

type shit

Mick Jenkins

Uh!

At this point in time, ain't finna argue 'bout some shit I didn
't do
Or some shit I didn't say
You ain't my bitch, I really ain't
Don't be going back and forth with niggas who just in the way
Now they like, "What happened?"
Ain't no yapping, I just demonstrate
Chuck a deuce, I'm in the wind
Ten and two, the passion is a ten
Don't do shit for pretend
Got the juice, she like the gin
I like the spruce, she got a light
I'm 'bout to fire these trees again
I'm 'bout to fire on niggas
We...

Don't condone no weak type shit
Or no fake type shit
Or that sneak type shit
Or that snake type shit
Type shit, type shit
Type shit
On that muthafuckin' water, nigga run a tight ship
Put that on my granny daughter, fuck I got to lie for?

We was cool every time I saw him, why he talking like this?
Like this, like this, like this, like
Hold on, hold on right quick
This ain't Magic City, bet I got a pole on my hip
Finna kick it with me, bet you ain't one hoe in my VIP
All the niggas with me sliding like I'm on a typewriter
Ain't no pyrite, just gold bars
This ain't no slight shit, light shit
We...

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