

Intervention

Little Simz

How you feelin'
How you feelin' how you feelin'
Listen when I'm talking bitch you know that I'm the realest
How you feelin'
Must be higher than the ceiling
Fly from state to state country to country I don't need a reason
How you feelin'
Simz you kill them you're the meanest
I put the whole scene to shame I'm only twenty how you feelin'
How you feelin'
Prolly duck 'em if I see 'em
You should write your verse again
You didn't come hard enough I mean it its appalling
You're appalling they're appalling
Might just book my ticket now and be in China by the morning
I been touring
I rap like this because I can
You should take me as I am
Bitch you know that I'm the man
Yeah I said it
Now the game is shady I'll be weary
Beg you try your hardest not to scare me
Swear I'll kill off all these emcees don't you dare me
Bitch don't you dare me

Now I'm insaaaaane in the membrane
Don't say you've improved nigga your shit's always been lame
You know I'm a cheeky motherfucker
I say to the olders
Maybe you'll be this good when you get to this age

Bet you would, yeah nigga yeah bet you should
Bow down I'm a king hearin' me now deliver the crown
And I got, a good heart I'm an innocent child
But don't get me mad
I got a temper on me
I don't play that homie
Shit all eyes on me
Wait, why? Cause I ain't, fuckin with Youuuu!
Go to from a hundred straight from zero
I ain't tryna be a role model but the game it needs a hero
I'm that hero
Space is the only thing that we know
Everybody's spiritual everybody's soul's legal
Fuck outta here with that shit...
Ohhh, how ya feelin'
How ya feelin how ya feelin'
Now you're wearin' baseball caps
Don't let me see that grade I mean it yeah they tief it
Must be looking for a beating
No I ain't the violent type but swear these words will leave you bleeding or
rotting
Oh if you're smart you wouldn't get me started
No, don't compare me to no other artist
Love the pounds? Put your money where your heart is
Yet pay regardless, shit I must be a target
I must be a target, I must be a target

Came in the game killin' niggas off head top
Getting' warmed up you haven't got the best of me yet
I'm a young God in the flesh
I'm too young to be stressed
Heads turn round like the possessed
Weed, cars, rappers are showing me no progress
Step to me and they know best
I ain't going nowhere they can protest
(Bitch!)