I-I-ISM
Yeah
[?]

I look around, it's like a house of mirrors
They throwin' stones but look at the house they live in
I just can't live without gettin' notable mentions
Watching I'm win, and shot niggas know I invented
Yeah, we in the house up there
Movers is mad, I put a couch upstairs
I just go room to room and count my blessings
Could've been RIP, 6 feet
Moment a, I think I hit a Chinese comin' out, I just caught a body
These niggas thought I was dead, walk in this bitch like a zombie
When I get off of the molly, picture how I'm payin' this dollie
Sippin' this fine wine, it just gettin' better with timing

Aye, I'm back to basics (Woo)
No more acting like we friends on some fake shit (No)
All the smiles in the town that we wasted (Wait)
Had to shout at the top, should 've chased it (Truth)
I'm back to basics
No more acting like we friends on some fake shit (Fake)
All the smiles in the town that we wasted (Wasted)
Had to shout at the top, should 've chased it

When my baby tell her that I need a face show
I got lines, all the smiles that are wasted
Niggas think that shit is sweet what, here is a tasted (Go)
Now you probably heard my city ain't the safest (No)
Got a youngin' ever slear I swear they kill (Uh)
On my playground, no, they won't play Phil (Yeah)
Why you tryna' sell me budgie like I can't smell (Nigga)
All my strenghts got they names of the bay sale
Honey butter got me boosy (Uhh)
Diamonds changin' colors 'cause I'm fuckin' moody (Uhh)
Dodgin' through L.A. like a Mookie (Aye, aye, aye)
Nah, I ain't no rookie, bitch

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No more acting like we friends on some fake shit
All the smiles in the town that we wasted
Had to shout at the top, should 've chased it
I'm back to basics
No more acting like we friends on some fake shit
All the smiles in the town that we wasted
Had to shout at the top, should 've chased it

Woah, caught the niggas tryna' take advantage (Wait)
Can't just fix this shit and bring no bandage
We 've been through the ups and downs, but now I'm balanced (I'm on)
Thank God that caught me from a [?]

These days show with a mask like Michael Myers
Face tat, give it all away, ain't no point and hide
[?] who the fuck I am, man?
Yeah, they impressed with how I'm livin' for a black man (Woah)
Stand still but my chain do a tap dance (Woah)
Now I'm comin' with a slap like a backhand
One-man band, bitch

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