

Turn me up, Kino

Huh, SL500, SL600, 'cause I slang pumpkins  
In October, Turkeys in November  
December I'm slangin' snow globes, bruh, I'm Kris Kringle  
Disrespect, you ain't know what you was in store for  
Now you wonderin' if these lines 'bout you, over and over  
But this that shit I always do  
Cobra Commander, I'm immune to slander  
I'm in the coupe, stance with perfect camber  
Ho, that's your lady in public, but that's my private dancer  
Jet Life Reebok Questions, don't 'em 'cause I got all the answers  
Scandalous cameras, snipers on the roof like Dancer and Prancer  
Sucker niggas, the fuck is the matter? This Jet Life  
This Eastside, my nigga, fuck the chatter  
I'm from the old times, '80s, '90s, right up to 2005 before my city gentrifi  
ed  
I survived because I know when and when not to slide  
I provide a way out, I lift my folks up high  
Hear the doves cry, yeah

I arrive, six Rolls Royces in a line, one of 'em mine  
My homies on the other five, we don't carpool  
But we move as a unit, that's how we shine  
And ain't nobody doin' this here, this historical, once in a lifetime shit  
GTA story mode, livin' out my rhymes  
I told that bitch I'd be right back, the only time I lied  
Won't do that in no rap, that'd be a waste of track  
C8 with the roof peeled back, lil' nigga, face the facts  
Nigga, face the facts, huh  
You can't fuck with it it, yo' bitch lovin' it  
My world dangerous as fuck, but I'm just stuck with it  
I got my cousins here, I'm catchin' stunts out here  
New cars every month, yeah, that's the type of stuff I did  
And yeah, I still do, I made Ferraris out of floodwaters and mildew  
I crack a 40 with my homie, shed some tears too  
Then load a joint up to the point I'm still livin', fool

It's only 09:15

Yeah  
Yeah, what I'm sayin' is  
Roll yo' sleeve up, check the time on your Rolex  
Get a visual perspective of what I'm sayin'  
Just imagine it was 09:15, look at the face of yo' watch  
See how them hands are straight?  
See how everythin' straight?  
Yeah  
My OGs would tell me that shit, I'd be like  
"Yo... yo, you need somethin' from the store, big dawg?"  
Niggas like, "Nah... nah, I'm straight like 09:15"  
I ain't even know what that shit meant, but  
The more you grow, the more you know  
Eastside