

Over

King Los

Zero

I'm really on my bullshit, I'm an asshole
The way a nigga shining, I don't even have a shadow
I'm too bright to follow, your boo like to swallow
She come rub my wood first, do like Apollo

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You too light, too shallow, who you call fight here?
Any less feeling and your raps would be a light beer
I got 'em by a light year, and yeah I really got it
You the last day of a period, nigga you barely spotted
I'm murder on a notepad, your favorite rappers toe-tag
And jewelry, Louie V shoe, belt, coat, bag
Fresh off the boat swag, wavy than a motherfucker
My raps Roc (rock) Nations, no Jay-Z in this motherfucker
Okay, nigga get ya weight up, you frail and embarrassing
You ain't nothing like Los, you pale in comparison
Never go against Los, hail him and cherish him
I'm soning rappers, how the fuck I fail to encourage 'em?
Your garments is awful, try to shop where I shop
Your pockets'll break fast, omelets and waffles
Make bread, break bread, I bring mine to dinner
Hit the Gucci store and cop the spring line in the winter
I buy what you lease out, you dream what I rent out
You basement ass niggas always screaming at the penthouse
Piss me off, I'm a start naming niggas now
And anybody could get it like I'm aiming in the crowd
Put a lion in a cage, you can't tame him if he wild
You can strap me to a gurney, you could chain a nigga down
If a gangster nigga quiet, and the lamest niggas loud
Then a silence on the scope and I'm aiming for the crown
Motherfucker

I see way too many haters here right now
That I didn't see last year, who the fuck are y'all?
I swear it feels like the last few months
They been overlooking me but I feel I'm better than em all
So what are you doing? What are you doing?
You ain't doing shit if you ain't signing me
Cause I'm doing me, I'm on the top right now man
And this where I'm gon be till it's over
Till it's over and your career is over

Okay, shout out to my niggas that was really in the feds
That been fucking with me since I ripped A Milli in shreads
When the Glock click, my click was really getting bread
Benz, cool Range Rov, hit him in the head
When it come to the flow, I kill a nigga dead
Like bears if you catch any gorillas in your bed
I ain't finna get his scrilla, nigga silly in the head
Hit the rap game, make a couple milli then I fled
Then I'm long gone, N-Y, M-I-A, Hong Kong
DC, A-T-L on chrome, no dome
Wherever I ride, wherever I slide

I'm good, I'm great at whatever I try
I'm clever, I'm better forever, I'm fly, if ever you by my side
Just pick up a pen and a pad and I'll leave you some swag
Then you can brag and back up all that talk you got
Show niggas all that heart you got
You say you the Uno, you know we pull niggas cards a lot
Boy don't even start it, stop, please don't get me started, stop
Cause soon as I start it, stop, I wreck shit from start to stop
From the day they left my father shot
Yeah that was my baddest year, my worst and my saddest year
But I am still standing here, now let's get my status clear
Nigga, I am over everything like the stratosphere
Nigga

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