

Studio Fit Riddim

Knucks

Yeah, yeah, yeah
(Da-da-da-da-da-na, na-na)

Yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yo

Remember when she told me I should travel more?
Now she message "come home" whenever I'm abroad
(What?) Let's have it right
Not so hot, let's check the Fahrenheit
So only makes sense they put the man in ice
A few new things, new chains, new rings (Ice!)
A new wallet, 'cause my other jawn was too thin (Aw, come on)
I'm making profit like a puppet 'cause I move strings (Huh?)
Nah, that's the puppeteer (Uh)
Bro, who fucking cares?! (What)
Waited for a couple years, tryna let my peers flourish (Yeah, flourish)
But they ain't hold the flame to Knucks, and I'm just being honest
New song but there ain't no one that I hear run it
Got 'em all like Trump covering their ears from it
For me, they throw a fist of power while they're in the shower
Eyes closed with the iPhone, tryna get louder
I heard your man close the tabs and they quit the browser
Mmm... uh-uh (uh)... yo!
But navigating through the scene is kinda like a maze
I know she liking what she see, she tryna ride the wave
Tryna bring my family through this thing, I'm kinda like the Wavans
But Knucks is the Rock, I'm kinda like Dwayne (What I'm cooking up!)

Nothing but my Johnson and my word in this might game
But niggas tryna break 'em like they swiping chains
I'm on their necks with my next one, if I can say
It's nothing that can last or is dark, it's kinda night and day
(Night and day)

Still mourning the losses they decide to take
I eat my cake and just wait, another slice of cake (Another slice?)
Old bros try desert me, now it's pie in face
'Cause they was salty, not surprised they didn't like the taste
(Haaaa!)

Take a pic, it lasts longer, this what makes the heart fonder
My yardie take step to my yard like "What the rass-bumba?!"
Can't front, the facts getting clapped like an ass thunder
But I ain't tryna strike twice, so where's her darg's number (where it at doe?)

Right, come home now