

Freshman List

NAV

I was made for this shit, rookie of the year
I wouldn't show up for the freshman list
Your swag expired, you ain't fresh like this
Shit on all my haters, I'ma make them pissed
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Trade my Honda to a Bentley
Now these fuckboys wanna end me
Ammunition, I got plenty
I squeezed it till it's empty
My haters, they resent me
Never checking what they send me
Don't touch me, I ain't friendly
I'm driving foreigners, I ain't renting
Your career is stuck on pending
The corner what I'm bending
You're thinking about lending
My money I ain't sending
You can't get a penny
You wanna see me fail because I'm balling
You a fake and we ain't got nothing in common
You didn't pick up when you saw me calling
So you wouldn't catch me if you saw me falling
Be careful who you shit on, they might make it, you never know
Don't try to come around me if you wasn't here before
You say you need some tickets, wanna see me at my show
I put my bitch in VIP, I put you on the floor

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I'm rolling off a bean and I'm stoned
I just did a interview with Rolling Stone
My teachers used to call my momma on the phone
I failed in all my classes, hated going home
Got-Got a lot of problems that I handle on my on
Remember making beats and feeling stuck inside my home
And now when I come home, I'm fucking every bitch I know
I just show my chain off to Lil Uzi on the phone
I feeling in my zone, I took two 30's to the dome
I heard they pitch they shit up just so they can match my tone
I'm balling, you can't stand it how I keep you on your toes
No motion picture money rewinds in my video
When I'm in my city, I feel like I'm Rambo
My bro like a mechanic, always keep the hammer close
Do I believe in heaven? To be honest, I don't know
But I believe in Ghosts and I believe in Lambo's

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