

Yea

My nigga, I peep God's work  
Boy I'm twisted in the clock work  
I ain't stoppin 'til I see my Momma sittin' in a fox fur  
Til the gold chain hangin all day where the locks curve  
And boy I'm not the type to talk first  
I be writin' and my heart watch the chalk burst  
And if you feelin' like I walk worse, don't it  
Chest so high like a hawk, bird floating  
Nigga I'm in it  
I wave my flag just to show that I'm winning  
Had the black Timbs gritting through the white snow  
Niggas tinted, where ya light bulb?  
In the big apple I'm a bright soul  
My thoughts darken and these niggas that I fight for  
This fast life make me write slow  
This one for my idols, one for the title  
Write 'til my eyes closed  
Nigga, 'til my lyrics do the scriptures from the Bible  
Look into my screaming on arrival  
Coming up with knowledge that's my ticket for survival

I know niggas plotting on my downfall  
That's why a nigga stay quiet when around yall  
Ridin' like the greyhound  
Dodgin' all the groundhogs  
Some of my youngins stay 'round  
Runnin' 'til the ground soft  
We still spittin' if it sounds off  
This a journey not a couch you can lounge on