

Young God

Left Boy

I'm Matthew McConaughey
Tapping my chest on a horse
In the prairie, the Wild Wild West
Tessy on the phone, sounding real real stressed
Yeah, the label want an album, but the album don't exist
I don't work under pressure
I mean, I really don't work, it sucks
I'm laying in the sun with the bag, case is shut
With an account balance of minus 40 thousand bucks (wew!)
I should've worked in the winter
I looked in the mirror: "You don't work, you're a winner"

No, I'm a Dillinger, man, I never surrender
Young God, Young God
Back in December
I buy my tour, this is how I do it
You got me in the store right now, let me rap good
This is how I sound like when I fucking make - music
Drop it at the club and they lose it

It's all it is
Recorded on my phone
A sample of me slapping on my chest and going "Oooh"
I make a beat like a bolognese
I just throw a bunch of shit in the microwave
And it come out real hot like Caitlyn Jenner
So hot that I make 'em kids pray for winter
In the middle of Ramadan, am I [?] a sinner
Eat steaks for lunch and pork buns for dinner
I'm in Marrakesh, baby, put that shit on Twitter
I move real quick like a lazer printer
Your girl real cute, but my chick is fitter
With an ass so fat, got these bitch hoes bitter

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