

Based Freestyle

Hi-Rez

FBI flags slang terms: Chad, based, red-pilled to target racially motivated violent extremists

Yo

Y'all are just a bunch of clones

Head glued to your phones

Swear right now I'm in my zone

I'm too grown for them little shots you've thrown

Glass houses throwing stones

And from the era talking on the internet gonna mess around and get you pwned

They all said I changed man, but I'm still the same man

I just switched the game plan, overcame the pain, man

Since the days of FaZe Clan, adapted to the rain man

Now haters got a temper cause I'm finally getting banks, man

A bunch of propaganda sheep, the news keeping y'all asleep

I'm fifteen years deep, I don't wanna hear a peep

They tried to cancel me, God said "Nah, that's my masterpiece!"

Now things that I'm posting got the FBI tracking me

When the rap gets so soft, bunch of paid shills sell-outs swear they so lost

All these rappers must transitioning cause they got no balls

Got my CEO, other than him, swear I got no boss

Fake gangsters rapping about never snitching and snitching

Bunch of fake drug dealers that have never been in the kitchen

Went from selling and sniffing like Biden around these children

I'll never sell my soul and do the government bidding

I'm the rap game Alex Jones, government been tapping phones

God walking with me, I'm never on this path alone

Keeping God first, warning off imposters

I came from the side dirt before these YouTube boxers

I don't it do it for acclaim, I hope this shit gets claim

Hope this music hits your brain and takes your pain

Energy God sent to me is heavenly

I got this tang in my melody

Woo, that's the chef in me!

The recipe five Michelin stars pick it apart

My rhyme like a kiss first, kiss in the car

Writing rhymes while I sit in the dark

Listen, my heart has been in this since a kid that would kick it in parks

Before rap became Hollywood, before all the politics

XXL became TMZ with the gossiping

Me and rap's synonymous

Homogenous, it's obvious

Young profit, deeps pockets

Sharing all my profits with

The ones who helped me down back in the day

Channeled the spirit of my family that's passing away

Twelve years still hustling, thought my passion would fade

Death tried to take me, but I just laughed in his face

Ha, thought I had it figured out

Clearing with my vision now

God had to sit me down and say "My time isn't now!"

Most my peers that make it this far can't believe I'm still around

More money, more problems, put them in a bigger house!

Thought I had the be the richest and most famous

But I know rich people that choose to remain nameless

Managers and labels ruin artists every day

And fans say that you fell off if you were not as big as Drake

Not knowing that your soul is in tact and you well off
I took a break and I'm picking up where I left off
I'd rather own my publishing and be my own publicist
And go and ask the label if my vision fits the budget shit
Democrat, Republicans, two wings of the same bird
Never trust the government with the fruits of my labor
Buzzing in my city before twenty Gordon Haywards
Skywalking on these clones like my name Darth Vader
No lightsaber, just a pen and a pad
My rhymes too cold, tell the chef I'm sending them back!
I've been in the lab, these rappers are just a trend and a fad
Hip hop raised me, boy, I've been in my bag
Lauryn Hill is my mom, J Dilla's my dad
I could kill your favorite rapper, make him piss in his pants
If he don't kill himself first, with the pills and the act
I don't even need to try when I'm killing these tracks
I've been doing this on E, now I'm filling my gas
Almost lost the love now, but the feeling is back
Blow the roof off this building, no more ceiling in tact