Nigga

I got the pedal to the floor Windows up in these white clouds

Neva eat with muthafuckas who brag about feeding yo' Hustle on yo own, guarantee yo day start feeding yo' Ranger said to brake you when yo friends start to believe in you Everybody has a limit, push it and they leavin' you G4shi, where you been, I been busy gettin' strong, hoe High as a muthafucka, hash racks on my bong, hoe Sipped a little mud, then I mixed it up with butter I swear I neva do no drugs, but tonight I wanna feel numb I showed 'em love (I used to look out for people) Cause of love (now I look out for people) Cause they want my dough, want my life, want my clothes Want my wife, want my hoes, keep the snakes up out yo home Fuck these basic rappers who still wear they jeans up with they thumbs They so quick to hate on ME cause I made it on my own They stuck in a 360, now they really need a loan Kings neva leave they throne for some peasants throwin' stones

I Find 'em, I Fool 'em, I Fuck 'em, Forget 'em I Find 'em, I Fool 'em, I Fuck 'em, Forget 'em I Find 'em, I Fool 'em, I Fuck 'em, Forget 'em (I don't really trust nobody)

I Find 'em, I Fool 'em, I Fuck 'em, Forget 'em I Find 'em, I Fool 'em, I Fuck 'em, Forget 'em I Find 'em, I Fool 'em, I Fuck 'em, Forget 'em (I don't really trust nobody)

It's rebel life, baby, we out here Steppin' up to the battle play, wassup Riches gonna sell like a prostitute Hold her over every single obstacle Father to you, biological Brio when I'm so logical Support rat niggas but you hate on me?! Put dirt on my plate but you ate off me?! MOE, that's my grind to sleep Ironically, that's my problem, G I'm supposed to get changed when she done change, nigga Fortune and fame I'm just inna change niggas Made a few figures where I used to hang niggas Acrylic my lyrics, I paint the big picture So slept on, less a headache on this side Poet potential but the bestest do rich right Few homies switch sides Hang with the more popular, not some bitch ass niggas Fuck Sky Low but the fans increase Thrown in my bio green, ain't no fan of me I ain't trust ya, ain't be who you claim to be Can't relate to yo shit, it don't retain to me Where you here? Got yo rubble on the track Are you far? Rappers betta hide from yo shacks Do yo course up from the church to the chapel This da new shit that put New York on the map

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