

I get up, go to work and make that paper, it ain't nothin'
The last temptation but I'm not David Ruffin
I give you all the game, so you know I'm not a glutton
I want the roof off, so I just push the button
These young niggas got swag, they say I must stop
'Cause I'm peelin' off in the coupe, you at the bus stop
If Cardi B bartendin', give me two of those shots
And I know what the truth is and what's not
But back to this hip hop shit, let's keep it in perspective
If you ain't part of the solution, you part of the collective
When it comes to rockin' beats, you should be more selective
I guess if you knew that, you wouldn't make those wack records
Suspect, police say that I fit the description?
I wasn't gettin' high, officer, that's just my prescription
I don't know why you pulled me over in my whip and
You ain't have to give me a ticket, you trippin'
He made me wait, I told this pig I got a date
I gotta pick my baby up, I can't be late
He brought me back my license, told me I was straight
Told me have a nice day, now I'm on my way
Hey baby, I bounce and skate, I'm right back to it
I guess it ain't what you do but how you do it
Down on your knees like your opportunities, you blew it
Ran through the side door, grab the microphone, I flow like flu
id
Tell these little rappers I'm already paid
I ain't gotta make no money, it's already made
I'm rockin' heads like barber shops, boy, you'll catch a fade
I'm from Detroit like Icewood, Blade
Six in the mornin', the cops run they raid
Heard 'em bustin' through the bars and the barricade
You was sellin' crack on the east side, block promenade
Got caught with two keys, now you on the streets, and I'm afraid
Chef in that kitchen, steady pitchin', niggas snitchin'
My intuition smellin' police, I'm suspicious
You listen 'cause I'm vicious, you don't see my vision
I spit it suicidal, that's just my decision
I wake up in the mornin' thinkin' 'bout that paper
Tryin' to stack it tall as a Dubai skyscraper
They want me fallin' down to meet my maker
But I'm standin' up tall, fuck y'all, die, haters