

Yeah, young fella

Yeah, I feel frozen inside sometimes, yeah
I'm still pushin' this out of mine, yeah
I be back on the fly tonight, yeah
Shit, I ain't workin' no 9 to 5, yeah
Face to face with my demons dog, yeah
I don't love em, they need me though, yeah
I saw the balance and blinding light, yeah
And now I'm no longer afraid to die

Through the night in that 450
Roll, roll wit me
Never know when you gonna go
Terrified when your lows start to take control
Touch the sky and grab ahold, grab a fuckin' hold

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Yeah, PC, huh
Better come correct come look at my TV, huh
Seein' where I'm at, boy don't you Z-Z
Stop cheatin' on my bitch, now I'll go sweat tea
Wish I could go back, I'm scorin' that Disney
I'm dressin' like 60s
I'm tastin' my [?], my tear gas empty
I wonder who sent me?
Stop talkin' bout M's, y'all talkin' bout envy
I'm comin' up friendly
Fuck follow trends, y'all gas on empty
Who fuckin' with Felly?
Breakin' out my packs, I take that

450
Roll, roll wit' me
On the road gotta get some more
Terrified when your lows start to take control
Touch the sky and grab ahold, grab a fuckin' hold

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Not talkin' bout trends
Not talkin' bout Chance
I'm talkin' bout ass that stack their Presidents
Everybody got loose ends
But if you get matched to the music don't be goin' stupid
Some be extra, some make music
Could've copped the Tesla, I just produce it
Keep the password flat as "booshie"

Put the beat on a stretcher, roll out the new shit
Uh, snoop-it
Feline come this way I need some motion
Some me time, herbal remedies I keep mine
Flight take off in the meantime
I just sit back and I recline
Okay

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Through the night on that 450
Roll, roll wit me
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Touch the sky and grab ahold, grab a fuckin' hold