

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, nigga  
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  
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