

Hold me down
I'm wide awake
I haven't slept in 48 cause I ain't got no time to waste
But still I'm, rolling round
On through the day because this music's going great
I'm with my boys up by the lake
I swear I'm so fillin'
Tight with the mic ya'll love spittin'
Living like a bitch but I love women
Faded off life when they hand me the mic
And the drums kicking like right now
Spitting outside cause it's nice out
Getting lit up til the lights out
I'm dreaming of days with the mic on stage and a tight crowd
That sound good? Well okay
Cooking up beats for the whole day
Now on that fake shit ya'll role play
Find me in the sale like Jose
We ride around we all at home asleep
Spit fat Adel we Rolling Deep
Got the baddest green in my grocery
And everything going how it's supposed to be, yo
Said everything going how it's supposed to be
Put the stress aside spit soulfully
And the whole world vibe to my poetry
Now let's do, what we do
Feeling like I feel God watching over me
That's word to the people that rolled me
Ayo CJ take over please

Whattup, damn
Been a minute since I last collabed
Still, putting tracks in the casket
Funny how this rap shit sort of like a master plan
Watch, no gold chain still
Kill mics on this brown neck feel right
In the real life I ain't never liked boasting
Still flexing, West Coastin'
I devoted all the hope in the ocean
And dedicated to the bottom of this dope shit
Gotta start somewhere
So I ain't gotta trip but I sell a better fare
Ballin' for the tip
Rookie of the year
No I ain't gotta sign to the motherfuck's player
Straight up, huh
So what the crown be like
Guess it's something like the way I put it down tonight
Got a hater on course so of course I fix up
Play your foes, may the force be witcha
Say no more so I don't hear that shit
A little salt in the air let me clear that shit
Like, hell na I don't rap just bust
Ain't no fucks given 'bout the track, not one
Got a whole lot a fans a little more weed
So the veterans see me as a little OG
A little OG, a little OG