

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