

Mm

Look, uh

I gave niggas hope when they needed hope
I gave niggas dope when they needed dope
Showed niggas the ropes and visuals from a different scope
Set the pick and roll, nigga, chill (No)
Overkill, I spit the real niggas get killed over
Still holdin' my piece, be still dirty, you can still hold it
It's still cold in this crib, he finna steal coal
Kill more these in the field, I hope you got your will wrote
Dome shot 'em, that's a third eye, you real-real woke (Real)
What's the reward? But what are the risks involved?
What's the penalty for it?
Get a pen, write his name on a bullet for ya boy
Then pull it when ya blitz, ya get a Pulitzer award (Cheers)
You know it's gravy when surveillance in the rear
We in the clear, pick up them shell cases and make them cases disappear
Mwah, taste the fear
A nigga born and raised here, a raisin in the sun
Cuttin' up coke with a razor, it's gettin' crazier
The nasally Nas, but I'm more JAY-Z-er
Awkwardly walkin' back on tracks like Ryan Shazier
Science is great, but God greater, more wavier
We made it this far, tip the bartender, sign a autograph for the waiter
All the talk is gettin' radical and racier
We ain't forgot the path nor the past, no erasure
I'm lockin' in to focus like a laser and we lapdog niggas who lazier

By the day, it's gettin' crazier and crazier
And crazier, and crazier
And crazier (Ayy), and crazier
And crazier (Man), and crazier (It's real)

No shit, I wrote this sittin' outside the psych ward
Cashin' out, I be blackin' out 'cause it keep the lights on
I'm the illest, it's in the air, you should get the Lysol
Lots of trauma from drama I saw, I need new eyeballs
Clear, clear, it's crystal, I peer within you, I'm spiritual
Seek and destroy you, I see the noise and I hear the symbols (Ah)
Extraordinary, the stupid genius, somebody call Keem
Phoenix out the ashes like they done cremated Joaquin
My pen is more impressive than your lockscreen
My G, this just in, Herbert on your back
I charge a nigga for a rap, I'ma need more than a quarter back
We 'nem niggas, don't worry 'bout them, they ain't on my team
Omnipresence in my reflection, cursed with the gift
I hate abidin' by the rules (I did not diss the president)
I hang a mic up by the noose like a lynch mob in the south
My palate need a straight jacket every time I open my mouth
It's gettin' (Crazier)
Thought you was titanic, but I'm the glacier
Mm-mm, that pussy good, but I had tastier

Just the other day, sir
Bag full of blue strips like dirty diapers
You ain't the shit, bitch
If I had a genie, my only wish would be you and a genie
They gettin' jittery when they in the vicinity with JID and me
You grow a money tree, then they get shadier
Your foundation get shakier
You remember what happened to the savior
This shit only get

Crazier and crazier
And crazier, and crazier
And crazier, and crazier
And crazier, and crazier (Soulo)
And crazier, and crazier
And crazier, and crazier
And crazier, and crazier
And crazier, and crazier (Crazier)

That shit slap like a motherfucker