

Riding through them school zones  
Blowing out that who knows  
Still my team be on the move though  
This kid be getting kudos (fel!)  
So what you gonna do bruh?  
Life is better when we move slow!

Tashua, I'm ashen up, and I'm smoking  
Put the baby girl on the mattress pad and after that I'm just posted  
Work the craft until I master rap then I twist my head in that potion  
Save my dollers, love my mama and I pray to God in slow motion, watch  
Color me crazy I give a fuck all you basic  
I'll have my place in the majors from putting rhymes on these papers  
Yo what you been up to lately  
Jack shit bruh you faking  
I'm east coast as the yankees  
West coast as the lakers  
You know that mix be amazing  
They bump my disc cause its banging  
And me and jake we been waiting  
Let's take the fam on vacation  
I stay in places bodacious  
But still there no place like home  
I put some gas up in the tank and light up my dank and I'm gone

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I stay smoking too  
Take my sunshine with the blue homie what it do  
C Fel you can check my shoes  
Always on the move Thanks to you and your gratitude  
Few people ever travel on my avenue  
Pops taught me saddle up So that's what I had to do  
I'm making moves, And I'm blowing out that smoke, That's the shit I learned in Catholic school

I'm that kid that you grew up with, I'm that kid that you don't know  
But I don't never wait on my sunny days

On my rainy days I pick up and I go  
On my rainy days I pick up and I go