

I ain't talkin' Yves Saint Laurent  
But I'm been on Saint Laurent like a motherfucka  
Overworked, overlooked, hella red  
Tell 'em that I'm Type O for the bloodsuckas  
Leeches, I'm 6'5" quit reachin'  
Nigga's only goals is the goal  
Tell them Creflo Dollar motherfuckas quit preachin'  
I've been in the 514, my French gettin' too clean  
Customs is routine, eatin' hella poutine, I think I'm a buy one more  
Nigga I've been goin' through it as of late  
Lot of people talk what they think that they would have did  
Like the CTA I keep my patience, I ain't in it for the JP Morgan chase  
I'm a nice guy, nigga do this look like last place  
I'm on Priceline, searchin' for a flight to Montreal  
Me and Jerry on Saint Laurent  
I just want a little freedom, don't we all, don't we all  
Just, get a little tired of the bullshit they feed us?  
Serve and protect, like protect your pockets and servin' subpoenas  
Whole shit a circus and they ain't even servin' us peanuts  
I learned this, back when they was servin' us free lunch  
System 'bout as foul as a free throw  
Tell me what the fuck a nigga know about a free throw  
If everything that he thought stem from a remote  
This is so that he know

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On Saint Laurent like a motherfucka, I've been in the 514

Peep the passion, the thought he put in is hardly comparable  
Speakin' of parabels, these days I find myself feelin' like Charles Barkley,  
man all you niggas is terrible  
So I just tell 'em, Southside in this motherfucka, got the presence of a hou  
sefly  
Everybody know I'm in this motherfucka, you can hear it when you listen  
And I do it for the fan, Peter Griffin, we got no Meg  
Ride good, nigga no pegs  
Free Nation rebels, you need more lead, homie get your weight up  
You know who I pray to when I wake up, no weapon formed, you don't get spare  
d cause you less informed  
I'm on my square cause we in a box, burners be like cinder blocks  
Box sampled finna chop, door push it in the cold  
You could feel it when a nigga spoke  
Cause a nigga broke free and all the feelings of the fickled folk fuck with  
me  
Pour a little passion and put it in your hope  
Grow a little jasmine and put it in your smoke  
Blow a little ash, it'll take a bigger toke  
Bumpin' Little Dragon, I take a drag thinkin' damn  
Hope you see the symbols crashin' and a nigga note  
Hope you see the symbols, hope you Stacy Dash

Hope you think quick fast when the trigger stroke  
Hope you think quick fast, catch my ass in the 514

My French gettin' too clean  
Customs is routine, eatin' hella poutine, I think I'm a buy one more  
I mean I ain't talkin' Yves Saint Laurent  
But I'm been on Saint Laurent like a motherfucka  
Overworked, overlooked, hella red  
Tell 'em that I'm Type O for the bloodsuckas  
Leeches, I'm 6'5" quit reachin'  
Nigga's only goals is the goal  
Tell 'em [?] low dollar, motherfuckas quit preachin'

I've been in the 514 (my French gettin' too clean)  
I've been in the 514 (my French gettin' too clean)  
Shoutout to the 514  
Shoutout to the 514 (6'5" quit reachin')