

Locked in
Serve em up with that top spin
Young boy I've been taking off
And might pull up in that cockpit
And I... got hits
Don't ask for shit cause we not friends
I spits verses I been working
You mo'fuckers just clocked in
And you doing it but I been did it
My potential that's Ben Simmons
Like blue jeans at the state fair
I might cut you off straight mid-sentence
She love the way that I'm quick with it
We have sex and I'm quick with it
If I put it in with no condom on
Then I might last like 10 minutes
On a good day
But baby it's cool we can do it again
This is the moment and this is the year
I'm predicting that I'll prolly be losing some friends
Please do not tell me about all of the bullshit
That y'all have been doing and who has been with
I feel like I should have been famous a year ago
I ain't got interest into just shooting the shits (woo)
When are we doing it big?
They made it cool and you ruined it quick
I got a hit's I don't usually miss
All of the shit you'll be shooting the bricks
It's crazy to me that you think this shits working
We don't give a fuck about you and your clique
All that I need is a year
And I swear the whole country gon' wonder like
"Who is this kid?"

I remember in the morning
When I take the bus to school
I wondered to myself
If this is how it has to be
I would take my finger
Write my name up on the window
Thinking one day
That's gon be up on a magazine

Been about a week now
Been sleep deprived
Teachers' see me I'm easing by
C's and D's I don't need to try
But that piece of mind's what I need to find
And these people 'round me don't help
I've been dreaming like I'm still twelve
I was thinking bout what I want to be
I been redefining myself
Watch me as I break the ceiling
Watch me as I make a million
I think yo girl faking feelings
She just want to date a real one
I'm the man that got the hits

I think I should get payed to kill him
Pigment look like sour cream
They treat me like I'm Jason Williams
I'm trying to get to the top of the pyramid
Obvious to me you not really serious
You can not sit with me
Do this shit differently
If you pick Sprite Ima cop the Sierra Mist
I feel like Hell isn't as hot as my lyrics is
Tell them to give me my chops as a lyricist
All of these rappers look nervous as fuck to me
Like when your girlfriend ain't gotten her period (uh)
Yeah I can tell it's a struggle for you
Seeing this happen with me and this rapping
I'm doing just what I been wanted to do
I did not bring 'em a thing in the spring
So we gon see now what the summer can do
Only way they get themselves into shape
Is I bring in the facts and they run from the truth

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