

Reckless

Hanumankind

Yuh, yeah, yuh, yeah, yuh, yeah, yuh

Yeah, into the land of the reckless
Rolling my words and my necklace
You do not know how we move
Now we are the few who leavin' them breathless

Kerala, Texas, don't matter the language they use
They still understand what the message
Do we understand were the king? They still understand we a threat
They tell me to do it like them
I tell them to get off my, uh, property
I got some people who rock with me
Ain't say a word but they swing at you first
Depending how you gonna talk to me

Don't give a fuck about how much you make
I give a fuck about how much you live
I know some people who rich and who lame
I know some people who poor and legit
I know some ways they gon' fuck up your day
I know some ways to make you disappear
Abracadabra, now there ain't no trace
Now we got you believing that magic is real
(Poof)

Yeah, shit will get heavy (Yeah)
All of my people stay ready (Yeah)
Kerala call up the cutthroats (Yeah)
Bangalore roadies are ready
Mumbai, we hit up the public
I got mine locked in and deadly
Houston, where we got the rockets
I'm going in like McGrady

We goin' hard in the paint, HMK on the way getting buckets, and he got your
bitch
Better you stay out the way 'cause the way that we playing, man, one of your
bucket get kicked
Expected, bringing you more than perspective
Tell them to leave the shoes at the door, you ready to go?
Into the land of the

Turn 'em up, yuh, turn 'em up, yuh
Turn 'em up, yuh, turn 'em up, yuh
Turn 'em up, yuh, turn 'em up, yuh
Turn 'em up, yuh

I'm in the land of the, reckless
Everyone came with a death wish
You got, weapons, how could I answer that question?
I'm like, bitch, you guessed it
You was right
I'm looking through the red eye on the scope if a nigga tell me to take flight
Man down, ran down on a nigga, no mando
Can't hear when the bullets go, Van Gogh, nigga ain't in a painting

Number 10 toes, shin bones runnin' toward the endzone
Runnin outta amo, R.I.P., tryna man boat and stroke
When I come onto the block, it's camo
When I come onto the block, it's camo
Potent, you choke off the smoke from the bando

Vibin', I'm smokin on indo, huh
Having me cope with the sin though, huh
I saw the post of my friend though, huh
What I see in all these events
Homies die, so they plotting revenge
When they sly, they gon' do it again
Caught and tried and they not even men
It's a cycle, better watch where they spin
Ducking lead while I'm dodging the bean
Came with a chip on my shoulder while grippin' a toaster
Don't trip on this soldier 'cause I'll get, reckless