

## Palisades, CA

Larry June

Check, check  
Yeah, uh  
I'ma just talk my shit (Whoa)

Thumbin' through a whole 'nother bag, this not the old one  
Run up on this 'Rari, I'm clickin' until it's over  
Still'll put the snow on the mission to Minnesota  
Come on, you know the drill, hop in and hand it over  
I'm drivin' in the whip so fast, I can't control it  
I'm fishtailin' leavin' Javier's, I should've chauffeured  
Choppin' it up with Bryan 'bout real-estate by the ocean  
A seamoss juice, my bitch brought me one from Oakland  
Today I drove the Porsche with the automatic front limb  
I spent a thousand dollars on candles, I'm at Saks Fifth  
Tucked the uh (He-he) in the gas tank, played the night shift  
Get on a nigga, headlight coofy for disrespectin' it  
I'm thinkin' billions, cop another buildin', new woop Sicilian  
Thinkin' bigger, you thought I was coolin', I was takin' risks  
Palisades, chillin' in the shade, might take the Bent'  
Bettin' on myself and every time, nigga, it's a hit

We off in the Palisades, you know?  
(Bettin' on myself every time, nigga, it's a hit)  
I'm talkin' armed guards, gated communities, man  
Royal family type shit, for real (Sean Don, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy)

Look, if you not gettin' richer every year, then you just backwards hustlin'  
You movin' off emotion, I'm strategizin', discussin' it  
See, I been on my supplements  
Fish oils, chlorophyll, multis  
My hair growin' out and hoes lovin' it  
Some people can't piece life together, it's really puzzlin'  
Talkin' 'bout "Trust me, I got you", but I'm not trustin' it  
Commercial real-estate by The Fox, yeah, they constructin' it  
Business flowin' like the symphony orchestra, I'm conductin' it  
I crack my knuckles and neck, now I'm back to new  
I had to cop a bitch, we not compatible  
Team on the line, yeah, the love is all lateral  
You can not practice for shit that's not practical  
Fuck with the tactics, this shit can get tactical  
Fuck with the rations, this shit get irrational  
I can not talk to you just like them hoes when they mad at you  
I overwork and do shit I don't have to do  
Stumble and stagger to  
Dodge all the bullets and dodge all the daggers too  
Workin' these bitches and blessing them so long  
I might as well take a sabbatical  
I tell the truth like a polygraph in a booth  
Feel like these rappers do when they pleain' in front of the judge  
'Cause they feel like they havin' to  
Judicial system is not a system, it's a trap for you nigga  
It's our season, yeah, Larry June  
"Sean, when you dropping?" Very soon  
I get to transformin' under every moon  
When they bury me, they gotta bury tombs  
I'm just one kid in  
I can't be lettin' my seed all off in every womb

When you see me out  
Just know I'm the richest, rawest, rarest nigga off in every room

Woo, man, woo (Yeah, Al what up?)

Bettin' on myself and every time, nigga, it's a hit (Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy  
)

Whoa, whoa, whoa

Bettin' on myself every time, nigga, it's a hit (Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy)

Ay, this might be the motherfuckin' greatest escape