

Circus

Joyner Lucas

Let's go
Yeah...
Let's get 'em... oh

My father showed me love but it wasn't enough
So I grew up a lit fuse or blow up on a bus
These fuckers treat me like a nigga ain't suffer enough
What? (No hard feelings, dawg, it's all good, I see you)
Now I raise hell like Satan is back
Abrasion, it hurting, aching and scratching, aim for you back
I'm the equivalent to Ronald Reagan raping the track
Nasty (I'm finna catch up, ten cents of angel)
Bullemic what I'm eating, what's the meaning of life
I had a meet up with a demon and my dream with a knife (Yeah)
I beat your cheek with an Adidas 'till you eating the stripes
Bitch (I ain't mean to do it but I have to, durr)
I'm steaming while I'm freezing in a G2 Fury
Diving down into the ocean with my deep blue jury
I stab your face with a clab and make sea food chilly
Yeah (Take your lobsters off, post these niggas, magnet)
I paint a perfect picture, need some abstract colors
Too half ass, so bad luck like two black ass niggas
Division, clap the one ho like two half-black brothas, oww
My mother showed me love but I needed some more
So I grew up an angry nigga just to even the score
Watch your wrist get shined, while we eat off the floor
Damn (That's tough but I get mine though)
Drunk driving, diving off an air plane propeller
With a stolen umbrella 'cause my parachute have bullet holes
Police helicopters shooting so I could have pulled those
The final gravity falling rapidly with my fitted loaf
Cutting flow can rock shit, can hop big, can spinach blow
Heart's shaking, heart's break, thoughts racing, criminals
Every five seconds like getting more difficult
(And you know it's- it's gon' start get harder too)
I don't think I fear the rest, punch you in your ear and neck (Blah)
Man in the mirror, Mike Jackson and I manifest
180-prayer connect, call me if you fear of death
(I don't fear shit but Jesus, nigga)
Bloody paw prints when I smack the shit out of ghost
Pull the crust out the globe, had to cuss out the sober
Mixing up alcohol, I'm the drug Al Capone
(A young nigga might know me as Joyner)
You can call me Garry Lucas Jr
Mr. Super Duper shoot bazookas, packing two belugas
Smoking hookah, need to prove the movement
Losing, skip the grove, and here we use the rulers
(Two thumbs down for y'all wack niggas, hey)
You walking on a fine line
Call yourself a player but you sitting on a sideline (Yeah)
Here's the grind time
They used to say I was stupid, now they call me Einstein