

Yeah

Brr, brr

Uh, look

I'm still at it, I'm still getting to it (I'm still at it)

Any obstacles in front of me, I'm getting through it (Machine, bitch)

Every verse, you niggas spitting, this a different shootin'

Please, they gave you a gun to squeeze and you didn't do it (Th at shit trap)

Machine, bitch, I make different music (Uh), my shit is fluid ( Uh)

Beat the shit out of mics, like I'm Lennox Lewis (Hahaha)

I'm the truest, I checked my bank account today, that shit was looking foolish, seven figures had me drooling (Ooh)

Look, y'all niggas too lazy, y'all too comfortable (Uh)

You gotta go take yours, it ain't gon' come to you (Gotta go ge t that)

Don't matter how much success somebody want for you

You eat what you kill, don't let nobody hunt for you (Don't let nobody)

I pulled up fashionably late, but I'm still punctual (I mean)

When you own the label, you do what the fuck you wanna do (Ha)

We'll move on you and them little niggas up under you

Spin a bag, they run down, pull your top like a luncheon

You niggas gon' get used to me, huh

I know you ain't heard from a nigga in a while

You niggas gon' get used to me, huh

I'm fashionably late, nigga, check out my style

You niggas gon' get used to me, huh

I'ma make it hard for you niggas, I swear

You niggas gon' get used to me, huh

Keep a spare, only, only be prepared

You know how we move, boy

You know what the fuck we got on us, nigga

You know what's gon' happen to you

You know how we move, boy

You niggas know what the fuck time it is, nigga

This is Drumwork shit, nigga

You know how we move

We all motherfuckin' killers, dealers

Motherfuckin' cat killers, nigga

You know how we move, boy

Eastside Buffalo shit, May Block, nigga

I promise you, nigga