

On My Own

Iamsu!

I did this on my own
Did this on my own time
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If the streets gon' talk about me I know it better be something good
Did this on my own
Did this on my own time

I am, really illy, can you feel me
Cop a new Ducati, pop a silly willy
Under appreciated, over compensated
Just took another shot, I do say I feel copacetic
I play the game 'til the ref say I'm out of bounds
You niggas out of line, when I'm out, shh, not a sound
I'mma run the city like a relay
I ain't passing it to nobody but me
I'm in my bag nigga, trust me
I seen your swag, that shit trash, it's disgusting
You a bird, all I hear is feathers ruffling
She from the temple she a rough ting
Take her out her element and take the edge off her

Not your average rapper I got too much to offer
Right now I'm hot as Arizona
Got a flight first thing in the morning

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All I know is grind, all I know is gettin' it
All my women fine, and they handle business
I ain't got no time to be out here, tripping
Ex-girl on my line, say she want forgiveness
But I'm not that same Sudi Mane from before
I bossed up when it made me some more
I upgraded to marble on my floor
And leather on my seat, young nigga
I been in the lab, I been in my bag, I remember
I ain't have no cash, I was on my ass
Had to go and change something fast
[?]
And that V12 turbo, paint color merlot
I'm at the round table with the bosses

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