

John Wick

Hi-Rez

I feel like John Wick
I turn the club to a mosh pit
The government can't keep us locked down
'Cause bitch, I'm too locked in
No, I am never clocked out
'Cause I'm always clocked in
Suit and tie with a polo on me
I feel like John Wick

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Woah, woah, woah, woah, woah
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Let me start off by telling these people whatever they're talking about
I'm not really giving a damn what they say
The government is only telling people what they wanna hear
God, I'll be God, it's better we get to praying (Thank God)
I don't trust anybody no more, nah
I'm knockin' the door down
We goin' to war now
We not gonna fold now
My heart is so cold now
We never gon' slow down
I'm spittin' the full round
You better duck like Affleck
We up like Nasdaq
Today I got twenty bands in the Cash App
So when you puff puff, ya'll don't need to pass that
We don't care about your followers and hashtags
Used to be broker than broke, ain't no money
I hoped I was getting so close to my grave
Close to the edge of my rope
Had a homie sell dope, I ain't have to do that to get paid
I would never give up, I was livin' in a prison
Ain't no women wanna get with him until he started gettin'
All the chicken and Benjamin Franklins that he started gettin'
I was sippin' on the liquor and trippin', but now I'm winnin'
Ya'll don't really wanna see me mad
Got the cash and advances in the back of the van
With my hand on the passenger, man
Middle fingers up, screamin', "I don't give a damn!"
This was never part of the plan, man

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I come and get 'em, hit 'em and split 'em with some hard shit
A bit of venom'd benefit 'em and then a bit of rhythm'd get 'em
Then I'ma kill 'em with some conflict
Like the HK-VP9, but the John Wick style
What you know about the P30? Yeah
Comin' through in a suit, I'ma shoot 'em and shoot 'em again
If you crooked, they'd be sayin' "Look at T's dirty self" 'cause I be murder
in' well
And I do it with a hot, dirty flow
Like it's a GLOCK-34
Terrain, tactical combat mask
I blast a bastard faster as the mask come through the door
The best, we fly
Stunnin' as ever and we comin' to tell 'em we are heavy with the money and w
eapons
Like the STI
2011, put it up to your melon
I'll have your holy spirit runnin' to Heaven
I be comin' up out the continental on a dope instrumental
And I'ma make sure I get into the mental
And the righteous ritual that'd get you eliminated
Quicker than being a bitch of me, then you got an issue
147 grain major ammo
Come at me if you got the heart, bitch
When it come down to it, I'll be killin' all of ya'll for my dawg
And I do it like John Wick

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