

Look Alive

Joyner Lucas

All you a lie
Nigga, I ain't ever been a "yes" man
All you gonna die, you can get murdered on webcam
I don't get tired; sweat through a headband
You might look alive, that's 'cause you don't really know you a dead man

This is God's plan, someone stop me
I've been sent here from Illuminati
Evil scriptures written on my body
Me and Satan pull up in a red Ferrari
Don't be trying to put your fucking arm around me
44 shots traumatize in front of 45 hit 44 more
Carbon copies say you kamikazes
That's for e'rybody
Mama, Poppy
Sister, Brother, Cousin, Uncle, Auntie
This is not Versace, this is hot hibachi
This is Hiroshima, this is Nagasaki
I'm Mahatma Gandhi, a fucking humanoid Anunnaki
With plenty hammers when I'm riding shotty
Better use your manners when you talk about me
Ain't too hard to find me
I've been killing niggas, still ain't nothin' left though
Joyner Lucas sicker than a strep throat
Spanish bitch that wanna give me besos
They must've forgot I was next up
Speed out your crib right after I clean out your shit and then put all of your fucking money in a escrow
Fuck what you saying, I'm not the one that you play with
I think they really mistaken, I wasn't next up?
You thought wrong and you all gone, all done
I just might bring back Don Juan, I just might bring back Sean Don
Tell P Diddy that I'm on one
I'ma be the down with a Du-Rag
Pussy ate out, that's a PopCon
If I don't fuck with you, that's too bad (god damn)
Hoe, you played out like the dansant
Ain't no bygones being bygones
I should murder niggas when I buy guns
Hoe, you get stretched like Nylon
This is my band, I'm Dylon
All I wanna do is just drop bombs on you cheerleadin' niggas with the pom-poms
My Jamaica bitch got socks on, every time I hit it she be like, "Wagwan"
Peter Piper picked a pepper, and I put the pressure
Pick a fight, I pick a side, I put you on a stretcher
Peter Piper picked up a nine, I put it together
Started poppin' at the people, they 'bout to meet the Beretta
Better meet the metal, I'm in need of a heat of a measure
Put you deeper than what's deep of the sea of the desert
I've been scheming while I'm creeping, like fifty feet to the Jetta
Niggas speed and hit the pedal, put my feet in the metal, god damn!

508 all on my side, they gon' ride, they gon' ride
Nigga, this a homicide, oh my god, oh my god
I said I was gon' retire, bitch I lied, bitch I lied
I ain't got no fucking job, this my life, this my, wait-

All of y'all wishy and washy
All y'all my kids in a car seat
I take my dime to hibachi, we do 69 like Tekashi
Lyin' in the sand, too much time in your hands, I think I need to find you a hobby
God got a plan, hope that God hold your hand, I think I'm 'bout to catch me a body!
Tell all my teachers that I said I'm back on my G shit and I'm coming back to get even
I went on tour and got paid, now I'm back in the region, I let off this mac for no reason
You are now witnessing greatness, I'm practically preaching and this is the passion of Jesus
And all you basic motherfuckas are lacking achievement, and I've just been laughing and geekin'
Back to business, I got mad intentions, I ain't perfect, I made some bad decisions
But it's competition, I'm a savage winning
You can have the digits, I'm a mathematician
I don't see you niggas, I've been lacking vision
You've been acting different, I've been acting distant
I'ma do some shit to bring me mad attention
You gon' do some shit that send me back to prison, whoa!
This is uncomfortable, you just keep putting your feet in a fire
I think my gun got a crush on you, boy, you 'bout to meet your secret admirer
How you do shit you don't wanna do? I do that shit just to keep me inspired
I used to hit it and leave when I wanted to, now I hit it and be sleepin' inside her, woo
Roll up on 'em when I pull up on 'em, put that motherfucking smoke up on 'em with that holy water
Joyner Lucas, I'm a holy mona [?] leader motor runnin'
Man, too many niggas know about it, but I thought about it
Prayed about it to the Lord about it in the morning, but I gotta show 'em what it's all about and I'ma call 'em out
I ain't that nigga you could talk about, you better calm it down
Don't be tryna give me the run around, I'll shut 'em down god damn, wait

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Me and Satan pull up in a red Buggati
Don't be tryna put your fucking arm around me
Bring the drama, it ain't hard to find me
This a lucid dream, this a out-of-body
UFO flying while I'm riding shotty
I'm a ninja, pull up on a Kawasaki
187 on the cops behind me
This is Hiroshima, this is Nagasaki
I'm Mahatma Gandhi in a Maserati, god damn
Now call me Papi
Plenty hammers wanna ride on shotty
Better use your manners when you talk about me
It ain't hard to find me, motherfucker
My name Joyner