

Through the lights, cameras, and action, glamour, glitters, and gold
I unfold the scroll, plant seeds to stampede the globe
When I'm deceased, by then the beast arise like yeast
To conquer peace leaving savages to roam in the streets
Live on the run, police paying me to give in my gun
Trick my wisdom with the system that imprisoned my son
Smoke a gold leaf, I hold heat, nonchalantly
I'm raunchy, but things I do is real it never haunts me
While, funny style niggas roll in the pile
Rooster heads profile on a bus to Rikers Isle
Holdin' weed inside they pussy with they minds on the pretty things in life
Gettin' props is a true thug's wife
It's like a cycle, niggas come home, some'll go in
Do a bullet, come back and do the same shit again
From the womb to the tomb, I presume the unpredictable
Gun salute life rapidly, that's the ritual

Here's a toast to my foes, trees, & women
(Déjà Vu)
It's like a whole new beginning
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Blunts, thugs and alcohol, what a mixture
Just picture, ya life as a whole judged in court they convict ya
They telling you your state of mind, like you worthless
So he curses, his mom saying Bible verses
That's all she works with
But miracles never leave the churches
Instead, it hits the pockets of the Preacher just to purchase
A house, with a swimming pool, labels me a sinning fool
I'm just a nigga who inherited a winning jewel
To be a trendsetter, whenever subject to
Respect this and all respect due is the essential
To street life, hustlin', the struggle, broke ghettos
Boiling coke settles slow inside a glass kettle
Darren Levy on my TV, lifestyles of living easy
Got my crew tense, plottin' to jips, to get whips with BBs
Pushing cakes, knew anorexics with ten plates
Celebrating elevation in the seeds that we make
So how you like that?

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Escobar life, gems and raw Timbs
Gators for pretty boy haters
In Vegas with chicks trickin' fortunes
I'm glistening, housing cops whistling
Still I'm drifting in a high, blunts is like insulin
95-I, I drive high, zoning
Stash box zone in my trunk, I flash not, teeth golden
Look at me now, Ma
Blowin' but for how far?
Cars, cash, and bitches got me out more
And things you never dreamed I can vouch for
Snake niggas slither on the A-alikes
I ain't a Christian, but I find that we pray alike
Never the one to ask for the time to a saint
A mask and nine, I think, will make my problems sink
Down a canal, similar to how we drink
Distinct diamond-flooded Sphinx shines on my links
Drug money, snortin' bitches, in the end of times
Got my nine, 'til I flatline, nigga, give me mine

Déjà vu...