

Blev

Ay bitch we on again
With the Holy Grail like the Vatican
Old beats, all my bars badder than
I'ma fuck the beat to death like necrophiliacs
A fucking masochist, the nastiest
I smoke five blunts, my voice the raspiest
Returning to my throne like I'm Jesus Christ back in Nazareth
You're blasphemous, we crushing like wrecking balls, it's disastrous
Like David and Goliath, a giant is who you clashing with
I never deferred, I wanted to rise, I wanted to soar, I wanted to fly like a
bird
I've been in my bag, I been in the zone, I live in a different world
They try to compare me to some of these niggas but I got a vision for sure
I'm lifted, gifted, it's repetition
I battle with myself like I'm practicing exhibition
What's the mission?
I fill the room with smoke like bad emissions
I'm eating with the sharks, I'm not in the pond with the fishes
It's delicious, this shit'll get vicious
My nigga sadistic and we gone of the fumes
What we consume is too elicit

That a bird or plane in the sky I see
My shit is too sick, I think I need a few I.V's
If you got loose lips then please do not come round me
I'm tryna keep my ship sailing for eternity
You understand nigga?
Goddamn, all my shit in high demand nigga
From where I stand, it's looking like I'm the man nigga
Said everything went exactly the way I planned nigga
So we been ready to go, go, go

Feel like I need a prophylactic, all my motor skills reactive
I really been ready for action, my faction been moving drastic
I redirected my passion like redistributed blu-rays
A musical connoisseur and I treat the track like a souffle
I'm overhead like a toupee, I'm on your bitch like a duvet
They treat me like I'm the greatest, they yelling out "Ali bomaye!"
Kill 'em, kill 'em, attack 'em, I'm doing more than the minimum
Flow is sweeter than Cinnabon, calming 'em down like Ritalin
Exterminating rappers the only way to get rid of 'em
These niggas are washed up
They falling on hard times with the bad luck, in a bit of a rut
I'm moving around and making it happen
I said that we still gone end up on a deadline
Pushing against the redline
I been motivated for the most part
Got a cold heart, call it obtuse
I been on the grind like a mongoose
I been giving you nothing but straight truth
Autobiographical, it's too loose
Been a nuisance ever since I came through
All a nigga wanna do is maintain and not change lanes, yes god

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