Malcom X

Hotboii

(Ayy, yo, Odyssee)
(Bandito go too hard)

Listenin' to Malcolm X make me feel like I'm a Muslim
Yeah, I love the Zoe and Tank and Bleed like them my brothers
They taught me shit my daddy didn't, my mama couldn't
Where I come from, you had to did it before you put it in your raps
I can't even put on no fitted, all these niggas, they be cap
I just be runnin' with the glizzy, we got ARs, we got MACs
I ain't tryna catch no feelings, hope no strings don't get attached
On my back, I put my city, I'm gon' carry 'em 'til I can't

Put 'em on my back, carry 'em 'til I can't
Shit run in my genes, I'm inherited to them racks
GCM, just for Lil Wolph, you already know what's up
I just copped me two ARs, I'm gon' run down with both of 'em
They act like it's smoke or somethin', I better not catch 'em chokin' up
You see me, I'm blowin' up, yeah, that's what I be focused for
Don't tell me that you in love with me, I ain't the only one
I got lil' YGs who love to scheme, they always up to somethin'
I say go get it done, they get it done today
No, ain't no one-on-ones, my niggas love to spray
I say go get it done, they get it done today
No, ain't no one-on-ones, my niggas love to spray, yeah

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The heat with me while I perform 'cause everybody ain't no fan
Niggas prayed on my downfall, it fucked them up I got them bands
I seen the plot before he tried me, so I upped and got to sprayin'
Might go Draco out the coupe, I had to shoot it with one hand
We was just fucked up in South Memphis, didn't think I would make it out
Didn't have no bed all the way to eighteen, I was sleepin' on the couch
I put two niggas on 13, so I went missing for a while
Convicted felon at eleven, always been a problem child
My members gon' get active sold, but don't need pills, weed, or liquor
And that was me, I take the credit, I gave that M to my lil' nigga
I'm still the same man when I'm behind or in front of that trigger
Just like my bitch, it keep gettin' badder as I get bigger and bigger
Shiesty put on for the young niggas that feel trapped and in the streets
I'm on the block like Antetokounmpo, for the bucks, leave you deceased
We hear no evil, see no evil, they can't ask and I ain't speak
Soft twenty thousand on your head, less than a week it's R.I.P.

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Until I can't, can't no more
Carry 'em 'til I can't, 'til I can't no more
'Til I can't no more

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