

# 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