

Yeah

Uh, coming out the house to a pack of that loud
I had it mailed in the mail
I got love for the girls in the crowd
Getting lost in the marijuana clouds
Hey don't look down, homie don't look down
Said I swim in the sound
Only thing more raw is the shit I put out
A go-getter, a gorilla, a trendsetter
Got vendettas with dope dealers with no fillings
I don't feel those who claim they're the best ever
You no dealer, my crew iller
Ya get scared, just a block downtown
Walkin' past a little van
You's about to sell out
Slow dance I'm the man you ain't go another round
Throw fists been a cage bird inside a dog pound
I don't fuck with your sister, brother
Talk shit, you can kiss the gutter
Pucker up boy I fix the stutter
Young Gypys be the wicked drummer
All hits we goin' skip the come up
I'm going big tomorrow
At seven ten gonna tighten the load
Meditate wake up with the sun
I don't do this for fun
I do this so my blood pump
What it is what it do what the fuck's up?
I came through with the nunchucks
Heard a little birdy listen, tell say
Yo Fel, get the girls with the boobies out
This shining you're a movie star
Asking Gypys what I'm doing now
And what I'm doing now?

The fuck we doing man, this shit's stupid

Yo, you gotta be like, you can't be coming out with this soft shit all these
bitches might fuck with you ain't no gettin' em

I like this soft shit, daaaamn

Somewhere in the midst of the mist
I'mma build a skyscraper limited edish'
Let Zep die or make it on the playlist
First check if they're wired, if not let 'em in
Fake friends getting tired of the crooked handshakes
Know I got fire east coast clam bakes
Break bread give thanks say grace let's pray
Eating off your plate like all damn day
This that shit, the bucket list missed
They fuck with this kid
Illustrious chicks be passing me fifths
We get facetious, that crazy gee whiz
All wavy beaches I'm crazy watch
This is popping off
Bitch be on and off

Neighbors called the cops
Fuck the mom in charge
See Fel little bars homie that's all
Probably whoop your ass at rap and a dance off
Grooving down in the grill to some dancehall
Playing loud shit is ill I can't stand y'all
Go ahead, pop a pill think you need to
Bro, you wack as it is you might need two
Or three or seventy
While I flow so heavenly
Until my girlfriend Ebony
I'ma hit like ketamine
Spliff thick like atta be heavenly
He a public enemy when he flow steadily
Someone tell the priest come settle me
Or another type of entity
I'm on my job like this tellin' me
Losing track of my tendencies

.I tend to see a coffin
Every time I get up on the mic and that's often
Ya'll should prob take my advice and keep walking
Deuce seven three in this bitch white chocolate
Bust!

God damn, God damn if ya heard that that one was hard
That one went hard, yea
That one was it, that one was it right there
If you ain't never heard one right there that one was it right there
That was it right there, smoke one of that right there

(Yeah, yeah) Go getta eat nails for breakfast
Am a gorilla can't comb my chest up!
Bless um deuce seven three the best of
Your girlfriends here and she tryin' to get some
Get drunk all drink whatever
I ain't gonna stop till I seez the devil
And all my shit on another level
And all ma bitches I hear stilettos all pay for it
Can't say that Prada I pay for it
Give me that shit that I can afford
Am just a product of bad divorce homie fuck tha lord
You never name drop
Rockin tha T-shirt or tank-top
I'll make all your bread in one day watch
My women be bad look like Baywatch
We get wavy and shit - yeh
I'll be the brace off the rib
No limits it ain't hard to tell
I put my heart in my feelin' behind me
So I can keep grindin' and grindin' and grindin'
Skate all the time and
Ain't poppin no molly shit don't get it twisted
Candy Flip got your attention
How I can flow with tha message
How I got all of those visions
Man's gettin laid bare looking like tha Beatles
I'ma hit tha stage in an all white vehicle
I'ma a switch lanes in an all white regal
Never been the same, with the all white people
No oone hit the pave to say right I'm featured
Working all night all night stay skeamin'
Could a been God or could a been tha reaper

Could a been anythin as long as you believe me
Homie to the press I ain't added to impression

Show hard might so my left nut
Might go raw don't use protection
Guess what we ain't even got tha cheques yet
My best yet hope I don't get arrested