

Overtime

Foogiano

Ho, ho
It's the Mayor, nigga (Fuck is y'all talkin' 'bout, nigga?), y'all see these bars
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me, shawty (Period)
(My daddy made this beat)
My story
My time (Ho)
Clockwork
It's the Mayor, nigga
Ho

Overtime gang, winning shot, you know I'm Michael (Huh?)
The young niggas, they slangin' pistols, say that I'm they idol (Mob)
Ain't really an idol (Nah), the Mayor, that's my title (Ho)
Flip these pages of my life, get deep just like a bible (For real?)
This bitch, she want a title (What?), she know that I can't wife her (Ho)
I freestyle by myself, I never jumped into a cypher (Never)
These punchlines hittin' hard, call them motherfuckers Tyson (Boom)
And yeah, boy, I'm a beast, but I be chillin' like a bison (Ho)
I'm humble, but I'm almighty (What?)
Try me, come out my body (Foo)
I'm tiny, but I hit hard
Nigga arm just like a shotty (Boom)
I smoke gas in the lobby (Huh?)
Trappin', that be my hobby (Trap)
These diamonds on me pissin', lil' nigga, go find a potty (Ice, ice, ice, ice)
Got problems, we can solve 'em (Huh?)
With me, it come an army (Mob)
And everybody double cupped up, movin' like a zombie (Mud)
You say you got some money, well, nigga, show me some money (Broke)
My young niggas, they itchin', they ready to take it from you (Mob)
Try us, and bitch, we gunnin' (Ho), double drum hold a hundred (Grrah)
Close your mouth, you know your baby mama drive a Honda (Broke)
I send a nigga, they comin' (What?)
They stir you up about that cheese, nigga, like macaroni (Mix)
Your mama gon' be screamin', "Lord, why did you take him from me?" (Ho)
I sit back and I laugh and I count up on all these hundreds (Racks)
I'm laughin' to the money, these haters, they be so funny (Fool)
On the 'net, he gangster, I see him, he won't say nothin' (Ho)
I'm finna drop this bomb, when I drop, it's gon' be atomic (Boom)

Hey, daddy was a dope boy, nigga, what you think that I would be? (Trap)
Told my mama I'd be back, I'm catchin' plays right up the street (Hey)
Hittin' lick for a couple bands, now they spend that on the feet
I was crashin', niggas looked right past me, ain't show love to me
Now they double backin', steady askin', but it's up on the fee
Now every time I see your bitch, she somewhere stuck on her knees
The homies 'posed to be my dog, why it feel like we competin'?
She suck me good, but X out all of the leeches
It's fucked up, we ain't have no OG to teach us
Gettin' hella racks off bag like I get bags off these features (Bag)
Since a jit, fuck on your bitch and nigga clean like the cleaners
Trap came from rappin', weigh it up and bag it (Hey)
Nigga try, we flashin', hangin' out the Magnum (Hey)
Different shit, ain't average
Young nigga came from shit, they ain't want me to have this

Now I'm bookin', yeah, she bad, but she broke, I'ma pass it

Now when mama call me, she get them racks on the average (Brrt)
She was worried 'bout me back then, I grew to a savage
Sell weed in all of my classes, then I started swipin' the plastic
Now my ice is bright (Ice), they gon' pay my price (Hey)
That bitch, she gon' fuck 'cause she know I can save her life (Smash)
Bitch, I came from Reading Road, she know my heart cold
Phone juggs and hittin' four-fours, nigga kick our door (Jugg)

(My daddy made this beat)