

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 housefly
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 spared 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
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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')