

Okay my third time around I'll just smash it from here dawg
Let's see where I land gonna be way up there dawg
Look there's a bunch of mountains Imma be on top of one
Still a little goblin told you that I'm a problem
I'm clean now maxin' out wobblin' I ain't hobblin'
PacMan's back I'll ghost em' and eat the goblin
I'm an eggplant to each of these pieces a peach cobbler
Run up on a rapper like I'm bout to stop robbin' em'
Don't worry bout' my damn prerogative you see the fog has lifted
All that's left is MadChild and thank God I'm gifted
I love my fans they're family they are all terrific
Still chillin' and ridin' when I am not prolific
Well I know that's honestly just what they wanna hear
SuperBeast is back tell em' little King Kong is here
Like new music but I'll always rock a backpack
Work 16 hours a day but take a trap nap
Making trap in a hoodie then I'll snapback
Little angry elf give you goodies from his grab bag
Everybody knows I lived a life that you can laugh at
I'm talented I could put all my belongings in a trash bag
Made it twice on my third round let's see who gets the last laugh
Cause when I'm sober I ain't doin' nothin' half ass
I'm comin' back to the party I'm bout' to crash that
Bags packed like you just had a massive acid flash back

You want beef you can go and eat a steak
But I ain't putting any food on anybody's plate
Unless they're on my team OMG
All my people keep it positive with no envy
I'm so hungry like my stomach it is so empty
The devil's always around the corner but he won't tempt me
I know I'm livin' in some people's heads still rent free
But I am sliding into home base MVP

I keep hittin' people over the head I got a tomahawk
Almost died twice came back still a phenomenon
And I don't care if I am rich or eating Ramadan
Grab a bunch of common rappers vomit up a comet on em'
I know a bunch of people back home are gonna hesitate
I get it world champion of fuck-ups feather weight
Just take these words that I'm writing and let em' resonate
I'm older now I'm Yoda I can levitate and everything
Almost died twice took 70 pills
Now look I'm back here I'm out back it Beverly Hills
Life's a trip bro, every morning boxing and I skip rope
Coulda ended up dead with a slit throat
Lot of folks back home don't like me
Becoming friends again ah nope not likely
Some of them got the right I was high as a kite every night
It's embarrassing like what was there to like

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Look honestly I probably made some promises I didn't keep
But I was so high back then I'd talk and then I'd fall asleep
Anyways past is the past don't have a time machine
All I can do now is move right and talk honestly
I just wanna get on tracks and start demolishing
Stay away from strip clubs, drug dealers, and pharmacies
Admit it I am polished up again and I'm astonishing
Lil monsters broken off his leash no harnessing
Little piranha in the water with the sharks
Harpoon didn't get him thought they got him in the heart
Life's changed now it's all about my art
I'm up so early that I wander in the dark
But I gotta keep it quiet I don't wanna wake the neighbors
But writing songs early in the morning that's my favorite
So no misbehaving just disengage me
And keep life simple I love this arrangement