

Uh, uh, uh uh

I don't got the type of time that's required for this
Pull the substance out that bag like a survivalist kit
If I ain't have em praying for me, I won't prolly exist
I'm not hiding from shit, I'm not- (Your love)
-Feeling no type of drama from the novice attempts
I promise problems what I'm giving out is not an exempt
Not in my right frame of mind if I ain't die then descend
If I ain't got it it's spend, if I ain't shot it then it's not
in the clip
Live wire from the body, God copy encrypt
In a foreign driving sloppy as shit
Dropped forty on it just to ride stock in that bitch
From the top to the grit, straight shot moonwalk through your c
lip
Blaze chopping like a helicop' on top of your shit
Hands off it like I soccer some shit
On some monstrous shit, for real
You gotta feel me, if you don't then you not as real
Make it ugly for that money, yeah that dollar bill
Could make a little rock the mountains of a prophet still
They wondered if I got it still
A good ten years and they astonished still
Mortal man to a God like how Adonis feel
Drive still the same, we had them rock the wheel
Spin it through the block, it make us nauseous still
Naw nigga, you still don't get it huh