

Yo, I'm tired of this shit
Alright, yo, I got this shit yo
Damn

Now whatchu supposed to do
When you can't trust the ones whose most close to you
Tryna look at life with a third eye, such an open view
Till you realize that this shit suck
Makes you want to give up
But I got too much to lose, man this get tough
As you can see, I got the eye of the tiger
And fight fire with fire
But I know the messiah shall save y'all from bias and liars
Even though sometimes life's gon' be a real tussle
The tough times, it's hard to find someone that still love you
And if you do, it seems though, you have a precious piece
I always go like Mike Jackson, straight molesting beats
I'm so disrespectful, so let the legend rest in peace
My mama told me that my mouth gon' be the death of me
She prolly right though
The way I be flowing, like Mitchell, psycho
Gonna get me a deal, like Pac is gonna need lipo
Sometimes I just get anger and wanna just grab the rifle
Cuz me and Leone listen to rappers that act like light shows
And Shy Glizzy run circles more, but they won't ride with me
I get the papers and pull, this supposed to be my city
It seems like nobody respect my craft
Or the check I grab
To release the stress I have
That's why I'm screaming, "Fuck America"
Feeling like Adolf
Mama work for the government and still got laid off
Never went through a struggle, always lived in the suburbs
Straight A's, the dumb nerd
Never drunk, never puffed herb
I guess cuz it's not trap, my music overlooked
So on this tape, I swear my life just like an open book
I spit, and I paint pictures
Your music, just ain't vivid
Rapping bout that life that we all know that you ain't living
Shit, I guess it's just about sales nowadays
Talking about this trapper, how he went to jail, now he paid
See, what happened to real music
Some people they still do it
But overall, for overall this is real stupid
But this is genesis, work of art for him is penmanship
I just started, I'm bout to kill it, let me finish it