

Yo, I'm in Atlanta, bruh
Hit me back, lil' nigga

Now elevate my status to Gucci bags
Glued to my apparatus, pussy harassers
Me and Siri moving steery so that shit don't matter
And yes them things gon' flash if you want to act up

Dead 'em from every side of the spectrum
Hannibal Lector lecture, body part bone collector
Nosy ass hoes get punched in the septum
That's part of the woes for throwing salt like Epsom
Pardon my bros, kinda off the rocker and steps
Don't step, stupid, or you get slapped stupid
East side little Route, Zone 6 vet
Showin' respect, a nigga forever in debt, but don't forget it
Anybody wanna see 'em, I can make 'em a believer
At your neck like Gillette, get you and the nigga next to ya
In present time they sayin' that I'm the next nigga
Woah, woah, that kinda sound like a death trap
Can't see the floor, elevator, where the steps at?
James Bond' 9-James Harden with the step-back
No D, niggas playin' foul, where the techs at?
That's cool, wave the 30 round, where the TECs at?
Better get back, better get you a jetpack, they shoot where the ref at
They shoot at your jefe, they leavin' 'em stank like Pepé Le Pew
They just put a hole in his Pepe, I go where the check at, Margiella Gorilla
They kill a nigga for a thrill, they feel it now, cool, keep it movin'
I won't be the nigga they taking out, breaking down, face down
As far as these rappers man, these words couldn't hurt a nigga
Far as these rappers, I can't count on a ninja turtle's finger
Who really is fucking with the kid, that is J.I.D
I am loud, that is mid, I'm a pound, that's a smidge
I'm a stallion, stout, strong, war ready, resilient
Guess the Lord put me in position just to kill niggas
A warrior, but words used is my spear
My sword, my fear, my Lord, my chance is void if I
Do it for myself and don't give back to the loyal
The unemployed, all my boys in here
Okay, let's really make some noise in here

I'm under pressure, smoking pressure, walking in no direction
Chalk it up to the devil for fucking with my perspective
Too young to be a witness but old enough for the lessons
Soo Young, got a tucker to fuck with the chief inspector
I bleed just like your favorites, I shit just like the angels
Oh shit, I feel a change and a shift in niggas' thinkin'
Like Lute, I got the jugg, I'ma say it's quite the finagle
Get rich and make some babies that's weirder than Will and Jada's
But lately, I've been blocked up
Lately, I've been strugglin' with ways to get my stock up
Me and Venus workin' on new videos to blockbust and city shows and pop-ups
And really though I feel as though there's no bitch I could not fuck
Niggas make art and act hard for no Oscar
Boy you're just Leonardo
Born in the life you had to learn to be part of
Still, no deal, still whippin' the Mazda, but fuck

Niggas ain't seein' you Venus, shit, and I ain't seeing me
So many nights at the bottom, swore I was ET
My mama beat me, mu'fuck a degree
I chose both pills, my thoughts 3D
And often I probably come off so off the deep beat
That a lil' nigga like me gotta keep at least two or three BPs
In the blunt, they're off a DP as the rain pops off of these street
And the pain pops me another one to the brain
I let the strain do what you can't, I know it's hard out tryna reach me, huh
I'm battling addiction, I'm deep in premonitions
I'm clutching on my last dollars, I'm stretching common sense
A pressure point a keeper so I question my existence
Be assessing my involvement, second-guessing my delivery
Lord, Ezekiel take the wheel, I'm flying in the young
Out of luck, out of hope to fuck up
So motherfuck a time limit, I'ma take what's mine nigga
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If you want to act up
If you want to act up
Come act up