

Slick Talk

JID

Activate, activate, activate
Activate, activate, activate
You know I'm about to activate
Activate, activate, activate
Activate, activate, activate
Activate
Whoa Kenny!

Activation, activation
Maturation, process rap game too saturated
Grab your lady, masturbation on her face
A acne patient acting patient, so complacent
Comfortable, a basic bowl of shit
Hold my own, I own my dick
Go shaloma unpredictable and roll with the clique of fold of big clips
Ya'll know I feel activated when I came in this bitch
Claiming the 6, I don't care about being famous and shit
I was a bad little never had, nigga get the bag
Give it back to my fam, boy I am who I am
Hope I don't get a jam in the jam
Had a dream of eating lamb in the lamb'
And the label come off fam with the ram
Like Martin, Gina, Cole, Tommy, and Pam
Start scheming boy, you die where you stand...

This the type of shit that have niggas in beef
Dat slick talk followed by some stick talk then sleep
Pissed off, I done took my fifth loss this week
Big dog, I can scratch that shit off like fleas
I got alotta shit to say, but I'ma keep my list short
I know alotta your favorites not gon' fuck with this part
When I'm done, please know that I was trying to diss y'all
Cuz if this is a competition, then I'm setting this bar
In my city, who's with me?
I'm in my own lane Jack
Nickel said J.I.D. so flame I propane rap
I'm from East Atlanta like Gucci and Travis Porter
But my story is similar to the hare and the tortoise
Pen so sharp told stories you thought I forged it
Back in the fourth grade, never read Curious George
My nigga Corey kept a little 40 inside his North Face
Left a nigga with no face and beat the court case
Coming home from ball practice, took the street the short way
We from the East, but never gave niggas a reason to try
You think it's soft pussy, niggas eat the Sorbet
Or eating your face, squeeze the heat, then leaving your place
I've been telling you life's a bitch, but it's a beach in your case
I've been yelling and throwing fits
I'm tired of screaming all day
I've been fighting these fucking demons all day
Man, this shit ain't never been easy
Maybe I just need a breather
Hand your boy the blower, let me squeeze it
Blow a little steam, ain't hating, I'm just heated
Niggas know what I mean, but niggas don't know what I been through
So, if I offend you, then
Uh uh uh uh

I heard niggas looking for a problem
But we don't even move till' the rent due
My niggas hands itching finna rob something
Better pray to god that he don't get you
Fuck what a nigga say
Where y'all niggas from for real
Better pray to God that he don't get you
Better pray to God that he don't get you
Better pray to God that he don't get you
Better pray to God that he don't get you (Our Father)
Better pray to God

Look, Ok, fuck what a nigga say
Or what my mama think I made it
Lift my head to sky, I cry and begin prayer
Thanks to the maker, got me out of an awful place
My nigga gone for 17 years like a cicada
More than a motivator for me to get off my anus
And kick ass like I'm Danny Mainus
Put the pen pad to the paper
Big mad with a painting brush
Splish splash, drawing scenes from my dim lit past
Dimwit, pimp shit syndicate with the pen grip
Ripping shit, intimate, infinite rhyme kicking
Let's begin
Who's your list? Your top 10?
Let's just say whoever better than
I'm ready now, I was ready then
I was headed down the aisle
Rap game in a wedding gown
She gave me the ring
I said, "Yes" and vowed for forever now
On the honeymoon, getting naked now
On a money pile, doing doggystyle
I'm a father now, you are my child
Or you aren't my child
I'm on Maury now, and I'm talking loud
The results are found, you did not pull out
It's your killer's bitch like a doggy pound
We divorcing now, I want the cars, ring, clothes, all the houses
You broke my heart, re-organizing
Really trying to be mature about it
But I got a killer like a fucking dealer
Dreamville rhyme spiller
I shoulda killed a rapper
Nigga, this a gun and a bullet

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