

As I looked at my watch and try to gather my thoughts  
That was locked in a box, outside, the reflect of the clock  
That was on my wall, aw dog, you been thinkin' a lot  
Drinkin' a lot of the lean and smokin' the pot  
Heather swallowed my dick and called it her black cock  
And said that she'll be back so don't tax for the crack rock  
And I'm like, "you could bet not," better get you some snapshots  
In your mind of some type 'cause I'm a stand up type of guy  
You'll be surprised what these bitches'll do  
Keep my blunts rolled, pronto, even give me they soul  
If you don't know then I know what you didn't befo'  
Are you convinced that I'm the prince that told that y'ain't know?  
Sorry, didn't mean to fool ya, but yeah I'm the manure  
Can I get a Hallelujah? Baby it's Michael Jr  
Sorry, didn't mean to fool ya, but baby I'm the manure  
Can I get a Hallelujah? 'Cause bitch it's Michael Jr

Wa da la dang  
Wa da la dang dang  
I wrote this shit when I ain't have a dollar mane  
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Yeah, I seen your face real big on the poster  
[?] out, now it serves as a coaster  
Live mixtape, download it to a folder  
Play it, delete it, shit was slowin' up my modem  
Hop you quick enough to dodge the shots niggas throwin'  
Head, shoulders, arm, back, stomach, scrotum  
Oh, but we ain't done yet, we bustin' 'til the sunset  
Let's get a little deeper, we ain't even havin' fun yet  
L.E. said I'm humble as fuck and I could stunt  
Be loud, smellin' myself, shit, I'll leave it to my blunt  
Once I'm done with this flow, I'll leave it to a dust  
Let 'em fuck it up, cocaine your nose with a uppercut  
Fuck is up? Feelin' so anti-sober  
In NY looking for leaf like a clover  
[?] what you wan' do  
Do what your mind can't do, finna go on the run though, holla

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Wa da la

I wrote this shit when I ain't have a dollar mane

Bang, bang, whoever thought you'd find

A iller group of niggas who was rollin' in the same gang

Been goin' balls to the walls, now it's time to let my nuts hang

And I'm still hustling, niggas still tryin' to jock the slang

And they bitch is lookin' for a cock to swing on

Go up and down, get they stock exchange on

The ride get rough so hang on, and I just do me

And I'm so Lati' I could fuck around and get my sang on

Ah Ahem, like

U-N-I-T-Y, and we all equal but if you and I was ever tied

Then I prob'ly wasn't doin' somethin' right

Like when I piss and hiccup at the same time

And then I hit your chick up like, "What you doin' tonight?"

And then she send me pictures of that ass, so that ass in disguise

You know she doin' the plank on the vine

Where you plank on the wood while the guy's in recline

I think it's called the ride to the sky

I ain't really sure, I just heard it was tight

Damn, what's with the evil eye?

I'm chill, no I'm not a evil guy

Not a fan of lettin' all that bullshit fly y'all jump on

I just like to lead, want to follow? Then come on

Y'all chose the same path, I found another to run on

And when I get on top I got a lot of niggas to stunt on