Su Wit the Afro

Iamsu!

Yeah...

Running through money and spendin'
All of my clips extended
Haters want hate on the boy
Building me up to destroy
Leaving me without a choice
Show these niggas I'm untouchable
California king bed, three story crib, but I'm not comfortable
I got different type of feelings in my heart now
Nonbelievers, I don't listen when they talk now
Top getting closer when I stare it down
Swear the top getting closer when I stare it down

20 for a show now
Police in the background
Rarely ever sold low
Never sell my soul
Young nigga out here running laps 'round these five souls
I go back to sweep [?] 'for I go broke
Get that money, keep that money, make that money flip
Hartsfield-Jackson back and forth, I did a hundred trips
Broke through the glass ceiling like it don't exist
Plus I'm so good at my job, I'm getting bonuses
Walk inside the Harlot and the DJ is announcing us
We just wanna party why these people keep harassing us
Fuck these blood suckers, I be belated to play Count Dracula
Extremely intelligent, exceptional vernacular
Labels tryna capture us, but it's not adding up
Y'all took the elevator, me, I took the ladder up
When I'm up that bat, I up my stance, they yelling batter up
Bored with this flow, so it's time to switch the pattern up

Back like I never left
More in tune, more in depth
Got order in my steps
Lost when my granny left
Lost when my uncle left
Got me wondering who next
Devil playing tricks on me, dangling money and sex
Fight through the war for respect
Momma raised a bull
When I see the mic, I see red, hard to keep my cool
An educated African, on beats I do the fool
Swear to God I use this rapping shit to pay my way through school

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