

Yea... back in this muthafucka  
Reportin' live from a lyrical high  
One time

Yo, with not a damn thing on my mind  
But this rhyme, in a matter of time  
To make this whole shit allign  
Like I planned out, nothing in life gets handout  
Just stand out, ever since I had to pop my fish and panned out  
Pressure board 'til I'm fanned out  
Now we the pop off the band  
So they can't keep their hands off of the man now  
Divide their man, give 'em that S vitamin  
Baby Cham style  
Gots a Trini girl to soak it up, ShamWoW!  
Damn child, you're killin' 'em  
Fillin' 'em, drillin' 'em with serums, of pure adrenaline  
High blood feelin' like the thermostat cracked left mercury spillin'  
Your favorite rapper tryna earn stacks from nursery children  
True emcees write their verse and rehearse it a million times  
Just for the rebirth of the feelin' prime and golden  
Shawty ask what I'm holdin', teasin' 'em  
Knowing the magnum blast squeeze magnesium  
Used to be mad premature now I'm at premium  
From lookin' up to niggas, to lookin' up niggas meetin' 'em  
Meetings with 'em, give 'em a high pitch like curveballs and helium  
Young scorcher trying to evolve like Charmeleon  
Million, yeah nigga, just tryna get a million

Got the bomb nigga, Baghdad, I'm blown away from a bad pass  
Walk on grass, blow skunk, Ishamael so funk in the stash  
My SB's, enter money I never had  
I was more authentic, vaporize when I got heated  
Never jealous, solid as a rock n' roll full plate  
No po' peddlers, just some Pro fellas  
Who you know better? Never lost my groove I don't know no Stella  
It's a cold world without Coachella  
A shady bunch, like under Interscope umbrella  
But that don't phase me once, people say I'm crazy but  
Call me young Evel cause I crazy stunt  
I mace these punks, drop swank like it's knowledge to ya  
Mr. Bada\$\$ is the scholar's tutors  
Swank the lord and hallelujah  
Still praying to the allahs, gods and judahs  
Balance out my lows on the low high  
Niggas ain't know I sit so high  
Balance out my lows on the low high  
I'm like a low high

Yo, yo, yo, yo hit 'em high, hit 'em low  
Leave 'em with no direction to go  
Yo, yo, yo, yo hit 'em high, hit 'em low  
Direct-less Indigos