

Say after me
Within me, is a god...

I'ma tell you
Fuck your favourite artist
Bang then you adios
I'm in this bitch
Numero uno
Gotta get it
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Fuck your favourite artist
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Gotta get it
Oh, Lord

Yeah, uh, yeah
Banana clips for Harambes
Miss me with the monkey shit, Sergei's on Sundays
Walkin' into church when his mama heard the gun blaze
At a loss for words, no verbs that we can convey
Malibu City beach, white bitches sunbathe
I'm in this bitch laced and [?]
Flight steward steady spewin' fluid on my Kanye's
No carbonated drinks so all the skewers in my Bombay
Ugh, boujee Benton diamond pendant
For my baby mama time is limit gotta get it
I'ma beat the odds I can't be blemished by systemics
Fuck a coffin when I die they preserve me by cryogenics
Fuck your favourite artist I bet he hardly is still streamin'
I'm Constantine, I'm constantly tryna kill demons
She gon' lick the cum off the carpet, my dick gon' spill semen
Told you hoes to give me the roses while I was still breathin'
Benton

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What a tale, as circumstance would have it
A universe designed to work with chance and magic
Overcomin' the odds of words you can't describe it
Pull the cards and then see if murder can't survive it
Bullet dodge, and iller than psilocybin
Tripping with 16, quick wit it's still a problem
I took the long way, back from this ill asylum

Found out my heart's good, still as my will is violent
And I been, able to thrive in a cemetery of sickness
Or vibin' with the lives that are vividly depicted
Wearin' all the wounds, that been similarly inflicted
The chemistry it mixes of symmetry is wicked
Makes me a modern-day G.O.A.T
My city all addicted dawg, they not on they dope
And I been, as high as it goes, rock bottom and both
If I say "I got 'em," I got em, swear to God on my oath

Sit myself down in the church, with my heart broke
Feelin' like I got my heart poked with a dart slow
Real spill, A-verse like an art show
Fuck tryna get a penny for my thoughts though
Rob the plug and pull off with the cargo
Hunnid on the dash, haul ass when the car go
Gettin' to it, gotta get it 'fore I'm gone though
Chew Quando, kick knowledge like the bars though
Dripped down like I'm Bruce Buffer
Your boo love 'er, she ready to let the crew fuck her
Tooth tuck her, tell me you really want trouble
Think you tough but the Teflon is too tougher
Pursue stick-ups, set up suckers and watch 'em suffer
The guap I love it, my reputation gold as a nugget
My lyrics is butter, and the rhythm is rugged
Fuck your favourite artist, I'll fuck his mother, give him a brother

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I'ma tell you one thing I do know
If there's drama my gun buckin' just like a blue nose
Every day I'm out here chasin' down these blue notes
Numero, uno, pockets on sumo
(No clue what the fuck he says here)
Came a long way from them bowls of ramen noodles
I'm flyin' in that old-school two-door
Colours Chicago red, like Jordan pimpin' that [?]
I went in overtime with the grind
Watched the mills deals get sealed like bottled wine
I went from Sloppy Joe's to yellow-tailed Carpaccio
I turned my rocky roads to diamonds and solid gold
When my shotty go bang then you adios
Cobain to the brain, you don't gotta boast
It's cocaine in your vein when you play this dope
Cheech and Chong, yeah, that nigga gone, boy he up in smoke