

# Van Gogh

JID

Uh, yeah, yeah, uh, wow  
Yeah, yeah, you know what I'm sayin'  
It's Lil Boat and J.I.D as far as your eye can see (Yeah)  
You know what I'm sayin', it's water on me  
And you feel me, you get that? You got that?  
Is that understood?  
Good, good, you got that?  
I'ma ask you one more time, you got that? (Uh)  
You got that? Good (Look)

I'm sick of these niggas, I'm sick of hoes  
Got a bone to pick with you, I'm pickin' a bone  
The hardest thing for me is stayin' composed  
'Cause killin' shit is really all that I know  
Funeral goes, casket closed  
The choir sings, the pastor goes  
Women cryin' in the rafters  
Turn your baby to a bastard  
Free my nigga 'til it's backwards  
Shit, come here, 'lil bitch  
Let me show you a magic trick

I got the gun in my lap near the abdomen  
I took a break, but they want me to rap again  
Bro just got out and he already trap again, back at his craft again  
New Chanel, tote that shit, sit like a daffodil  
Bankroll thick, the same size as a movie reel  
Tell me who keep it real, niggas be flauntin'  
Fantasizin' my bitch, she look like Taraji  
Take me out my body inside the safari  
Couldn't dent the Ferrari, shit feel like a coffin  
I use the codeine without coughin', I sleep without tossin'  
She call me daddy 'cause I'm bossin'  
I had a show in two cities, call me Dallas, Austin  
When I talk, I'm flossin'  
The gang bang red B's like Boston, hmm, huh  
Everybody think a nigga lost it  
Pop out the cuts, nigga, burn you like pollen  
Dick up in the gut, make her feel it, Phil Collins  
I don't read columns, niggas be hatin'

Pull out the pistol, they whippin' them naked  
They chillin' outside of your whip and they waitin'  
They'll wait on a witness with nothin' to say  
I'm from Atlanta, the diamonds are Africa  
I don't know algebra  
I been the mouth of the South, not a traveler  
Give her the dick with a curve, a parabola  
I'm a spatula, I flip it, amateur, a Pamela, Angela  
Palm Angels with a choker or strangler  
Banger hangin' in my dang-a-lang  
Lingering, peepin' out the scheme of things  
If you got a problem, then I'll red the sea  
I'm a lil' nigga, you ain't scared of me  
Trill said he'd kill a nigga dead for me  
But when he get out, I'll be seventy-three  
Tell me, "Go to Hell," I'll be waitin' to see you there

Lookin' for me, and I know I be in there  
Plottin' on it, tryna be a billionaire  
Snuck it in, that's how we got the P in here  
Uh, come on  
I'm gettin' top with the coat on  
Doin' so many donuts, the smoke fog up the ozone  
Lookin' like Frozone  
Told her to keep to all her clothes on  
I just want mouth, she just want Venmo  
She let me score in the endzone  
I put that ho in the friendzone  
We put that ho in the friendzone  
But she came over rockin' Kenzo  
Bitch, I don't fuck with no Kenzo  
Double, see me in the bando  
Took her to church like I'm Chano  
Don't change the channel, I go commando  
I might just fuck on a fat ho  
This shit art, Van Gogh