popped  
Bars like Lamar, King Kunta when the name drop  
Argh, three years three tapes I made a milli stack  
I ain't Lil Wayne but I'm about to bring a milli pack  
Got a billy packed, marijuana let it burn now  
Spin it, let is smoke, that's a vroom vroom, burnout  
Argh  
Yo play that sample motherfucka  
Cough  
I'm a winner

Turn your voice off, you ain't even speaking properly  
Talking 'bout your jewelry, you ain't even into property  
I'm Loki when I flow and go Odin just like my bro  
I'm like Hazeus, Hercules like Nordic Greek mythology uh  
I'm only thirteen with deadliest pills  
I was spotting every dog like Cruella de Vil  
I perfected every bar because I'm better with skills  
Yeah Jack n Jill even know that Chill's ahead of the hill like ugh  
Call me Federer, run the net like I'm Tennis  
Hit six on a pitch and then switch it like Michael Bevan  
Shane Warne, rest in peace, when I spin, throw the leggie  
Wish you well, see me out on the street, come and get it  
This is no time, matter fact I'm on my own grind  
Why focus on me? I got my dough crime  
Why care about opinions when my bro's fine?  
Wifey looking good with designer up on the clothesline  
I'm at the Cypress Hill ganja farm  
[?] with a swisher and a ganja plant  
Ricky Ponting when I punt it then I find the mark  
Switch words all on a pitch, boy I'm Michael Clarke  
No cricket they chirp, no gimmicks  
I don't play with a dog no more, Mic Ennis  
Woolworths with the herb and the bush, flip lettuce  
Like Scrabble imma wrap up the game to flip letters, urgh

Rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrragh

Told em hate it or love it  
I'm the game, smoke a 50, kid is baked as an oven  
Yeah the sweets superbade yeah it taste like McLovin  
And yeah the boy's Steve Martin, ganja cheaper in dozens ugh  
Fuck em all brother, I'm stuck in my old ways  
Old days, COVID19 catching a cold case  
Wearing Jordan 1s, sprained my ankle, I rolled Js  
Yeah Chilly smoke the chilli through billies in whole days uh  
Yeah the bong's lit, packing more  
Killing motherfuckers like it's John Wick Chapter 4  
Shit, I'm in the Matrix, pack the tree  
Numbers on the board I be Neo, you're Keanu Reaves  
Please, I got bars for the shipments  
It's PGA, I'm on par with the stick  
On a queen with a ball and the bars full of kicks  
Jon Rahm off the hit, go hard for my shit uh  
Break even, get parred, I ain't playing dirty  
Big Eagle on the swoop, I don't play with birdies  
Golf talk, Tiger Woods on my golf walk  
Few really for my stick, boy I'm in the golf war  
Brrrrrrrat