

Nineteen

midwxst

I'm not gon' lie to y'all, like, midwxst been goin' kinda crazy on this shit
, I'm not gon' lie. Like, he be droppin' hits on hits on hits on hits
Nah, facts, and like, his consistency, bruh, and the videos, everything, bro
. His sound is just fucking different. Yo, he really, he, he, he boutta be c
razy

You know, [?] pull up on some crazy shit, like, he should [?] on a fan type
shit. But at the same time, I'm kinda expectin' that shit because [?] are [?
]

Back in action, back in action
Back in action, back in action
Back in action, back in action
Back in action, back in action
Back in action, gang, let's get it
Back in action, back in action
Back in action, back in action
Back in action, back in action
Back in action, back in action

Let me talk my shit (Woo, woo), or did I flex too much?
Air out business quick (Air it quick), 'cause I compress too much
People on my dick (They be on my dick), because I impress too much
Don't get hit with that stick (With that stick), 'cause you expect too much

Bitch, I'm only nineteen (I'm only nineteen), I'm only nineteen (I'm only ni
neteen)

I got some brothers that shoot on command, no, boy, we are not fighting (No,
we are not fighting)

He thought he was a threat, but I know that he bluffin', that boy is just ty
ping (Woo, woo)

Know my shooter named Zeus 'cause he come out that cut, know he come with th
at lightning (Woo, woo)

Know I'm bigger than life, know my life is a movie directed by Spike Lee (Di
rected by Spike Lee)

Give a fuck 'bout the comments or anything anyone wan' do to spite me (Wan'
do to spite me)

Shit, if I was you, I'd hate me too (On God)

I'm a threat, bitch, no, that's nothing new (On God)

On my neck, bitch, I broke out the zoo (The zoo)

Said I'm hard? Well, that shit is old news (Old news)

Indy baby, made it out the Nap' (The Nap')

I've still got some brothers in the trap (In the trap)

I've still got some brothers wavin' flags (Wavin' flags)

Bringin' money in, I got the cash

Got three phones on my body, what number?

Know I'm mixin' that Rick with the Junya

Hating on me like Kanye, I Wonder

We gon' run in the house, we gon' plunder (Yeah)

The fuck is a box? You can't keep me in

Know we servin' out hot shit like onions

And my bro wave them colors like Uncle Sam

We gon' push and provide, nigga, that's the plan

Know I rock in the show, then I talk to the fans

Walk in that bank, and deposit the bands

All black how we movin', bitch, move in that Benz

I need new hundreds, them benjis, them mans

I get on the stage and bitches fall in trance

Free all my brothers that's locked in the pen'
Never gon' tell, not stepping on no stand
Been going up, bitch, I been in demand
Word to boy joeyy, that bitch gonna shake it
She want a pic', I told that boy to take it
Niggas be fakin', they fake 'til they make it
My brodies ride around, know that they dangerous
Spitting this shit off the dome, speaking facts
No one go harder, say that shit with my chest (Woo)
That boy a tire the way that he pressed (Woo)
When you start getting money, bitch, you know the rest

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