

Live From Arizona

Futuristic

Yeah
Live From Arizona
Thorb
Battles
Futuristic
Let's get it mother fucker

Live from Arizona I might never leave
I'm heading past ya cause my pasture is forever green
Flow is dope I got it shipped right out of Medellin
They taking shots, they unleaded I been gasoline
Y'all better back up
Y'all just really suck
But wanna blame it on some bad luck
This chance I couldn't pass up
Used to want ya numbers 'till them numbers didn't add up
You fake to get the cake
But never knew what's in the batter
It don't matter
Cause I been cooking on my own
Virginia Wolf pack, I got a hundred books up in my dome
All ya joints getting smoked I could roll 'em in a cone
Lot of rappers that I cover four but never in my zone
Better man up
Never touch my bars that's prolly why they picking zans up
Question me a lot but swaying when I give the answers
I did this in the morning
You bait fans for clicks I'm betting motel like Norman
A whole lot of things you can't afford
Up in this life that I'm exploring
I been winning every night
The Stanley Cup is what I pour in
I been going ham while all you bitches lookin boring
Did a lot of to climb the hill
Now all the records sound like Lauryn's
I'm important

Aye
It's Mr. Big Fish
Ain't that bitch
Hit every bitch that's on my hit list
Like who is this
I'm stained from the business
If I can't trust you then it's fuck you from a distance
So consistent
Keep revving the engine
And I was falling now I'm balling like a Piston
Don't need permission
Head from a vixen
Got a million followers and I got her doing dishes
Ain't life terrific
But it's still a cold game
So flame lighter flicking like the old Wayne
No shame from the mud is how a rose came
Goat game, top five in this whole thing

Bang

Sheesh
Welcome to Arizona
Only real ones
Sheesh

Aight
Look
Bet
I curated the vibe and now I don't leave the crib
I call the homies show 'em how we really supposed to live
A dozen cribs, a dozen whips, and a dozen chicks
For them
I'm next door with the wifey we got a couple kids
Okay it's hot in the building and I'm still on the rise
They said boy you got it why is you still on the grind
I can't sleep if I got ideas running through my mind
That's why there's paper with blue stripes in all my lines

Get it
Yo, Imma let it resonate
Do it I don't hesitate
Wake up and I meditate
Five o'clock I run the lake
Six o'clock I up the weights
Seven I'm with baby K
Text me if it's after eight
Call me if it's after nine
Better not be asinine
Get a case from Logan every month
So I'm not past my prime
I mastered time
And now I let the after shine
Relaxed and writing raps up in the pad
When I don't have to rhyme
Sheesh