

Yo, y'all niggas lucky I turned down a deal
Nothin but hits when I spit it I think I gotta chill
Weight on my shoulders I carry it like a body build
Independent limitless and I did it without a pill
Man, RIP to DTuck studio with durag, pop filters and peanuts
We up, kick ya feet up, reup light the weed up
All you do is talk and I'm on a track with a speed up
A couple million got it chillin' like it's by the pool
Inside a cooler I'm the coolest nigga, halleluja
Dropped out of school, 'cause they wasn't feeling my show-and-tell
Did a show to tell everybody how I devoured boots
Without a noose I leave 'em hanging when they turn they back
You think you buzzin' but honey you gotta learn the facts
When words attach to that instrumental, I burn the track
If you react and down in the furnace, you go from nerds that rap
Damn, got money coming out my vocal chords
The benz bumping that shit I made in my clothing store
I been sort of bored with the bars so I started singing on 'em
Christmas dropped the jingle on 'em, singing till my throat get sore
The flow a chore I gotta do it just to please the public
Know that they need it, they fiending, they say that he disgusting
They try to slide on my guy in the club and get a punch in
Guess they didn't a realise when I go out it's a family function
Yo, I'm swinging first like I'm batting third
That's absurd never ever been touched and that's my word
I'm preaching positive vibes but no I am not the guy
To hide from anybody, so pull up on me and catch my work
Take 'em to church I got 'em praising the kid
It's kinda funny I remember when they'd hate on the kid
It's all gravy on the potatoes, nothing's fazing the kid
Your lady loves me but I never let her stay with the kid
Nigga I'm up

Yeah, they don't call me one take timmy for nothing nigga
Alright you need another one

Droped another one I guess I outta
A studio in my second crib for these niggas is shady I guess my house is slaughter
The declaration of independence and I'm the author
Anybody popping you know them niggas done probably bought it
'Cause I been putting 'em on like I'm LeBron
Win, lose or draw no matter who get involved, I do it all
And you niggas struggle to shoot the ball
If they wanted get out the city I always be who they call, ya
Happily helping hand, hoping they understand
But bite the hand that feed you, you might get a opened hand
Opened can of whoop ass on 'em
Stoned cold fans, I'm flipping the cake, batter like cold stone hands
No more stans, I wrote those fans
Should do a show about the dough they way I'm making the bands
They taking advance, nigga I was taking a chance
I'm making the plans then grow 'em like I'm raising the plants
Uh, raisin' bran in the morning they got me shitting on 'em
Outfit looking like fresh prince, I'm Smithing on 'em
Your girl whip her hair, I got her switching on 'em
Don't be jayded by the iconic lyrics I spiting on 'em

I 'm gone