

"Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder, or better known as ADHD is a mental disorder that affects an individual's ability to focus, causing them to move around more frequently. They may also have trouble controlling their impulsive behaviors."

One time for them prayin' on my downfall (Yeah)
Two times for the homies in the chow hall (Whoa)
Three times for them hoes on the internet
Shittin' on niggas when they really should get out more
Four times for the days that were all bad (Woo!)
Five times for the bitches who ain't call back (Yeah)
Six times for the kids like me who got ADHD just to- (Brp, brp, brp)

Kidnap a nigga like ISIS (Whoa)
Turn the whole world to a crisis (Whoa)
Walk around the city with a ice pick
I been paranoid, usually I ain't like this (Boop! Boop!)
Ain't no tellin' how crazy I might get, uh (Woo!)
Beat the police with a nightstick (Boop!)
In my whole life, I been lifeless
Now I'm so fly, I'm a motherfuckin' flight risk (Woo!)
(Whoa)
Fuck a couple hoes 'til I pass out (Whoa)
Niggas throwin' stones at my glass house (Whoa)
I remember sleepin' on my dad's couch (Whoa)
Now I got the Bentley, and it's blacked out (Whoa)
Family lookin' at me like a cash cow (Whoa)
Everybody dissin' just to have clout (Whoa)
Thought you had a chance, now you assed out
Nigga, I'm the motherfuckin' man, where you at now? (Whoa)
Fuck it, I'ma hit 'em 'til they jumpin'
I ain't trippin', this is nothin' (Brp, brp, brp)
I been livin' in the dungeon
I done held a couple grudges
Went to hell and got abducted to meet the devil?
I'm his cousin (Brp, brp, brp)
I ain't settlin' for nothin'
Got a metal in the truck
I keep a semi when I'm bussin'
Niggas duckin' (Bop!)
Even Stevie Wonder could've see it comin' (Brrrap, brp, bop!)
I ain't judgin'
I just want the money, I don't need a budget
I been hungry, I ain't got no oven (Bop! Bop! Brrrap! Brp!)
But I got the munchies, nigga
How you gon' move on the front line? (Woo!)
If I don't fuck with you, I just cut ties (Whoa)
My high school teacher said I'd never be shit
Tell that bitch that I turned out just fine (Joyner)
And no, I don't know you for the twelfth time (Woo!)
We do not share the same bloodline (No)
You love to run your mouth like a tough guy
Hope you keep the same energy when it's crunch time (Woo!)

"According to the American Psychiatric Association it affects roughly eight percent of children and two percent of adults. Commonly believed to only affect boys, because they are perceived as rowdy and rambunctious."

One time for them prayin' on my downfall (Yeah)
Two times for them bitches in the South Shore (Whoa)
Three times for them days on the block
Gettin' chased by the cops like a motherfuckin' outlaw
Four times for them days that were all bad (Woo!)
Five times for the bitches who ain't called back (Yeah)
Six times for the kids like me who got ADHD just to- (Brap, brap, brap)

Me and Joyner need a couple hearses (Woo!)
Double homicide, kill the beat and the verses
Everybody livin' on the surface
But we came from the underground, yeah, we deserve it
What's beef?
Beef is when you murder motherfuckers on a beat, kill 'em all, kill 'em all
Nah, nah, what's beef?
Beef is brothers dying over shit that never mattered in the first place, lyin' in the street
What's peace?
Peace is when you leave it in the past, let it heal like a cast
When enough time pass, and you blast
Kinda like John Wick, bars like a convict
Fuck around and you don't wanna start shit, woo!
Comin' with the hot shit, all they do is talk shit
You could never top it, boy, just stop it
High and drunk, call that HD vision
All these other motherfuckers full of indecision
And I murder with precision all over your television
I'm numero uno, number one and you is just a subdivision
Never listen, we gon' leave them missin'
That's the mission like ISIS (ISIS)
Ain't no time to bicker over who the nicest
It's Logic, it's obvious
Just ask the audience
I've come to body this shit (Body this shit)
Yes, it's egregious, I'm Regis
You Kelly, you pussy, you pussy
Push me, I'm Louis Vuitton
You at Target with your mom
On the internet still hatin' on my last post (I hate this nigga!)
I just had a steak back at Mastro's
My God!

Me and Joyner need a couple hearses (Woo!)
"Double homicide", kill the beat and the verses
Everybody livin' on the surface
But we came from the underground, yeah, we deserve it
Yeah, uh, far from the minimum
Killin' 'em with no Ritalin
And 5'9" was the middleman to get 'em in the same room
Now we on the same tune
And we still the gang-dum
The illest of lyricists on the same shit
RattPack, clap back on the gang shit
Do it for the love of rap, not for the fame shit, woo!

One time for the Grammy that I never got
Two times for the Garden that I sold out
Three times for the street crimes that I committed, yeah, I did it
But thank God that I made it out
Four times 'cause I'm a fuckin' bastard
Five times Platinum with my last shit
Six times for the beats and the rhymes
Fuck the heat and the crime

Keep the peace like a waistline, woo!

ISIS

ISIS

ISIS