

FlyGod does like ugly, nigga (FlyGod, ah, grrt)
My bitch ugly, nigga, my bitch ugly, nigga (Grrt)
My shoes cost me eight thousand and they ugly, nigga (They ugly, nigga)
See, we ain't the fuckin' same (We ain't the fuckin' same)
Uh-uh, bum-ass niggas
I wish I fuckin' would wanna be another nigga but me (Grrt)
You niggas don't even fuckin' take care of your kids, nigga (Doot-doot-doot-doot-doot-doot)
Ah, fashion week comin' up (Doot-doot-doot-doot-doot-doot)
Ah, I'ma fuck at least three models

Uh, look
Live from the depths of Hell
With angel wings that have yet to flail
And fans argue 'bout record sales like they record exec's themselves
It's like we all under a spell and still I hope this message reaches you well
God does like ugly, and I could tell
Livin' check to check, nigga, check the mail
Another bill, pimp, my brother ain't even got no bail
On his third strike and if he serve life, them crackers prolly like: "That serves you right"
Shit too real, it just gave me chills
The Devil's outside, angels is in the infield
Instigatin' a riot, then aimin' it at your windshield
It ain't right, nigga, what's you gon' fight or is you gon' sit still?
I'm sayin', like, we share the same plight, that's why we in here
They tipped the scale, if there's a way, then there's a will
Usin' words doin'— (Work), movin' weights just like Adele
Far cry from bugs in cereal boxes on the shelves
Now I order escargot on the plate, "It's a fuckin' snail?"
Ya Emma Stone behind the microphone, comparisons pale
It's been a long time comin', I swear, but let's be clear
Niggas know I been killin' this shit for years
Just took a fuckin' ceiling challenge to show I'm above my peers, be serious
(Be fuckin' for real)

Dear Lord, it's tears in my eyes, I know
That tomorrow will bring sunny skies
And I will look back and smile
'Cause it's just a moment in time
It's just a moment in time
And trouble could stay for a while
It's just a moment
(Although I can see it, I know and believe thi-i-)

The name's JJ Fish on Candler
I'ma at least pop ten bottles (At least, woo)
This that '03 mix
Get my dick sucked by the Eiffel, nigga
Three months at the Ritz

Uh, look
Look into the light from a dark place
Had plans, told God, He laughed at my face
I'm an idiot thinkin' that we were safe
Now they outside waitin', it's on-off, it's all safety

I saw it all, I'm the one catch fades like Ja'Marr Chase
Paul Walker playin' chicken, it's a car race
Nigga, he ain't ready to crash (Hahaha)
Ludacris laugh, I'm stickin' to it, can't nobody stop me
I'm top five, pop the Glock two times, might be top three
And I don't know the Fibonacci sequence
Put the numbers together and somethin' gotta make sense
Put some dents in this bitch, make a footprint
This ain't The Blueprint, nigga, this the blackprint
I'd let a K pop, no BLACKPINK
Hood nigga, good sense, no bullshittin'
Atlanta nigga livin' like the president
All my niggas presidential inauguration, no Nixon, no Reagan
New stick, just a beast, no nation under God
Indivisible with liberty, that's just for the squad
Red dogs walk around the park and them apartments
Tell us the part? They can't even tell us apart
Description, that nigga was dark, it was dark (He was black)
Fuck, I find a spark
Picked up the pen just to write some remarks
The wrongs, the ugliest songs from the heart
Whole bunch of bars, no holds barred
Don't hold back, nigga, show those scars
Bro go loco, woah, that's hard (Your shit sucks)
Christo, Childish, two Mozart
I know mo' money, the problems could start
Most that I've had, so I'm not so smart
Thinkin' back to bein' a lil' badass kid
It's JID and friends playin' Mario Kart
Lookin' at my big brother baggin' that mid
And movin' 'round the city like Lewis & Clark
Hop out the car, turn 'to Carl Lewis
If you caught that bar, you understand why I do this
You don't know me, if you only knew me when I was lil' Route
A lil' piece of rhyme truth came out of my mucus
And now that Slime free, you can see it's still stupid
Everybody fried, niggas outside ruthless
Tryna stand out in a crowd amongst fools
And it's cool, but, it's not about you right now
We ain't the fuckin' same at all

We ain't the fuckin' same (We ain't the fuckin' same; ugly shit, nigga)
Ah, bum-ass niggas (Grrt)
Smack you on Sunday mornin', nigga (Mmm)
On your way to church, nigga
Make sure you get there on time