We Good

They say, "Dej why you ain't drop yet? Where your new shit? Who you down with? What's Sell Sole mean?", It mean I'm out here Pay me a check or I can't show up to your soundcheck All these goofy ass rappers on that clown shit On your fifth mixtape and ain't nobody heard shit Maybe you boys should slow it down I think smart, my shit comin', it's goin' down Can't beat us, you niggas better join us now Best believe I got these rappers disappointed now All these bitches turnt up, I'm finna turn 'em down Tell 'em that I'm back and I still got my fuckin' crown We don't rap beef, we really clap heat Put the tip to your lips, that's a black and mild Fuck these hipsters and their fuckin' style I'd rather wear my own shit, fuck a hand-me-down And fuck all of these fake lean sippers Above dreams, these niggas ain't seen different They played the wrong roles, now my scene different I'm a dog with this shit and these fleas itchin' Used to do shit for free, now the fee is different Cause I done came up, now I need interest I said fuck tryna please, nigga I'm like please, nigga, shout out to my team, nigga

I said we good over here I said we good over here, I swear, I swear, I swear I said we good over here I said we good over here, I swear, I swear, I swear

I'm just tryna stack these ten bars Where the fuck these labels at? They should been called I be goin' off the handle Nigga think he hard, I'ma tell him pull his pants down I'm on hold with Interscope Let me click over for Def Jam If they ain't talkin' a couple mil' Then they can just forget it, fam Cause I be spittin' crack, make a rap bitch snort a line In the studio, you ain't got a hit, you wastin' time Most of these rappers fake, they was lame before they made a song I've been the shit, and that's word to my fuckin' mom New scarf on my head, niggas thinkin' I'm a Crip And my Blood got on blood, we on some gangsta shit Born to get money and I'm too legit to guit No handouts, nigga, I'ma get it how I live

Dej Loaf