

Aye

That boy Babe Ruth with it
Hit it out the park with a smooth finish, take two minutes
Stop fronting like you knew wisdom
One pull and the glue hit him, stuck in this couch
Niggas running for frown, nigga you lucky he out
Young boy got drive, he be hungry without it
Fifth grade, we was running through houses
No pounds just pounds for allowance
Niggas who hardly made it touch down, be the loudest
Used to run 'round with the mouses
Grade A, make your momma the proudest
Niggas thirsty, might drown in the fountain
You a clown or misdoubting?
Lost a friend, found depression instead
Lost my pencil, I remembered the stress
Ask if Max brought the medicine yet
Cold tears leave these sentences wet
Told 'Press I build the stairs, just remember the steps
Everyday, it's like my memory left
Blunt roaches with a centipede crest
Head in clouds, hope this beat'll place, the rest of me slept
And I'm the type that's not accepting they death

Tell my reaper I'm a feig, gimme time, gimme place
Niggas speaking bout my ways, you should say it to my face
Pussy Nigga
Tell my reaper I'm a feig, gimme time, gimme place
Niggas speaking bout my ways, you should say it to my face