

## On Citas

lamsu!

On mamas  
On citas, on mamas

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Niggas talk but they don't want problems  
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Your life pass through yo ass if I touch the grass  
2-11, progress, no ski mask  
Assholes and elbows, lie down to kiss Satan  
That's the weakness nigga hatin, I'm out here motivatin  
On bitches, citas - that's my word  
So I jumped up off the porch, back right up the curb  
But then on some herb, getting ready for the twist back  
4-5 grams in the time just to twist that  
Nigga talkin but they don't want that  
On citas, finna top that right back  
Droppin back in pocket, bout to hit some  
And no frontin, let me tell ya, bullshit's nothing  
Head blind, I'm putting hoes in the wall room  
My movement 10 militants, straight goons  
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Hella proper, hella chopper  
I saw the fly, tell the doctor  
I'm the man, that's how I ride around like  
I'm the whole thing, you a sound byte  
Got yo city on, whole bay too  
Hella bad ones fallin out of age too  
Get money and I hate you  
Turn around, say they made you  
Well hate this then  
With some young niggas ballin like pistence  
Get lovin, ain't no way a nigga can't go  
10 racks they show em, getting pesos  
Like wooh, what's cookin?  
Paid 200 for the mucus  
Here beat, take a dookie  
In the all-black whip lookin spooky

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They don't want problems, they don't want problems  
Actin like gangstas but they don't want drama  
Boy they be quiet when they put that lama  
Put that on my citas and my grandmamma  
Return of the skizzo, maniac flips

Oh that boy go yea yea  
He party like a disco and disco  
Go ahead, been waitin for that boy fatty just t bring it home  
Some niggas was tryna turn it but they was doin it wrong  
I was out for a minute but I'm right back on  
Yup right back on, on in the middle of it  
And I don't give a finger in the middle of it  
Nigga yelling fuck em, fuck em  
They was hatin on me  
But shout out to the real niggas waitin on me  
Don't gotta bring it back cause it ain't never left  
That's Suzzie on the track, nigga rare yea

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Take it down, take it down  
Or bring it back up

Planned twist  
Hipster girls get vanquished  
Eatin rappers, treatin labels like banquettes  
Ready to dominate, homie I'm anxious  
Bring it back on the earth with me  
Recognizing your certainty  
Of a career in music but I still handle it perfectly  
Reflectin the greats, deflectin the hate  
Acceptin the challenge, I spit in their face  
I reeled away, dimensions that I was cold  
I say good, respect me like the truth  
Smoking fruit, you know we close the boot  
Keep the money on lock,  
They are both, they come through with me  
I'm on that with yo mind  
Never try to be cool with me  
Too busy writin rhymes, Gavin Springs I'm producing beats  
I'm makin this money, don't try to take it from me  
All this hell on earth, know exactly what I'm worth  
She go real with my homies and turned em under the dirt  
Stay for hoes in my business, I do that there for the church  
Lookin for the real, you couldn't just search  
Cause me and my gang finna bring it right down to earth

All the niggas are hothead in the kick  
Niggas talk to you in they spirit, top rhymin and shit  
I set a goal in my aye teen years, accomplishing it  
I'm tired of hearin bout my niggas dyin and shit  
I'm tryna get rich, I needed like pajamas and deck  
It's serious shit, this asshole's serious shit  
We say the heart of the crime the more time that you get  
But I just see my city hurtin, close my eyes and just spit  
Get a new form like the whole verse on the plain flight  
Chain bright, want it, but I could get it the same night  
Game tight, I ain't doing your work  
Guess it's about time I showed these niggas a lil hard work

You see I like that havin cake and I eat it too  
Electric field, can I get a little Pikatchu?  
A bit poppy, seed of a monster  
Mantra hesitate, I love you like tantra  
Pop some things then I blow until yo eyes closed

And my eyes low, smoking on God-knows  
What did you say my nigga?  
No one at your souvenir  
And I'm dealin it, promise that I'm real in it  
Your boy is in the building like a blueprint  
HBK, we open windows til the roof bang  
Tryna dodge loose at fur in a coupe that purps  
Bubble up in a swinger that's there in my cup

Sick of these hatin niggas stealin my flows  
Either you with me or against me and I'm killin my foes  
I'm still in my clothes hittin it  
Look at who's spittin  
I mean the girl you kickin with is feelin my bros  
I wanna sit back, kick back, maybe we could chit chat  
Tryna do a homegirl, we already hit that  
Like a verb off, show you what it do  
I'm a do it just to show you we could it too

20 years in the booth, my homies laced up like tennis shoes  
Part my ways from Toyotas to Bentley coupes  
Homies say I got the juice  
Confidence boost up through the roof  
Tell me what's the use  
Use my juice to inspire youth

I'm fuckin with girls with insecurities  
And they all the Beyonce, they loved to pair a D  
And it's kinda hard to be sucka free with double D's  
But I still love er as we feel reckless  
And uh I think I'm high, I might be not  
Flowo prints, Nike socks  
Wavy hair, windy locks,  
Chandelier, diamond glock  
Take me there, sunny shaded  
Get me faded like the watch  
That's probably a shame, gas on tank  
Wear a gank, shot came, block this pink  
Pink slash more, took a couple from yo look book  
I'm a good crook, saw it and ain't good look  
Never apologize, that's the bitch talkin in you  
Me and my niggas ride on the sick instrumental  
Getin chipped accidental, put curtains around the windows  
When all of my niggas assemble we murder that shit  
Bringin that down to earth

Take it down, take it down  
Take it down  
Bringin that down to earth