

(Tokyo on the beat, bitch)
Fuck, fuck, fuck

I got the fire on the stage, I might lose it
Drac' in my hand while I smoke me a doobie
Nigga tryna pull out the fire, better use it
Come to the hood, we young and ruthless
Wipe out your gang, you know we tryna poof shit
Caught me down bad in your hood, you ain't do shit
Blue-ass B-roll, I'm pullin' out blue shit
Get a new fire and I'm takin' your new stick
Ten puppies at the trap, you know I got a blue pit'
Post on the block with an AR, a pool stick
Flexin' that fire, but you know you never used it
I'm on the block with a blick right now
Hollow pointers, shoot your shit with a nin
Talkin' 'bout you takin' my shit, boy, you lyin'
I feel like a scammer, wipin' cards down
I smoke me a blunt for my hard times
Shit in my blick gon' make large sounds
Run that boy down, he got large pounds
We pop out with masks, we armed clowns
Jet out the back with your pack like a jetpack
Fine shit eat me up, but she said I ain't text back
Catch a whip, down bad, you know we gon' wreck that
Shoot all your dogs, you can't get your pets back
When I got jammed, my career didn't even set back
Keep talkin' down, I swear you the next pack
You took my whole B-roll, fuck that, bah-bah
Your blunt in my hand, you know this the 'za pack
We ain't even gotta kill each other, need to stop that
I'll really punch in your fade, lil' boy
You can even ask my neighbors, boy
Real gunshots, it don't sound like no toys
Fine shit spam my number, I'm annoyed
Put your fire down, I'ma do you like Floyd
I want the smoke, but I try to avoid
I'm a real artist, I'm a real poet
Racks in a bookbag, these racks be stored
Went on a lick, I'm still here, thank the Lord
Had to battle up close with a sword
I'm lurkin', ridin' 'round geeked in a Ford
Don't ask me do I drink lean, pour it
Took him down 'cause he was green, he knew it
Do the whip just like a motherfuckin' toy
Put some pints on his head, we step on that boy
Answer my phone, I be usin' her voice
Smoke with lil' Phat, we ain't showin' remorse
Can't fuck with no switch, gotta dump it with force
Got Off-White feets when I dump on you dorks
Come to my hood, whole hood on my porch
Both of y'all fine as hell, I ain't makin' no choice
Nigga should've stayed on the porch
Smoke with lil' Phat, he got smoked with Air Force