

# Half Doin Dope

JID

(Hey, JID, bro what good?)  
My nigga, what's happenin'? I'm back in this ho  
(Hey, what goin' on with y'all folks? I hope y'all straight)  
Fuck all them crackers, I'm packin' a pole  
(Ayy, fuck all 'em stupid-ass racist bitches)  
I gave them rappers they time at the podium  
I ain't spoken, I ain't speak in a moment  
It's been a minute, I was feedin' the homeboy  
(Where the hell you been then, little bruh?)  
Holdin' it down, keep my niggas afloat  
(Oh, you mean like investin'? Like givin' back to the community?)  
He in the mound with pounds of dope  
(Oh shit, I see what you mean, boy, you hell)  
She got the mouth and the throat of a G.O.A.T (Woah)  
But be on the prowl to go fuck on my bro (Woah, shit)  
You scandalous hoes, Olivia Pope (Woah, shit, woah, shit)  
I'm having some motion (Woah, shit)  
I'm having some brunch in Miami with Hova (Woah)  
I'm braggin', I'm boastin'  
I'm Black as fuck and just be draggin' my scrotum (Woah, woah)  
I'm mad as fuck at how they had or have us in ropes (Woah, shit)  
Half don't have a daddy at home, half doin' dope  
Habitat a hazard, they having stones  
Niggas hassling, running homes  
Like a habit but amateurs anywhom  
(Run through that motherfuckin' shit on the daily)  
Look at me, drippy, he fresh off the boat  
(Boy, where you goin', where you been, where you goin' to?)  
Can't fit the crown on the head of a G.O.A.T  
(Exactly, nigga, roll that shit up then)  
Uh, look, half of an ounce in the pouch of my coat  
I used to be surfing on couches and sofas  
Needed a shower with water and soap  
(Damn, lil' dirty ass nigga, how'd you get this shit then?)  
I put this shit on my back for the team  
(Oh, you better protect yourself, nigga I know you ain't playin')  
My chopper sing, Dion, Celine  
(That's my motherfuckin' dog, he ain't playin' with y'all fuck niggas)  
One for my momma and one for my queen  
Not one for the drama or causing a scene  
They caught him in traffic out on 20-East  
I come from Atlanta, I'm Tony, I'm Tony Montana  
I told 'em I toe 'em, I tag 'em  
My brodie told me put my dope into rap  
While he wrappin' dope, he put his hope in the trap  
In a total package, I don't know if he braggin'  
But niggas knowing who be holdin' it  
Havin' in the hood constantly battlin' bad or good  
I ain't mad at him, all of us gettin' jugged  
Now I don't give a fuck  
(Now you know your ass give a fuck, boy)  
Well, I gotta wrap this up  
Gotta go to the cash, never had too much  
Got a bag in a flash, then I passed you up  
The raps is a wrap, I could smack you up  
Like a pimp cup in a cap with a limp, whippin' a 'Lac on rims  
I thought it was him (I thought that was you, my nigga)

JID catch a nigga workin' out in the gym (Oh, shit)

Hmm

Ten and a half, put it right on your neck  
Ten thousand dollars, put right on your ex  
If he let his homies hype him high as a jet  
I'ma greenlight it, we sponsor the step team  
Wrap the pill, leak through the sheets like a wet dream  
Flew this bitch out, all I saw was her nipple  
Shit felt like a movie with terrible sex scenes  
Who's sellin' guns? Let me check local listings  
I'm in Detroit damn near more than the Pistons  
Last nigga play with my name came up missin'  
So much demon work, damn near questioned religion  
No way that God would let all of these niggas hate how I am livin'  
I did too much for the next out of love  
Been at the bottom, and lived way above  
Trust me, it's easier under than up  
Sunny side up, coupe was yellow like mustard  
Workin' so hard, tryin' not to get flustered  
For four summers straight, could've balled, Dave & Busters  
I reserved all my feelings, I knew not to trust 'em  
Niggas know Boat 'bout this shit, without question  
Rather buy sex before I buy a section  
Rather buy lot sections before I lease  
Walk with a limp, but I talk like a priest  
It's us

(Brr)

Easy or the hard way, I took the crack route  
Ain't it crazy I never had to work the trap house?  
Novak Djokovic, how I pull 'em racks out  
Old girl think she cute 'cause she got her ass out  
Pshh, that's 2022 for you  
Why you call him bro? When it's time, he won't shoot for you (Why?)  
You brought a pole to the fight, I got a nuke for you  
I got a four, got a pint, got a deuce for you  
I like it cold with some ice in my double cup  
I'm off the flight, took the Sprinter, fuck a shuttlebus  
Moonrock in the blunt, I might hover up (Nyoom)  
So much money in my backpack, I might pinch a nerve  
Pull up in that big Hellcat, I might hit the curb  
She done hit me with that one brain, man, this bitch a nerd  
If she don't hit me with that one brain, then she gettin' swerved  
Real roadrunner, no wheels, took the hound home  
Too many blues in the roll, I can't count blow (Brr)  
You want a handout? How about no?  
Yohji Yamamoto, came a long way from Southpole (Huh)  
Touchdown in two plays  
ARP'll turn his Tuesday into doomsday  
Ridin' 'round tinted, masked up like I'm Bruce Wayne  
So much kick, it's Liu Kang mixed with Liu Kang, huh

Told her "Quit the playin', we ain't K-I-Ds"  
Lil' bitch a fan, she just asked if I know JID  
Say we owe you, shit, you must've missed the A-I-E  
I mean the A-E-I, shit, I'm tired, been a crazy week  
First rule was put up five every K I see  
Told the bitch "Don't question me, I ain't A.I. sneaks"  
ShittyBoyz DogShit Militia  
You know what the fuck goin' on