

Aye
Aye what's up?
Aye
Aye what's up?
Say what that say? aye
Say what that say mane?
Say what you say mane
Say what you say mane
Say what you say, what's up what's up
And they say...

Opposites attract I'm alpha then
You a bitch, don't make me step
I'll attack and crack that head off your neck
I see that Glock on your hip
But you ain't popping that bitch
You got the same amount of bullets when you bought that shit
Go and get your bitch and stand and talk it out
I'm too hot for that bitch
She reached her hand to touch my skin
And she say "ahh"
I told that bitch to keep her distance
While I'm sipping my slurpee
Cut the slut, and I ain't worried if she tryna blow me like kirby

Opposites attract I'm alpha pit
You a bitch, don't make me snap
I'll attack and crack that head off your neck
Y'all niggas wack, getting pimped suckin' off satan's dick
For the record don't forget that God created that bitch

I'm too holy, what's up woadie
Come and fuck with your boy
I'll turn a folder full of words into a fuckin' bankroll
I'm the coldest niggas know this so they try to suppress me
Bitch I'm yet to take an L unless we spelling out lessons
Independent
Music don't need nothing from no nigga
Trust none then betrayed by my own fam nigga
Mother fuck this industry, and anyone in it
Either they envy my success or wish they crushing my spirit
Back to back I'm dropping hits
I just crashed my civic, totaled that mother fucker
Hopped out got to writing them lyrics
Ain't a mother fucking thing that could slow my momentum
Write emotion that I'm moving
You can't stop me nigga
You feel me

Feel me
I don't need shit from no nigga
Bitch I know you feel me
Don't need shit from no nigga
Bitch... aye