

# BEAU

JID

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)