

Yeah

My grandmomma had high hopes

I don't want to die bro

I just spread love and leave this bitch on a high note

If we talkin' money then you niggas got my vote

The pussy might be good but these bitches is psychos

That's facts, I never sit with twelve and tell info'

They run up on you pullin' techs out they Chanel trench coats

Bitch, I rep Atlanta like I'm Arthur Blank's assault rifles

Look just like them shits that they shoot off of tanks

As we been gettin' money, my memory often draws a blank

If it's beef [?] cook all the [?]

Yeah, you know the God can't be boxed in

Bitch, I'm in top ten since I was signed with Hopsin

Drugs got me 'noyed, I feel like somebody watchin'

My circle gettin' small 'cause I feel like somebody plottin'

I lost a good friend who was sniffin' a box of cotton

Wish I knew you was depressed, now you stiff in that box, rottin'

I play the tough guy like I wasn't suppressing fears

Thought I wasn't good enough 'cause I wasn't impressing peers

Now it's fuck a favorite rapper, I'm the God

Used to look up to you niggas 'til I found out they all frauds

Yeah, I'm finna ride on my enemies

Fuck a drive-by, I'll walk up on you, like "You remember me?"

After I kill 'em, I pray that I find some inner peace

My demons keep me up, swear to God, I cannot get any sleep

Yeah, uh, hail Mary

It's [?] and the bodies are well buried

Eh, somebody call a pastor

Disobedient slave is 'bout to body all the masters

Motherfucker

Closed minds in 2020 get close-lined

I feel like Reggie Miller holdin' up the choke sign

Grabbin' on my nuts while your lady's sittin' court side

It's 6am, but I got up around New York time

Woah, drop top Impala, I just got it washed

Still movin' 'cause everything has a rocky start

Try to jump me like Jodie and end up in the park

Line 'em up like baby boy, I gotta do my part

Sock 'em once, my hand hurt, but shit the plan worked

I'm doin' what I love, you niggas can't stand work

I put my fans first, you can ask 'em, I don't miss days

All I do is drip, ever since the Hopsin/SwizZz days

You crazy in the head if you ain't feelin' me

I do this willingly off the top, excuse my hostility

My tendencies is always on your masters in this industry

They really lynch the mind, it took some time to get in the league

I know, Nat turned a mentality, he the GOAT

That's when I learned a weak mind can get you hung by your throat

You gettin' attention but that don't mean you're the smartest

Smart visions can leave a smart nigga heartless

Everybody can see your secret apartment

A fake nigga don't give a fuck 'bout the people that they crossin'

Workin' all day, I learned that shit the hard way

Don't gamble with your life like a semi-game parlay

Never scared, we got ARs our way

They was plottin' on our downfall the hard way
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