

Pre Skool

Doe Boy

You know I been a gangster since like preschool
Known to let that MAC fly just like my nigga Doe, bah (Oh, really?)
First grade, went to school, could barely spell my name
Second grade, in the hood, tryna learn the slang (Doe Beezy)
Watchin' BET in third grade, I want a chain
Brung a knife to school in fourth grade, I was insane
Yo, Doe Boy, hold the fuck on, nigga, hold the fuck on
Stop the tape, nigga (Oh, really?), stop, stop the tape, nigga
You just said some shit I ain't, what the fuck?
Nigga, you goin' crazy like that, nigga?
Spinnin' the block on these niggas like that, nigga? What the fuck?
Oh my God, ayy, man, run that shit back, my nigga (Rubber Band Money Gang)
Run that shit all the way back, no, from the top, nigga, let's go
Scream, Holiday, Doe Boy, BEEN HIM
Fuck you talkin' 'bout, nigga? BEEN HIM
Known to let that MAC fly just like my nigga Doe, bah (Holiday season, oh, really?)

First grade, went to school, could barely spell my name
Second grade, in the hood, tryna learn the slang (Doe Beezy)
Watchin' BET in third grade, I want a chain
Brung a knife to school in fourth grade, I was insane (Facts)
Fifth grade, I was treatin' niggas like they lames
Sixth grade, nothin' changed, I was still the same (Fool)
Seventh grade, I was twistin' fingers, claimin' gangs (Gang, gang, gang)
Eighth grade, I was in the trap with OG dank
Ninth grade, catchin' smoke with opps, runnin' fades
Tenth grade, I was robbin' niggas comin' in my lane (Think I'm playin'?)
Eleventh grade, still ain't had a real pair of J's (Facts)
Failed out twelfth grade, then I dropped out
Mama kicked me out the house, I got locked out (I got locked out)
Not one time in my life I had a job, never clocked out (Facts)
Grades was way too bad for high school ball, I never tried out
Teach a nigga a lesson, go to the chalkboard, you fuck around, you find out
(Oh, really?)
I was eighteen, got a record deal, nigga
And the label I signed to don't sign you unless you kill niggas (Freebandz)
Tell the label he signed to he don't got no flex appeal, nigga (Fool)
Epic want me rappin', but I can't be nothin' less than a real nigga
Came with a hundred racks, I left with zero
Couldn't afford American Eagle, now my necklace got an eagle (Brrr)
Clappin' at your people, clap that blicky like it's legal (Bah-bah-bah-bah)
First 48 gang, bitch, free Baby Shaq and Chino, huh (Bah-bah-bah-bah-bah-bah)
Six feet deep where I'll leave dude (Bah-bah-bah-bah)
Knew I'd be a gangster, bitch, since I stepped foot in preschool (Doe Beezy)
Think he slick, I peeped dude, up the stick and teach dude
Up this bitch and squeeze dude
Your gun make niggas freeze? Nigga, me too
Nigga, I been thuggin' back since kindergarten, huh (Yeah)
Way since kindergarten, niggas know don't get me started, uh (Think I'm playin'?)
Grew up, always wanted to be a rapper, then I charted (Doe Beezy)
Huh, check the numbers, bitch, I charted (Oh really?)
You dig?

Man, y'all fuck niggas didn't see this shit from a mile away, hahaha

See, when you legendary, nigga, you can pop out when you want to
Fuck you talkin' 'bout?
We gettin' movie money too, nigga
And Apple Music
Doe Boy, Holiday
My nigga Scream
This shit just feel different, right?
You're welcome