

LAUDER

JID

Okay, I told motherfuckers I was sick as a bitch
The dopest dope you smoke, gon' get you a whiff
Watch how these niggas flip the script with the flick of they wrist
Southern lyricists don't exist like my flow is a myth

Get my girl angry and pissed and give that pussy a kiss
Pushing the same piece of shit until I get me a Bentley
Same niggas, same goals, same dreams and epiphanies
Me and my niggas are same lines as symmetry, wasn't empathy
Remember we would front yard brawl with big Timothy?
Kicked them doors because we had a lot of energy
My brother was locked up for shooting at the enemy
Caught one nigga then caught fifteen
I ain't meet that nigga 'til I was fifteen
Now I'm kicking 16's with a big screen in attempt to get the big cream
Little guy with a big dream, I need guidance
'Cause if I don't succeed, I probably proceed violence
Sippin' on the brown, no Bobby, I don't fuck with nobody
No team and no posse, you can catch it like Shockey
King of all kings, praise Haile Selassie
Rastafari, I don't need nobody, the God's got me

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You ain't used to the hustle, bro
Yeah, that shit how you live
We on a trade for a trade
I do this for you, I do this for you, you know what I mean?
I took the risk, you took the risk, I ain't disrespect it

So part of the reason I be so hard on my people
We never had it easy, never had a pot to pee in
I be on my knees praying till my onomatopoeia's packing a coliseum
Ain't no parking, I gotta see J.I.D
Gotta be there for my family, I gotta, can't try to be
I could be out of my mind, thinking logically
No apologies for speaking how I feel, I silently swore solemnly
That I would be the guy to make my black people proud of me
Roses to the mothers of anybody that doubted me
Yo' chick want dick, bitch dove in the covers
Overseen my areas, surveyed over my brothers
You touch them, you kill me, you can't get close to none of us
They still double-dribble, we going for triple-doubles
Triple up on your investment fuckin' with us
Probably have to rock that vest shit, you fuckin' with us
Wait (nah bro) Huh? (what you talkin' 'bout, homes?)

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Okay but fuck that shit, I gotta get it, I gotta get 'em
Tired of picking these locks, you don't respect my existance

I used to sleep in my car, never a park or a bench
But damn a nigga was broke, damnit if I didn't get it
Them niggas was thinking that it was just some rap for the kid
One day they gon' hit my phone, hit the show, scream, clap for the kid
Let's get it poppin', they're pulling pistols on apostle Paul
So paid the piper or meet the sniper, legend of the fall
I knew in diapers you and I was nothing alike at all
I do or die, you do it to die, I'm really making calls
You couldn't kill it and take it out of me, the ideology
This the odyssey, I'm Odysseus, you gotta follow me
Watch how I maneuver, I influence the influencers
The flow is like the flu in influenza going through the motion
So I motivate all of my niggas, they tell me kill 'em with kindness
I'd rather kill 'em and they're other significant
Writing lyrics in the city with pretty booties and titties
Don't get the cooties, it ain't like the movies
It kinda is 'cause they're shooting, kind of shit is you moving?
Shit I'm pushing, ain't proud of people life where I grew up
Someone tutored the students, these niggas stupidest, stupider, stupid shit
Sick as a bitch, flick of the wrist, my pen carries my many sins
The irony the iron can't straighten out any wrinkle in existence
Ripple and time triple my eyes realistically sicken
Am I sick in the head?
Wish I was dead, sick on a med, addicted
My lead sick on 'em, send 'em to hell, eh

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Bitch