

You could try to rap, but you couldn't act the part  
This shit was God given I'm not holding back a bar  
I want it all bitch, big house and fancy cars  
If I could fit the whole world in my shopping cart  
Then I would buy it  
I will get rich or die trying  
I shoot for the stars, the belt of orion  
I'm eyin the top, and hot like a cayenne  
Won't stop 'till the day that I drop, I'm not lyin'  
'Cause I've been  
Just playing for fun, but I won  
So last call on the board is done  
My brass balls shining brighter than the ray of the sun  
So bar none, no one got the same enunciation  
A proclomation I'm saying these puns  
But what the fuck you think would happen when you playing with  
guns  
Shooting to kill, super I'll  
Lyrical nuisance for real  
Been through it all loop-de-looping behind the wheel  
Of a real automobile

All my people from the front to the back stand up  
LG is in the building let me see them hands up  
Hands down we the best, we stay winning so what  
Never giving no fucks, where's my threes throw'em up  
And my money's going up  
'Cause my crew's been on the come up  
We been grinding every day, getting paid and elated  
Must've made it, waited, just faded  
Trying to evade a one hit wonder  
So it's back to the basics  
Serrated blade up in your stomach uhh  
Wooh!  
So I figured that I'm cold  
Pop them pill bottles, it's rock bottom 2.0  
But you don't know what you been told  
We don't stop, it's time to get a move on yo  
You think I'm Luke Gawne?  
I think I'm Edgar Allen Poe  
Back with a new wand  
Some motherfuckin new God flow in this  
Phony rappers take them back to school  
This games a bitch but I keep on crawling back to-