

Fuck is you talkin' 'bout Willis?
It's Illest of Billest, the realest of militants
Wonderful day for a funeral
Zip up the body bag, why you so good at this?
24 hours we through the roof
Rumble for power maneuver through
Enter your town and my shooters shoot
Gunnin' you down at the studio, shoot the booth
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My body is different
Kick, no karate, it's different
If they pass me the rock, I'ma swish it
This a lesson, just sit back and listen
Real rap, I ain't gotta be dissin'
For the money my mind on a mission
Got it locked, men move funny
I thought to myself "Look, he gotta be snitchin'"
And it's crazy, the life that we live
In the field, I'm still raisin' my kid
I can't speak on the shit that I did
I still pray before leavin' my crib
I eat, bro got dibs
Can't wait 'til we get us a mansion
Need bitches, bottles, dancin'
Offer me a M, I'm financin'
Look, and I'm makin' it lit
Go when I'm takin' the trips
Tell Druski to listen to this
Not a name drop, not a diss
All their talkin' is makin' me sick
I'm a demon, it's hard to ignore
They be talkin' and talkin' some more
But don't ever mention their man's on the floor
Better yet, skip that part
I'ma keep it cool and play it smart
Bad lil' bitch, I'm in love with her vibe
She be coolin' back and play her part
Showed me shit real so I gave her my heart
Soon as they play with you, I'll let it spark
Fake love, she left for the part
Too real so she kept it real from the start
I don't wanna get us off the block
That don't mean I don't carry the knots
Shit real, I still got opp's
And for lil' bro I'll never stop
Jet Blue, free my pops
Free Yotti, he still on The Rock
Bro don't even like usin' the phone, for rec he'll punch a nigga for a spot

What the fuck is you takin' bout, Willis, with all them wild lyrics
Talkin' like you hard when you walk around nervous
Hate to see me smilin' pourin' Crown in my beverage
But I'm ballin' 'til my money stacked as tall as Mount Everest, goddamn!
What, you broke and malnourished?
Man, I'm showin' out flourished and your girl sayin' I'm top ten
And I caught wind so I dropped in
I made her give me top on cam
You are not, you don't got options
Your friend said "whoa homie, stop, not him"
This ain't gon go like you thought, I planned 'cause "I Ain't No Joke" and y
ou're not Rakim
This is real life, far from a sci-fi film
Growin' up we had to fight the backyard, not the Wildcard Gym
From a town crossed in to a 5 card ranked hotel on a yacht eating wild caught
shrimp
Can you see it? Is it clear to ya?
People in the rearview got a poor perspective
If you get near me you suckers are disappearing
And I don't wanna join your network or record a record, nah
As a boy was a coin collector turned entrepreneur
My enormous net worth kept growin' from an artist to a CEO
That's like goin' from employed to a board director, uh
CNT is the acronym for the Cli-N-
Tel Crew 'til they fasten unlatchin' hinges on the casket
Established since then, been acknowledged, the come up wasn't an accident, n
ah
Bitches get it tatted when I autograph their skin
A lot of rappers copycat and what a sad attempt at tryna sound like me
I'm the King, show respect to Michael Jackson, Prince, uh-ye-ye-yeah

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Fuck is you talkin bout, who are you?
Trouble is all around you the new
If you paid more attention to who is who
Even people you knew ever since you was two
Even the people you threw in your crew
This is the beautiful truth
If it's an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth do what you do
Not everybody your friend, even your goons, who woulda knew?
Lie to your face with a smile on they face
That be their usual move
It be the ones that be closest to you that be wantin' to slay you and play y
ou out
Drive up right next to your whip with the Uzi say hi to you
Spray you then lay you out
Some of them do it with words, some of them do it with bullets and guns

Some of them too pussy to pull on a trigger, some of them pull it and run
Some of them lie to themselves
They be thinking we don't see through the smoke
End up looking like fucking assholes, like a priest shooting dope

Let's get it poppin' like a Desert Eagle bullet mic to your throat
Yeah! Bag your bitch and put my dick right to her choche
Walk up to the bank teller and give her a note
Put a gun in her motherfuckin' face, tell her livin' is dope
Nope! Not a day goes by you can fuck with the twins
Best believe that if I fucked her I could fuck her again
And none of these cunt ass rappers is fucking with NEMS
Fat boy all up in the Denali, I don't fuck with a Benz
It never ends, you never was
We ain't friends, never love
I wouldn't even fuckin' dap you if we was in the club
You never win, we never lose
Coma or death, you can choose (Pick one!)
You ain't even got no bitches, I only see you with dudes
Not to be rude but you and your crew can suck a motherfuckin' dick
Might got a song that's hot here and there but it could never fuck with this
I've got more than that little putt putt you drive right on my wrist
Nut in her mouth and give her some weed, she went home and gave you a kiss
NEMS!

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