Black Friday

Iamsu!

Imma kick that shit that these boys like to hear
Diamonds on me, dancin' like a chandelier
Bitch, don't you see me standing here
I'm fresher than a mannequin
Suzy go runnin' through commas
I get a check and a bonus
Thumbing, finessing through hunnids
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My momma say I'm two hunnids
Lions and snakes in a jungle
My city feel my struggle
Animosity feeding my hunger
Knocking shit door like it's me again
Balling out, put me on CSN
I could never be obedient
I got all the ingredients
Wait, hold up
Bank, can't fold up
Drank, my soda
Out the park like Sosa
Do this shit for my culture
Come here baby, I'll coach ya
I ain't talking no babies
My sound is ultra
I'm just barely getting over
I got mouths to feed
These boys okay
Ain't got nothing on me
Ain't got nothing on me
Ain't got nothing on me
Wop, wop, OG
Top spot, my seat
Looking at my competition
Don't nothing move without my permission
My flow consistent
I over did it, I go ballistic
I rode the rhythm with no collisions
Type of flow that might go the distance
How that boy so cold from Richmond
When my chain olympics, cause it's multicolored
White and yellow go gold together
My necklace interracial
My city is inspirational
I'm at the top, just like fellatio
Candy my paint
Heartbreak the Gang
I smoke the gas every day
But when I smoke [?] take me to space
I ride around to the face
Straight to the neck
Thirty, pay for my set
Drake, mine for the [?]
Name carry weight, I need all of it
Not a set less
Even when I'm on break, I do interviews
That's bench press
I'm fly like insects

I'm a person of interest
Really hate when the family tryna fuck me over, that's incest
Woke up, out of cold sweat
Big dog, gotta go get
For that paper, I'm a Labrador
If I see that shit, Imma go fetch
This shit too easy
I'm 0-6 Weezy
I sent my baby girl eggplant and zucchinis
Rembrandt off the green leaf
These boys ain't seeing me
When your shit drop by just press skip like [?]
Little boys ain't being me
I'm too ready, name too heavy
I'm Six Speed, I'm like bitch please
When I press the gas, I'm like Tom Petty
Your palms sweaty, hands shaking
I don't walk around by the Grand Lake
With my tan bae, I got a text from Jay
Go back in cause the fans waiting
I ain't playing no games, like Tim Tebow
Young Six Speed always my way like Carlito

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