

Hip-hop
Yeah
Niggas not gettin' money
Uh, look

I gave them niggas two summers to get their shit right
On the surface, I was cool, but it killed me on the inside
As my pen glide across the page, it reminded of the days
Before guns, we ran fades and had fist-fights
I never been afraid of anybody, get a brick and hit a big guy
But it's not Friday, niggas slidin' after midnight
Playin' cops and robbers, stagin' robberies excited me
Until that grip of life held on me tighter than a pit fight

Uh, look, okay
Young black Rambo, ridin' in the Lambo'
Gun packed, ammo, ridin' with the-, yeah
Young black Rambo, ridin' in the Lambo'
Young black (Rambo), ride with the-, yeah
Young black-, ride with the-
Young black Rambo, ridin' in the Lambo' (Uh)
Gun packed, ammo, ridin' in the Lambo' (Uh, uh)
Young black (Rambo), ridin' with the-, yeah (Look, uh, alright)

Young black nigga got a dumb sack
Lil' Jiddy talkin' big shit, that's a contrast
I could triple-task, tickle-tickle, make her cum fast
Why drive in the whip? Crash, you only have one chance
I only got one job (What the fuck is that?)
To make your fuckin' head bob
And turn the bear knob on the speaker to shake a dreadlock
Besides that, I done had this shit inside a headlock
Tryna get paid off and make off like Bernie Madoff
The vibe that the pie multiply plus divide that
R.I.P. my guy, you know we cryin' 'til the sky's black
Shades that match on my face, never show my reaction
I'm quarterbackin', throwin' dimes, avoid the sackin'
I feel the magic, can't imagine what I get for rappin'
I come up with that 'bout as quick as a finger snap
Off a snap finger, never knew I'd be a rap singer
Buyin' weed in the trap, lingering
It's just my brothers and me and we not Ringling
We just came to get some cheese, heard your pockets jinglin'
Jump a nigga, shoot a scene, word to John Singleton
Clip as long as Yao Ming, better stop minglin'
Now they know me overseas, out in London, England
Drinkin' unresponsibly, couldn't sneak the lean in (But we got the weed in)
God willin', I was able, but I'm not The Weeknd
A black Rambo in a Lambo' (Uh), I'm gettin' even (Shit, fuck)

Uh, look, okay
Young black Rambo, ridin' in the Lambo'
Gun packed, ammo, ridin' with the-, yeah
Young black Rambo, ridin' in the Lambo'
Young black (Rambo), ride with the-, yeah
Young black-, ride with the-
Young black Rambo, ridin' in the Lambo'

Gun packed, ammo, ridin' in the Lambo' (Look, they done let me in this mo-)
Young black (Rambo), ridin' with the-, yeah (Fuck, fuck 'em, look)

They let me in the game, I get a toe in, I kicked the door in
I shot the doorman, I shot your folk'nem, I got the dope in
I did my show then I fucked your ho'nem
I'm with my bro'nem, my niggas totin' (Chill out)
Twin Glock's, a couple Olsen's, I'm gettin' cozy in this bitch
Shoes off, dirty clothes in the open
None folded, I'm never foldin', I smell the Folgers
I'm in the mornin', plottin' with the southern soldiers
You never sober, you not a shooter, you Sefolosha
A self-illusion (Shit, shit)
We accept that there be challenges and we execute it
But now I'm tryna find my balance on this pedestal
Rackin' in the revenue
The rage in my head and I see red from out my retinals
It's like a bomb, undetectable
And, technically, I been the best, but, we ain't bein' technical
But time'll be the test to tell, wins, fails, L's, all perceptual
Yeah, and you don't wanna see JID in the zone
You fuck around, find JID in the back of your home
With a bookbag, war paint, vests, and some ammo
K over the shoulder, two Barretta's, I'm Rambo
Kids lend me your ear and remember's a Van Gogh
Hop out the van like Van Damme and let the can blow
Everyone scramblin' for shelter in shambles
The black Rambo, nigga, that's too much damn smoke

Uh, look, okay
Young black Rambo, ridin' in the Lambo'
Gun packed, ammo, ridin' with the-, yeah
Young black Rambo, ridin' in the Lambo'
Young black (Rambo), ride with the-, yeah
Young black, ride with the (Look, and if I ride today, they probably ain't g
on' want that)
Young black Rambo, ridin' in the Lambo' (And if I die today, they said I wou
ldn't come back)
Gun packed, ammo, ridin' in the Lambo' (And if I ride today, they probably a
in't gon' want that)
Young black (Rambo), ridin' with the-, yeah (And if I die today, they said I
wouldn't come back)