

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