

## Surround Sound

JID

I know I can't afford to stop for one moment  
That it's too soon, to for—

Push the fucking pack off of the porch or break a pound down  
Get this strap, if it happen to blow, it make surround sounds  
Pussycat on my lap, push it back and go to town down  
Putting rap on my back and I'm black and snatchin' crowns

I done came back around like a nigga sellin' crack in pounds  
I got a bag now but it's nothing to brag 'bout  
Gun blast in the background  
I'm a black man with the bloodhounds  
MAC-10, making love sounds  
To a bad chick, she from Uptown  
I'm from down South, not a loudmouth  
We can fuck around (Woah, shit, woah)  
Hit the music, baby, cut it down (Woah, shit, woah)  
Hit a doobie while you do me indubitably  
I feel like I'ma bust now (Woah, woah, shit, woah)  
I feel like a bust down when I shine bright  
Blind niggas is up now (Woah, shit, woah, shit)  
In the cut, big black truck, pack sacked up  
You can pick it up now, nigga, fuck it, okay (Ayy)

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Me and my money attached emotionally  
I get to clutchin' if you get too close to me  
I'm at the top where I'm 'posed to be  
Jumped in the game, niggas act like they coaching me  
Four hundred racks ain't shit but a show to me  
I'm on the road and I bet that your ho with me  
When I'm in traffic, it's always a pole wit' me  
Pillsbury man, I keep dough with me  
Hit from the back  
She giving me slurp and I ain't even pull my pants down  
Jump in the box and slide to the other side, it's always a man down  
Draw down, hands in the air, nigga  
Make one move, get gunned down  
Giving out smoke so long  
They don't even wanna talk no more, they just run now  
No locked doors, I serve with a chop  
Bitch got spent, she was hanging with an opp  
We call him Mickey, he talks to the cops  
I was on Pinedale, glass in the sock  
Back in the day, I invest in the block  
Fast forward, now I'm investing in stocks  
I put a drum on the Heckler and Koch  
Don't play 'cause I'm very invested in shots

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I put the pussy cat in his face 'cause he stay off Cheshire Bridge  
Then I took it back, now he say that he shakin' and he shiverin'  
Like the way it taste and he ain't ate it in a minute  
They call me Yung Baby, but I still got hella chil-

Talk shit, run that motherfuckin' crown, you bitch  
You motherfuckin' bitch  
Uh, shit (Hehehaha)

Sorry in advance for my bros  
They'll whoop a nigga ass, what you whippin' up? (Woah)  
JID in the back if you lookin' for the dope  
Niggas got it in the bag, 'cause we trappin' on the low  
And I'm the shit with the flow, huh  
Give me a joke, heard a nigga say that you the next? No, no, no  
I'm the best, tell them bitches stop the motherfuckin' press  
Press stop, fuck a top-five list  
Get 'em a vest, he get lopsided  
Fuck the cops, we was runnin' from Rottweilers  
Most of my partners ain't have poppa, just a popped condom, couple kids with  
Alzheimer's  
.40 on his side, boy, you Mike Alstott, he on the block violent  
Robbin' niggas in the hood and then swap genres  
Green light, line a nigga up, stop sign him  
Keep drivin', you will not find him  
I'm a, I'm a, I'm an-I'm an anomaly, I turned into a rapper ironically  
And ran the bag up, back up, niggas is onto me  
Niggas should honor me  
If you think I'm a wannabe, it's pretty comedy  
I'm melancholy and cool, so calmly bustin' moves  
My truths carry velocity  
Same posse since OshPosh B'gosh, pussy clot  
Treat the rappin' like I'm pushin' rock  
On the stove with the Pyrex pot  
The door stay locked, it don't say knock  
We on they block, we own they block  
It's Monopoly games, we stole they properties  
Smooth talkin' and moonwalkin'  
The same lil' niggas small pond, but a pool shark  
I aim, big stick, knock, chalk off cue balls  
Bang this shit

Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang  
Ah, ha-ha-ha-ha!