

General

JID

Uh, fuckin' wisdom tooth is killin' me
Fuck, whatever..ahem..

Check, anybody can see the kid got it
I see niggas ignore it so I feel a way about it
From rapping in that truck with bolts on and rolling blunts
Bagging a couple bitches and fucking them all at once
Friday night lights, I was catching and dropping punts
Thinking 'bout rapping, I could be J.I.D or like Chris Johnson
My thumbs keep strumming kinda like the Mumford & Sons
Mommy went dumb when she got that call, I had got caught
Kicked out of college for tongues, niggas be talking
I wasn't even on camera, just hit the lick with some amateurs
Glad we did that, now I'm flying to Los Angeles
With a 8th in my pre-rolls, call that shit a tarantula
Tarantino on your big screen, ho
Slave man, South East Coast, J.I.D or DiCap Leo
Set it off, my big sis reminded me of Cleo
And my brothers is killers you might see on Nat Geo
You gotta chill cause niggas can get they cap peeled
I keep that 40 like I'm Pat Tillman
They sent my nigga up the hill, yea they jack jill'd 'em
And a million other black children, let's crack the seal, I'm spillin'

Alright, I feel amazing, I can feel the haters, do something
I ain't finna fade ya, I ain't got a taser, shoot something
Niggas talkin' crazy, wipe the little baby, too funny
Pull up on ya, had a crew coming, take a deuce on ya, hold up

Look, look, alright
Looking for it in the night time, I been looking for it all day
I'ma get it at the right time, watch 'em fuck with me the long way
Watch a nigga at the bike whip, hit the buyer with the stone face
Greenbriar with the whole case, bust it down and flood the whole state
Bitches know when that work good, Anna Mae eat the whole cake
We ain't even gotta role play, had to get it out the bowl way
Kill shit, OJ, no way, Jose, slo-mo, okay
I don't do this shit at your pace, I ain't here to do it your way
And I'm coming through the ceiling
Through the floor, back and front door way
You do not want war, I swear, I swore on your grave
I been on my shit since like 6th, 5th, and 4th grade—wait
Even before grades, going to my brother court dates
And I asked my momma bout what he did but they'd never tell me
Then I figured he killed a nigga or got caught for some dope he selling
Kinda close but no cigarillo, he was armored up, that's a armadillo
My pops did time in the military and he taught us how to disarm a nigga
See the boys, you better warn a nigga but JID prolly got warrants, nigga
Like North Carolina or South Carolina, got the hideout in like Florence, nig
ga
Swear your raps so borin', nigga
Then you say you trap—you be lyin', nigga
I don't fuck with none of y'all happy trappers
Better grab and strap, people dyin', nigga, Lord
Sorry we making all the noise, but you ain't have to call the boys
Some shit you just can't avoid, dumb shit, coolin' with the squad