

Cereal

JID

Ayy, Scheme, you killed it
Christo
Uh, okay

Ran outta milk, mixed the water and cereal
Twenty-two hit, make a hole like a Cheerio
Give me the stick, I'ma scratch off the serial
Killin' this shit, if I murder, it's serious
Serial killer, I shoot at the spirits
Cool as the toes on the polar, it's bear
Hooligan holdin' the woodgrain steerin' wheel
In the hood like I'm pushin' through Paris

Huh, oh, shit, I'm curious
What you really want? The truth or you dares?
Put the puddin' in the proof and prepare
Gotta stay from out of loop with you squares
Bo was here, Blanc was here, Slew was here, Drew was here
Where was you dear?
Nah, blowin' air, you a tuba player
Over there, you ain't cool here

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Ran with the killers and most of 'em serial
Run up on dealer, go di-di-di-digital
No face to pin it on, no Rey Mysterio
Hol' up, wait, here we go
Okay, it's no way they don't know the dealio
Fuck what they talkin', I hear 'em all M-E-O-W
Barkin', but don't get a visual
Pull up on a nigga with a nigga with issues
Little and big dudes, turn 'em to pit food
Burn 'em in pits in Pittsburgh, they pick fools
Purge and pick jewels, heard he rich, ooh
Tossed the gun soon as the job was done
The bullet popped his lungs, he couldn't jog or run
I couldn't jog my memory tryna find that one that hit him
Don't know his name and I'm not the one to give it
Piss on a lame if you hot, then hunt and get him
Pop the trunk and pick him out the bunch and hit him
Stop the frontin' if you not a punk, then kill him
Stop the punches, split noggins, lungs and kindeys
All the zombies with me starvin', hungry
If the card got funds then we all gon' fuckin' eat
Niggas real dark in the heart but fuck with me
Any real dawg with a heart will fuck with me

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Aw shit, I killed him
I ain't know he wouldn't pay when I billed him
Fuck with my money, I'm fucking your bill up
Aim for the head when I shoot, Billups
Aim for the head when I shoot my shot, call me Clinton
Presidential watch, they gonna steal 'em
Lootin' up the shops, me, I'm just chillin'
Thought about it twice, now I'm like, "No way"
I ain't pissin' off Noname
Mama used to say, "Go play"
Now I'm worried 'bout co-pay
Bitch, I'm missin' the old days
Catch me on the 105 in the 50i, drivin' like I'm O.J.
With a bitch that's into role play, okay
I got my city, I run it like Ricky
So if you fuck with me that shit could get risky
I'm milkin' the game, every bar is a titty
I fuck up the system, I work it like Missy
Your money is iffy, your peoples is fifty
You takin' them shots but they all seem to miss me
They never gon' hit me, you better off givin' me
Shots for my kidney, I'm killin' em quickly
Middle finger to the Twitter fingers
Hitter-quitter fingers, hit 'em, pop, clean up
I just got my Dries out the cleaners
Trappin' got him in the court, Venus
Me and JID, that's the best team-up
Thought you was the best, fucked your dream up
Almost made it but you broke your femur
Excuses, excuses, excuses, excuses

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