

## 29 (Freestyle)

JID

(Woah)

Woah, ugh, ah, this shit is stupid

Fuck, man, trudgin', uh

(Christo)

Trudgin' through the mud, you gotta pay me back in blood  
Tap heads, call subs if you tired, bruh  
Liable to wild if they don't give me my semi-nine  
Fit me fine, hit a nigga fifty five-five, ha, times  
Hard times still ahead and behind, don't whine though  
I ride or die, or I'll die while releasin' the Rondo  
I'm qualified, I've never made a dollar off of Spotify  
Shit, nah, I'm lyin', probably five  
She say my willy really giant, Jiddie Cauley-Stein  
Kamikaze cool, killin' mood  
You will not survive, who will I include?  
Every girl got a so-called thug, go and get in the line  
'Cause when I touch lines, it's suicide  
It's 'bout time for niggas to duck the shade then shine through all blinds  
When all stars align, the lightwave wasted my time  
Switchin' gears to grind, came to grips with grabbin' nines  
In the midst of wind whispers, where you been? It's been a mighty long time  
Long time, lineage, legacy, legend in his primetime  
Like Deion, HBC, you caught your own kind  
Blindside, I look out for yours, you look out for mine  
Like you Michael Oher or them crackers, Michael Myers at my door  
Mighty fine (Whore), read my horoscope and said my sign  
What's your rising? What's your moon? Saw her moon was from behind  
Shake it like it's for the 2000 and 1999  
Back that thing up like Juvenile, rhyme line for line  
Gold and diamonds shine, never sign my soul  
For those I told, my bro in the ride with rope  
Before I glow, it cost, they inside the stove  
It's hot, my nose overflow with snot-  
You didn't know the nigga, told me I be totin' the rock  
Gettin' older, nigga, tell me I be totin' the Glock  
Gettin' older, nigga, die (Dead) or get a thumb in the box  
Before they told me, ni-ni-ni-ni  
I had to show these ni-ni-ni-ni  
Workin' like Kobe-be-be-be-be  
Look at my Rollie-lie-lie-lie-lie  
Niggas on flash, ho', niggas on bodie  
Niggas on OD-D-D-D-D  
Niggas don't know me-me-me-me-me  
Niggas don't know me-me-me-me-me  
But I'ma gon' show these niggas  
I'ma show these niggas, I'ma show these niggas  
When the police kick in the door  
You and daddy on the dope fiend, but he still smoked  
They pull up in the Rover, feet on top  
When they see it like a motherfucker, you feel what I'm sayin'?  
Haha