

# Liverpool

JID

"You gotta work for greatness, man, you gotta work  
You gotta work hard just to be good  
Fuck being great, so imagine greatness, we gon' be great"

I told that bitch to get with me cause I'll be 21 forever  
Skipin' cross the globe, baby girl, what the fuck is bad weather?  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
He jumped up out the hood, what, you thought he ain't wan' go?  
I told the motherland I'll be back, you ain't know?

Skate, open the drapes  
Silhouette, not a face approaches  
With a plate full of crepes, grapes with the blunt to chase  
Teeth paste, lay waste, lay pipe  
Say grace, regular George would say that's dynamite  
JJ damn kids, Bebe, damn J.I.D  
Ate the whole state, put the straw in the great lakes  
Fuck these steaks, tryna get overseas  
Talking shit over trees, bumping Maurice king's treason  
Thieves in the night if you readin' it right  
We breed kings and knights, I'm still peepin' the sights, huh  
Flabbergasted over the lights  
Seen these niggas swagger jackin' over the night  
That old shit you keep, but this time won't be nice  
You hit me one time, second time gon' be like  
The worst death since Michael, shots say Columbine  
Shoppin' at boutiques in Niece, I gotta find  
The dopest unique that speaks what's on my mind  
Feelin' like I left my cleats, I gotta climb in 'em blind  
Please show me how to get to, or maybe where to find, oh gladly  
My London gal call me her American daddy  
Reflex, no gaggy  
She fuck with the mind, the tattoos and the swaggy  
I gladly give her the whole bone like Lassie  
But if she fuck another fella, she dead like old yeller  
She deader than Helen Keller  
I kill her, I really kill her  
I'm chillin', I'm really feelin' myself and I'm really spillin'  
I'm spillin' the whole cup, tell me, have you rolled up?  
J.I.D got the alligator grip on your whole butt  
Let me, let me hold up  
Let me, let me hold up  
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No, bruh, I'm ready to get this money  
I need more with these white girls who snort lines like they don't need nose  
s  
Spill' Ville billboard's posters  
Need notice, notification of bosses  
Like Maya Lanskey, you fancy pants fans can't stand me  
J-I-D, baby, in the eyes for eye candy  
Y'all don't understand me  
This is for my niggas who say "Fuck understanding!"  
Standing under rain with my toes in the sand

Lightning playin', this shit sound like Coltrane  
You gotta snatch this mic from my cold dead hands  
And probably still have to fight the old dead man

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Now usually I don't do this  
Usually, I be tucked off in the corner looking foolish  
Have everybody saying "Man, who, who, who, who this?"  
Tryna' stick to myself like some praying hands  
Or some crashed aliens  
And I dance it like [?] dance  
Woo, holy ghost don' got me shiverin'  
Tilted with the top with just a little off his rocker  
He tryna paint his life, his future brighter than his father's  
Crazy, how could they start him?  
JFK with the pardon  
Listen, I play it often, it whistles on through the dark  
See, we be def starring your clan, missing the mark  
I be waiting on ya early like I'm 'posed to play the organ

Cleaner than a rubber duck, what the fuck?  
Mommy suck, daddy yelled "Please, oh, please! Please, oh please!"  
So we can find it, and it's hard to stay with us  
We just bleed, we just bleed out the eyeball radius  
The crimson tears of growing up  
I'm super lifted off that Eucalyptus  
Watching all my foolish visions come into fruition  
While you losin' business, you stupid nigga  
Them copy-cat maneuvers ain't conducive to your movement, nigga  
Eating cool in her while she do the dishes  
Direct a choir in my sex attire  
Look at your neighbor, tell your neighbor "Pull her dress up higher"  
Just like Elijah when I profit, ain't no bush on fire  
Still ain't believing what he's leaving [?]  
Is he a 5 percenter? Kinda hard to Identify when he's high, spittin' and his  
eyes flicker  
Then the sky opened up and that lightning hit him  
I'm like "Damn, I might actually sound alright on this one"  
We camping realer than a jungle in the night on this one  
And I'm just chillin', imagine me off of my prescriptions  
Bring your camera, your [?] might deny your business  
Said bring your camera, your [?] might deny your visions  
Spillage Village! I have no life

Let me, let me hold up...