

You internet weird, boy, go and close your laptop
Bet your friends that bop
Imagine if your cousin never got shot
Imagine if shots never got thrown
I'm a young nigga looking for a home
All these motherfuckers looking for a clone
And I, and I, and I, and I, and I
And I'm searchin' for the purpose
I'm the furthest thing from worthless
I'm the furthest thing from perfect, I just thought I'd let y'all know
Barely touched the surface, my cousin back in the morning
My good god done closed the curtains
I just sold my fucking soul
Who done let y'all in? My veins still crawling
Bangin' on that (ah), slangin' all that (ah ah)
Made to fall back (ah), made to sit back
My days don't mean that much no more
Remember when I wanna ride that sto'
Little black boy bang Glock, let's go
Big bro had the whole block on froze
All pink everything, I think I'm Cam'ron
Playing Bloody Mary, keep my lamp on

Pull up Chevy truck, with the pump and some yellow stones
See my homie here but tomorrow, yeah they not around
That's something I know, but I won't, stand my fucking ground
Lose my world, my mind, all the time, I'm a fucking child
Pull up Chevy truck, with the pump and some yellow stones
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Red lips is drippin' like, ooh
Fingertip grippin' that, ooh
Find me on top of the roof
Fuck you right under the moon, ahhhh
Bitch speaking French on the phone (brrrp!)
Colors of my body looking vibrant (vibrant)
I got a thotty on vibrate
She hit me on the phone, no vibrate, lightweight
When she see what's inside, wait, like you know
Socks rolled up, powder rocks in the Nikes
Eyelids low, skirt in the clouds
Better fuck her on the driveway, top on the highway
Oh my god, don't come 'round here
The sun 'round here, the fun 'round here
Oh my god, what the fuck you do with it?
Try to come through with it, baby, I'm true with it
Oh my god
Oh my god
Oh my god

Ugh! Rockstar with the top down (damn)
On my sixth shot, call me Mike Brown (goddamn)
Wear the name like a thorn crown
Let go and see the white now
Little boy from the H-Town (city)

Raised in the sewers in the city of the syrup
Skype call to Europe like brrrp!
Money come fast when you born like this
With that flow so crisp, nigga been lit since high school
Where I learn to trap with them white dudes
What that white do? Nigga, you don't know
I done paid my dues, I don't fuck with you
I wear Marvin Blackman tennis shoes
And all year round, that mink coat to match
And wood on the dash of my candy 'Lac
All this shit I ain't supposed to have
With my selfish ass, I've been living lavish
Head so big that the roof is absent
Chain so big that my neck been cracking
Whip so slick that I slip through traffic
Same old shit from when they brought me here
And the smoke's too thick to see my face clear
I might disappear and then reappear
Because I'm mostly smoke and I'm always dope
Never going broke and never did before
Doing pretty good far as geniuses go
Know they want a thug but they needed some more
Most know about slim, they don't know about ro'
They don't know about chrome, they don't know about po'
They don't know about the screw, they don't know about the mo'

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Hit Mike Jones up on the low
Because Mike Jones about to blow