

THIB

Isaiah Rashad

Yeah, who's that fuckin'- window, who's that-
Who's that creeping in my- Who- Who's that-
Who's that- Who- (Too much of it) Yeah, bitch

Who's that creeping in my window? Who's- Who's that-
Who's that fucking with my conscience? I was
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Chain swangin', still empty, fuck it
Hoes choosin', still empty, fuck 'em
I don't even like Henny, fuck it
Night rider, still drinkin', duckin'
Skydivers, loose cannons, cousins
Real addicts, full-timers, buzzin'
Close ranger, Range Rover, stuffin'
Don't waste it, no chaser (Who's- Who's-)

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Intriguin', sound checking, perfect
Soul searchin', no purpose, purchase
Been an addict, been starvin', thirsty
Still greedy, don't tease me, servin'
I'm mobbin' to the beach
Top down, loud sound, see my peeps
Smoke a pound, stomach growl, let me feast
I need-need everything in my reach, that's what we preach
My niggas know I'm loco
Don't tell Rashad he's a star on the low-low
And raising bars like Lamar on the pogo
I'm selling art, sellin' souls by the bo-go at the dojo

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