

Outsiders

Guapdad 4000

Feel like God in the booth
This nigga standing right behind me
Oh, the vibes is real
Inshallah
Uh-huh, you gotta roll with this, baby
Where that monogram at?

Fuck you niggas, I'm the next greatest
Toxic boy, I'm my ex favorite
They want Static, it can get Major
Never ask for no favors, only did the work
You only did the worst
You're better off in a hearse
Dead on arrival
Tactic survival
Ask your idol, they fear me
I spin on them like a ballet recital
Tutus, Emmitt Smith, man, my bebop cowboys
Serving rerock
Me stock going up like Dow Jones
Ninth got another threat
Guru got another gem
Heard them boys want amends
Really, I don't fuck with them (Uh-huh)
Tryna cop an Aston Martin
Color of Ashton Kutcher's skin
Sharp tongue
Razor in my mouth
Pac above the rim
Three little birdies sang to me when I was down and out
And if you want to make the wave, I got to drown 'em out
Fuck the number game, you niggas cannot count me out
Remember summers when we had a drought

Like Wayne, I'm going No Ceilings
From me, she get no feelings
I'm no dentist
They show teeth when they know you winning, huh?
I ain't gon'' stop till they show forgiveness, for real, for real
And I ain't Kalan but know my niggas for real for real
Prophecy Seh soldier and the protector
The code of the jungle is built off respect
You niggas aim for the chess
Your mate getting checked
You know the king came to protect
It's Queen city, bitch
We aim at the rest
Sayin'

La-da-da-da-da-da
Know my niggas outside
Outside, outside
Outside, outside
La-da-da-da-da-da
Know my niggas gon' ride
Ride-da-ride-da-da
Outside, outside now

I'm outside, looking like a bitch's future baby father
I get a lot of dollars, guap getting guala-guala (It's a check)
Passionfruit and guava
Like mimosas I'ma swallow
Young models and bitches old as Nelly Furtado
South Africa like I do amapiano
Dark skin women got me sending big, I'ma be honest (Chocolate)
Need 'em in my whip, crib, bed, and lobbies (What)
Twitter, YouTube, TikTok and 'Gram comments

The world so cold but all my kicks heat
Give a bitch the cold shoulder and never the cold feet
I'm the locksmith in the Matrix with all the gold keys
Even The One can't go through the door without me
Keep my business straight like the line from a crease
Came out the cave to eat 'cause the lion been asleep
Twin Glocks out the box, got a siamese piece
Bitch, I'm O-U-T-S-I-D-E (Outside)
The 's pop when I talk
If we ain't poppin', we poppin'
I know her man follow me, I ain't bother to block him
I got an open mind, still make a bitch come and part it
Dopest artist, carve it open, Oakland to Charlotte
Used to steal out of Walmart, now I know the Target
Go to target, fixed in the land of the broken artist (Broke)
Broke records, broke hearts, and being broken-hearted
Outside for my niggas who dead and so departed like

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Outside, outside
Outside, outside
La-da-da-da-da-da
Know my niggas gon'' ride
Ride-da-ride-da-da
Outside, outside now