

I ain't even tryin' to pretend
America ain't got a hidden agenda
No retreat, no surrender
The premium blend I recommend a
Walkin' through walls on the regular
Takin' phone calls on my cellular
You said you was the man, I'm like, the hell you are
I can't smell you, wait a minute, let me tell you, bruh
We don't rock like that over this way
The chilliest figure do me nigga this say
I am the E-S-H-A-M
If I wasn't, then why would I ever say it, then?
One time can't follow me, them bitches on that Cardi B
I'm on that Cardi yay, and you can probably say
That I'm an old-school nigga from back in the day
Let a lot of bullets spray from the A-K-K-K
Gives a fuck, I shoot the Klu Klux Klan up
And pop your mans up
Run up, ran up, put your hands up
Two-steppin' with my pistol on the dance floor
What you think they got the ambulance for?
I sent them torpedos and you and your migos
From the foul line shootin' off free throws
Nigga, eat those
Words, nouns, verbs
Stick my dick in your ear, fuck what you heard
Superb flow, my rims hit the curb, though
Shut the fuck up, you gettin' on my nerves, ho
Fresh out this biggedy rollin' the rock riggedy
Gettin' the dollars and clockin' the tock tickety
The dead dancin', the Charles Manson
Since WWW.Com dropped, held the internet for ransom
Could've went to model and schooled your boy handsome
But I'm a panther, murder's my anthem