

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 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

Dropped 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 woop 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