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Fuckin niggas talking 'bout, bitch? (Oh) Before I made mills, they was hopin' I fail, well, nigga, I'm poppin' out, b Hittin' my stands, I still got your ho in my pants, like a pocket dial, bitc h (Oh, oh, oh) Stick to my plan, got plenty ammo in my van, I'm hoppin' out, bitch It done got a nigga started, I ain't stoppin' now, bitch Can't walk in my shoes, these crocodile, bitch Bring smoke to you niggas, no blackin' mouth, bitch Fuck it, I'm blackin' out, bitch It's the type of shit that make a nigga hide behind a heater Type of shit that make a nigga aim the choppa out the Beamer (Oh, oh, oh) Used to be the underdog, now I'm rockin' out arenas Everything I touch is water and I got it by the litre (Oh, oh) This is not a Aquafina, this PH3 Tell your offsprings, I'm D-A-D (Boom, boom) And your bitch say I'm her B-A-E And I love it when she give me H-E-A-DShe know I'ma kill that C-A-T (Hey) Bandana tied like B-A-C (Hey) I don't even get high off THC I got a natural vibe, ADHD I've been B-A-D since I was like two (Facts) Nigga, I'm the truth I put my life on it, I'll die in the booth (Ayy) Couldn't touch me with a fly masseuse Street nigga but I still look fly in a suit (Fly in a suit) I'm the guy on the roof, I'm not gangbanger, they lyin' to you I'm actually the guy that they hire to shoot (Bah, bah, yeah) I've been dyin' to shoot I don't like rules, I'm tired of rules A presidential that's how I introduce Make one phone call, I flyin' the troops (Yeah) This a landmine, you gon' die if you move (Yeah) Duck, duck, goose, nigga, I'm the goose (Duck) Duck, duck, goose, nigga, I'm the goose (Duck) And I ain't wanna do it, but that's what they ask for Niggas ask for so much that I had to act poor And I might just sleep on the Maybach floor I got a safe big enough to put a fuckin' backdoor (Boom, boom) I got a Wraith big enough to put a fuckin' RAV4 Way before I had a Lambo, used to push rad Ford (Boom, boom) Record labels had my demo, they would push it fast forward Now I make so much money, that I'm startin' to act bored (Oh) This shit get way too real, my nigga You gon' fuck around and make me go to jail, my nigga (Yeah, yeah, yeah) Shit, I say and I do what I feel, my nigga Joyner Lucas ain't got no chill, my nigga (Yeah, yeah, yeah) Atlantic got me back when I was starvin', I was doin' anything to get the ni ggas to put up the mills, my nigga (Yeah, yeah, yeah) Once them niggas set me free, then I became the biggest independent artist i n the motherfuckin' world, my nigga (Oh, oh)

I got stick up kids with me, they need jobs
I put a sign on your chain that say, "Please, rob" (Please, rob)
This a beehive, to beat me you need a mob and you need God
Might need Ching Kong I'm the tree top, couldn't even picture that with a sc
reenshot (With a screenshot)
If Eve gave me the apple, I'd be Steve Jobs
Don't give me advice, go read on Wikipedia, huh
Swervin' on 'em 'til I hit the fuckin' medium, huh
Speedin' on 'em, I ain't talking 'bout Expedia, huh
Ball on the mic', talking 'bout leukemia, huh
I caught a body, hopped out of the booth (Yeah)

This a landmine, you gon' die if you move (Yeah)

Duck, duck, goose, nigga, I'm the goose (Duck)

Duck, duck, goose, nigga, I'm the goose (Nigga, I'm the goose)

Hol' up

Fuck these niggas talking 'bout, bitch? (Oh)

Before I made mills, they was hopin' I fail, well, nigga, I'm poppin' out, b itch (Joyner)

Hittin' my stands, I still got your ho in my pants, like a pocket dial, bitc h (Oh, oh, oh)

Stick to my plan, got plenty ammo in my van, I'm hoppin' out, bitch It done got a nigga started, I ain't stoppin' now, bitch Can't walk in my shoes, these crocodile, bitch Bring smoke to you niggas, no blackin' mouth, bitch Fuck it, I'm blackin' out, bitch

It's the type of shit that made a nigga wanna catch a body It's the shit that made a nigga say that I'm Illuminati Same shit that make me turn my killing spree to a hobby It's a duck, duck, goose, if they ever wanna try me