

Ayy, uh huh, lawd, knowledge, uh huh, ayy

My nigga, had a dream but he killed that off
Left it for hoes goals and rose to battle his foes
Went toe to toe and blow for blow with the best of them
Not talkin' body shots but powder that they turned to rock
It's pound for pound the dopest nigga 'round
Got control of the town holdin' it down
With the iron fist Tony Stark can't compete with this
Fishscale retail for sale yea they love his shit
Never hit or miss cause one hit will have you seein' shit
Hallucinate and vivid the picture painted
Like stained glass window frame it a billion's the motive
It's easy a million touchin' it weekly post a parlay in the meeting
Resided over linguine all his accomplices greasy
Olive oil slick, dirt-bag shit
The type to take a dollar from from their mother when he need the shit
Egregiously surrounded by these evils
Wonderin' well, where in the hell Jesus is
Discussin' company growth and expansion
Expandin' the reach like growth spurts
To touch every inch of this Earth
On this illegitimate search for the wealth
Them dollars help but you cannot live with yourself
Cause your conscious weighing you down
And the load's too heavy to carry
But you're already married to the bullshit
Til death do you part and you can start again
For now it's foreign engines and women with ill intentions
In a different dimension where your survival's dependent
On vicious acts of violence you gotta handle your business
Hit that nigga you came for and let his family witness
In the back of his mind hoping his creator isn't made of
The fire and brimstone they preachin' in them vengeful passages
But fuck it man, he passed the shit on I-95 in an i8 with 4 passengers
They passed the undercover in the cut with some shit in the trunk
Enough bricks to build the biggest building and make them a killin'
So much cash could stack it from the flo' to the ceilin'
Stretch from wall to wall inside the section 8 apartment
Dogs are barkin' blunts that they sparkin' filled with the fire
They got. 2 exits to go before they get home
Playin' that new what's his name yah that [?]
But when that pace pick up
The speed gettin' quicker
Them lights flash from behind yah it's over nigga
His intuition talkin' to him like 'I told you nigga'
That karma kickin' in like yah you fuckin' owe me nigga
So it's time to pay for your sins
Come to collect on that Benz
Oh I guess you thought the good times would never end hmm
My nigga, hangin' out the window bustin' last thought he had
Before the car crash is don't nobody love him
Simple and plain this shit is easy to explain
Yah you reap what you sow, that's the name of the game, dang