

Please be advised, nobody iller than me and 'Zhi
 Last nigga thought he could fuck with me, made him eat his pride
 Keep in mind these raps I keep in mind, I don't read a rhyme
 I just see them lines in my head, I'm lyrically inclined (woo!)
 Spray the MAC shells ate his back, now you can see his spine
 Stating facts, I'm on it like that until I'm seeing time
 You ain't believe but you gon' see in time
 I'm It Was Written Nas, you can't shine
 You a gram, I'm a ki of China
 When you see me, boy, you see a giant
 I handle pressure like '03 LeBron and I ain't even seen my prime
 I ain't asking niggas for shit, my nigga we'll grind
 How my niggas burn down your trap and you won't see a dime
 We the kind of niggas that's tripping and squeeze an iron
 Leave a nigga lying where police'll find him with a piece of mind missing
 If a piece of mine's missing, I'ma turn this bitch to Vietnam
 Nobody did it like Benny, me and slime

Listen, El's vicious, well-wishers cause Chanel kisses
 While the shellfish is being served with lobster tail dishes
 For spitting sick, they asking, "Is he well?"
 After dinner, I stick a chick placenta then spin her like a dizzy spell
 I do not miss when I jot this
 I fill your storylines with cliffhangers and plot twists
 The boy's poisonous, pesticide
 I'm taking mines off top to let the rest divide
 The chain was took or your Lexus die
 So if I hopped in the Ghost, most of y'all'll feel possessed inside
 The next to blow in Mexico on my day off
 Or could I be in the Santa Fe loft
 I'm tryna screw you up and throw you way off
 I witness credit ripoffs, temporary layoffs
 And more straps than lingerie cloth
 Now my house is sitting where they play golf
 That's a different hole in one than one from a stolen gun
 They get you three strikes if you ain't bowling none
 I'm a product of low-income housing
 Crack vials in alleyways strung out thousands
 So any common man would get they crown snatched and what's attached, that's
 they diamonds ran
 That's they off to selling dreams in the promised land
 I keep Franklins that's Washington and Thomas man
 In my eyes you see the future like Nostradamus can
 You in the past, don't make me turn you into black history
 That like mystery, it's wack dissing me
 My nuts is too big like both rappers that back Mister Cee
 Hand off my sack from Cognac while I'm twisting tree
 At the airport in first class, chair boarding
 In the overhead's a Gucci bag full of rare Jordans
 To rock a show and pack the house like I was there hoarding
 Shock the world's wardens and repair all electric chair shortages