

Goat

Lil Tjay

CashMoney AP

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Niggas gon' hate I don' care about it

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Not at all

No one can stop me I feel like the greatest.

Bro say be humble I patiently waited

All of this love and I ain't even made it

I got a plan for them niggas that hated

Run up some bands for bros my I'm 'a make it

They want me gone I can't walk around naked

Even my brother got caught in the 80

No one can stop me I feel like the greatest

Hop in the foreign I'm driftin' all stupid

Niggas be broke like the fuck is you doing

Started off strong but there's room for improvement

I ain't for nothing, Milwaukee I'm booming

Lovin' for me now it's static with Cupid

Bitches in love with the way that I sing

They ain't want TJ before this whole movement

Now they dick ride because I'm doin' my thing

Stay posted up on the block with the gang

Spin through your hood I ain't tuckin' my chain

Bro got a choppa with a whole lotta range

Shit be consistent ain't nun' gon' change

Now that I'm speaking out honestly

I be flexing but I'm still in poverty

Move my mom out the hood do it properly

Give a fuck if you look at me awkwardly

No Monopoly I'm about property

I don't owe niggas shit but respect

Yea one day I was going through stress

Matter a fact I'm just wasting my breath

And now I'm just gonna talk about all these bands

How I'm so grateful I'm not in the can

How I'm so grateful for all of my fans

How I'm so grateful I am who I am

Balmain the sweater

True on the pants

He did it again

Looking forward to a show in Japan

I think Dexter better lay off the xans

Throwin' water on my chain 'cause I can

Applyin' pressure now they shakin' my hand

Niggas ain't gettin' no paper I know

that's the reason they hate that's my gun on my waist

Text Guapo get shot in ya face
N' there ain't no room for debate
I know these niggas gon' hate
But my life is still goin' great
Pop out Givenchy and bape

We from the trenches it's easy to hop over fences
The d's tryna build up a case
Stay with a weapon
it's either a Glock or a Wesson
that bitch shoot you right in your face

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Feel like the greatest I think I'm the goat
Please don't get naked I just want the throat
Outta my burkin'
I feel like it's workin'
yea bitches be birdies ain't even a joke

Feel like a star when I hop in the wraith,
it don't matter the place I ain't tuckin' my chain
Only my brothers ain't fuckin' with lames
I don't care what you tell me ain't nothin' gon' change

Ran up some bands now I'm up like a plane
I was just hungry, ain't nothin' was funny
I do what ya do I'm 'a stay in my lane
Hop in the booth and I'm spitting that cane

I was a youging that couldn't be tamed
Thinking shit funny like TJay a stain
And I'm 'a get money regardless,
can't a nigga be easy I'm heartless

I'm so young with a whole lotta charges
In the booth I be workin my hardest
Don't try to diss me I swear that shit garbage
It won't be long 'til I walk down the carpet

Got me a ladder I took off the market
Red and green beam I ain't missing my target
Run if you stupid
Run if you stupid
Word to smelly I won't hesi to shoot shit

Told my niggas we gon' ball like I'm hooping
In the streets I'm a fighter Hadoken
Starting winning I got tired of losin'
No a body don't know they accusin'

3 lines got me deady I'm snoozin'
Backed up 'cause I'm seeing or losin'
Bro told me grind
Bro told me grind

All this fake love I don't pay it no mind

Gotta story and it's one of a kind
Independent but I could've got signed
Cooking fire baking soda combined
Do the math I turn 8 in '09

17 and ya boy in his prime
Free bro he got off with a dime
Free verse is you outta ya mind
Only gang do whatever for mine

Running running tryna get me a bag
Running running trying to get to it fast
Niggas talking like they bitches they chatting
Spin the block then we spinning it back

I was in the field cooking a crack
Running the head I ain't cocking it back
G sides jacking static they smacked
Sb put my hood in a map

Gang gang

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