

Oh, yeah  
Yung 1, you a fool for this one

Hell if I do, hell if I don't  
They prayin' for me to fail and I tell 'em I won't  
Chill, you should stop that  
Progression is the object  
My level's two steps from Heaven, meetin' God next  
Ah, yes, it's the perfect plan (Plan)  
Convert the fans who twerk and dance, I deserve a chance  
Ah, give 'em bars like anxiety  
My old girl mad, her bitter ass won't say hi to me  
I tell her blow me like I'm checkin' her sobriety  
Been waitin', now it's time to see, the new rap prodigy  
Uh, you better tell them niggas cool it  
Get you whacked for fifty cent, it's all G's up in my unit, ho

I'm probably chillin', just mindin' my business  
Just countin' my millions, man, God is my witness  
I came from the bottom, but I gotta get it  
I'm slidin' my pimpin' and traveling, handing in contracts  
So dope, I hand 'em a contact  
I need a massage, I need a garage  
With Bentleys and Phantoms and all that  
Ain't 'bout that money, I'll call back, fall back  
Maybach, grey and black, Balmain, ball cap  
Ballsacks in your mouth for talkin' down on a real one  
Give a fuck how you feel, son  
I ain't got no chill  
How they gon' deal with me when my deal come? Uh  
I'm ready for a real run  
I mean it's time to do the damn thing, uh  
Already been the best out  
I mean, I'm stretchin' out my hamstrings, uh  
Top five, top five, yeah  
I'm on fire, hot vibes, yeah  
Juicin' up with my spinach  
Popeye with papaya  
High power, she'll die coward  
Bitch, I devour shit (Go)  
Three K's in my truck  
But I ain't talkin' 'bout no white power shit (Go)  
White powder shit all in they nose  
I guess they must have been high (Go)  
How they miss me like they ain't pick me?  
Like I don't give a fuck, nigga, die, go

When I get in my zone  
Won't answer my phone  
Tell 'em to leave me alone  
Crackin' the codes  
Back on the road  
Cookin' like crack on the stove  
Tell them boys to just fall back  
Small pack, but we all strapped  
AB, you gon' have to see D's  
I ain't talkin' no bra strap

Now we handlin' business  
With my niggas, we all rap  
Made my moves, don't put on my shoes  
Can't fit in no ball cap  
Ain't talkin' money, no convo  
Came to ball, Lonzo  
Get up in the game and just spit that shit  
Now a nigga feelin' like Rondo  
Turn a new nigga to a John Doe  
Turn a new verse to a condo  
I'm great, killin' niggas six years straight  
Y'all late, where the hell did the time go?  
Now I'm gettin' paid for the cadence  
Lames are debated, came in the greatest  
Niggas wan' talk that shit  
So I keep that Smith like Willow and Jaden

Go  
Oh  
Go  
BS2  
Ah