

[?] to this shit now, now
Why they faking

I don't know, I don't know
We goin' global now (Trust me) ah, yeah
(Go) Woo, go

I been on the grind for time, we different insides
I coulda already signed and turn on the lights
I gotta flow with me, it might come by surprise
You gotta open your ears and visualise
I used to clean up the guns and walk with the knives
I was a young nigga with some robbery guys
And now I'm 24/7, still up on the grind
I ain't got time to put no work on the line
I woke up to the base sound, O-Zone tearing the place down
Before I hit the trap, I used to jugg in the playground
I wasn't born a trapper, that shit might be [?] now
I'm tryna do this rappin' but it's deep in my veins now
I'm so cold, I'm in a place called the O-Zone
Where all of these rappers, they don't go (These rappers they don't go)
Go from the postcode to the whole globe where most of these rap
niggas don't go (Nah)
Nigga, I been wit' the machine, too big for my jeans
I had the red and black [?], wit' the gloves and the keys
The black bag and ammunition, [?] to the tee
They wanna make me throwback to where I left in the sterets
I got a hundred bad bitches, made 'em live what they're dreamin'
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Whenever winning pussy, we don't need to be feenin'
Smokin' hella dro, we got the blunts with the cheese in
And I be getting high for no reason

Gone, gone