

Yeah, yeah

Why you always by the rim, but you not scorin'?
I got thunder in the spliff, sound like God snorin'
We gon' take off in a bit, but you not boardin'
I paint pictures when I spit, but I'm not Dory
All that hatin' on the kid, how you block fortune?
Teach you how to take a trip, make a guap orbit
You kept sayin' you was rich, now you got shortage
Or showin' paper in the vids for the opps, surely
I swear, everything he did or he drop bore me
I'm at the studi' makin' hits, take a shot for me
A lil' booty in this trench make the spot gory
I used to think and try to fix it 'til it got corny
You know this game will get malicious and I got story
I'm in the strip club with my sister, tryna shop shorty
Michael Jordan ain't no pick up, I'ma drop forty
And molly might be in my system, I ain't Tom Fordy
I'm only lyin' to them pigs if I'm on jury
Shorty thought she saved the kid, she did not cure me
I know how to take a hit, but I'm not Fury
You ain't gang when it was serious, you got scary
Ayy, scary, you ain't really 'bout that business, you was in tu
rn
Think of how I chase chicken, in the crib workin'
'Fore I ate, I'm really spiffin', I'm a sick person
Tried take 'em around the hitters, he got big nervous
I can save 'em when it hit, just make a big purchase
Tell my neighbor, "Watch the 6 'cause they been lurkin'"
Always prayin' on a lick or on a different verdict