

(Yung Lan on the track)

Yeah, I know how it go (Yeah)
You put in your work, you deserve it (Huh?)
You realize it was all really worth it (Huh?)
You was still on your grind, you put in plenty time
And they didn't undstand (Them niggas was sleep)
You woke they ass up, but there ain't no alarm
And you know who I am
(Oh Lord, Jetson Made another one)

Ayy who you is, nigga? I'm like the 2Pac of the new shit
A hundred thousand hoes and they like the way I do shit
I'm the realest nigga rappin' and my bitch like Jada Pinkett
I'm the fresh prince of my city, shout out Will, no point intended
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Ayy who you is, nigga?

Shout out to Will Smith, I'm a bad boy (Huh)
She pretty and she got that ass (Ass)
I asked her what she got that ass for (Huh)
I told her to shut up and back it up (Shut up)
You niggas ain't good, you don't rap enough (Nope)
Got on a bandana like Bob (Bob)
You gon' run up on me in a MAC and coat (Yeah yeah)
I couldn't get right, the driver's seat
Hop out and switch, we gon' fuck in the passenger (Ayy, ayy)
And you know I don't flodge when I drop
Everything that I drop is a classic, I'm classical
And she make that dick disappear like it's magic
My bitch, she do magic, she magical (Voila)
She came and hopped on my dick on a Saturday
Had to hold on, she a savage (Ayy, ayy)
Put the bitch on a play, jumpin' her like LA (Ayy, ayy)
Few, few, proud of me
I'm tryna deep stroke (Deep stroke)
Gettin' hard to hold on, I can't handle it (Yeah)
Pull out and bust on her belly (Ugh)
Throw up the West, Makaveli (West Side)
I get a ride like I'm Pac (Huh)
I'ma act like a thot if you let me (Bitch)

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