

6 PM

King Iso

Back when I was on Haldol
I use to sit in my room and look at the clock for hours
It'd be like 6 am
Look up and it's 6 pm

Alone in my four corner room again
Talking to God 'cause I truly sinned
The nurses say I'm talking to myself but God is like you and I son in unison
Like the first quarter I just wanna ball
Look up in the sky - a half moon again
How ironic that they tuning in truly when I started in a loony bin
I'm shining now, they tryna block this (fuck em!)
Fuck around and leave 'em full of clips
But when I'm clutching on this yardstick (right)
Ain't nobody coming to defence
I was sleeping on the carpet
Now 12 gon' pursue my whip
Never let 'em leave me boxed in
I'm a pugilist to the stupid shit
Never meant to be rude and man I was showing you the rudiments of who I been
before I hit the music biz
When y'all were tryna ride a nigga wave I was jacking niggas whips with a to
ol that'll make your whole Uber lift (who is this)
Tecca Nina told me even niggas in the crew'll switch
I don't give a fuck like a like a eunuch is
Solo in the weeds blowing on the Buddha and I bet you wanna ambush, ooh a ba
rracuda bitch
These niggas in the rap game scared of me
Say we gon' collab but don't do it then
Fuck a conference call but don't be surprised when I got you in my sights zo
oming in
I came in this motherfucker dolo
You're the type to fall in love with a groupie bitch
And usually I be cool and shit but if ya want drama then he is T like a jewe
ly lick (woah)

Ain't nobody show me love, I was on my own (all on my own)
I had to run it up on my own (all on my own)
I ain't got time to play, leave me alone (all on my own)
'Cause when I was dead broke I was on my own (all on my own)

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Alone in my four corner room again
Like a fucked up friend I could use a friend
Getting owed in the game like you due the rent
You ain't day one well I shit on you depends
Get beat like producers friends
Off top like I didn't use a pen
iPads, words, fuck a user pin
Who done went and let this hooligan barbarian like you died and went to the
pen
Way too many bitches that be stepping in my business
I'mma tell a bitch please, bumpin' [?] 'cause you done been overlooking a ni

gga like a stewardess, now she's wondering who it is, I hit her with a pseudonym

A nigga lifted but I ain't even went to the gym

Pack a fat blapper for backstabbers and how ironic that I'm bumping OJs how I do a bitch so don't confuse me with the Judas and Brutus's

On my own fuck a group or click

I'm in control like the movie Click

I'm home alone like Macaulay Culkin

I cut so low into my wrist

Yeah, I used to self mutilate and then I mutated to a mutant quick

Did you attend a school of gifted, bitch I'm armed if you think I'm not that's humorous

They want the old Iso back I know that he'll be truly missed

Life's a bitch but her booty's big

Will I sweat her? No, that's a coochie fit

Like a laundry chute I just threw a fit

Ike what's love got to do with it

When I die tell them there's no hue for men

And to keep it strange, oh and do it big

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