

# Yikes

grouptherapy.

Oh, yeah  
Oh, yeah  
Yikes  
I think we gonna call this "Yikes"

A hundred percent  
Of my time has been spent  
On my grind, I pretend  
That I'm fine 'cause I win  
Every time, but within  
I be lyin', I be cryin'  
I be tryin', Yes I be  
Life be tryin', tryin' me  
I be spyin', I can see  
There's a tiny side of me  
That can't help but be afraid  
I'm not used to bein' paid  
I'm not used to bein' saved  
I'm just used to making do with all the truth that I've been played with  
Made it from the slave ships to A-list amazin'  
Came from the basement  
You claim streets  
But I pave them with patience  
Occasional apeshit  
Stay from the AK  
But they pay to kill another 8K  
For eight day of work (Woo)  
And I know that's gotta hurt (Woo)  
I should get commission  
Way I put you in a hearse, ay  
Hope I am forgiven  
Been a minute since the church, ay  
I been dunkin' ushers  
It's no limit to my worth, ay  
Never went to college  
But my knowledge is in first place  
The worst case for you  
Attaboy, we know  
Black boy cheat code  
Know the cops are watching like my product is illegal  
It's all about the timing  
I already lined the sequel with a sequel  
And it's equal just to prove that we ain't equal  
I ain't evil just Knievel with the way I stunt  
Nigga, you don't want the smoke  
(Damn, that came out blunt)  
But I mean it  
I got a whole new demeanor  
R.I.P. Tommy  
But me and my girl the Martin and Gina  
Part of the reason these niggas don't say, "What up?" when they see us  
Cause we a grievous, egregious  
They need us, a genius  
Nobody competin', nigga  
  
Icon status, something like I'm Jaden  
But my Smith a lil' more like Wesson

Took your boo straight to the Westin  
Claim that shit like Old West Texans  
Don't pick up, make shorty text it  
You want beef, you can't digest it  
This Tyrannosaurus rex'll make you freeze  
When you in public  
I would rather not discuss it  
I might pull up on your cousin  
Turn his Stussy to some stuffin'  
Prove you're soft as a McMuffin  
Drop down on you like Miss Muffet  
Shoot you right up off your tuffet  
Lilly made this shit the toughest  
Money dance like Warren Buffett  
Strut right up and dunk a ducat  
Call my bank a KFC  
'Cause I get money by the bucket  
It's my destiny to pop, bitch  
You're my child, LeToya Luckett  
This my motherfuckin' house  
I have it out, no need to tuck it  
I am not nothing to fuck with  
Bring the motherfuckin' ruckus  
I might air this whole saloon out  
Rated to the way I buss it  
Microchip your fiancée  
Like orange soda, I might Crush it  
If you really want the smoke  
I'll turn to Wolsey, homie, trust it  
Yeah