

Ayy

(Kane did it, ho)

This mornin', I brushed my teeth, I grabbed my Glock off the hotel stand
Shot my mama a text, "Thanks for makin' me a man"
I stopped by Dillard's, grabbed a pack of Polo t-shirts
They were slim fit, I got a slim bitch
But that ain't my bitch, don't even know why I mentioned this
Then I hit up John Popi, got a zip of biscotti
They painted up my billboard, they did some hell a climbin'
Got me back and forth to court 'bout somethin' I want behind me
The opps, they know where I'm at, but they won't come and find me
The opps, they know where I'm at, it ain't like I'm hidin'
I tried to spare 'em, tried to look over the biggest shit
If I put down my remote, then Lil Joe gon' click
Tie him up on speakerphone, let his mama hear it
I'll kill his whole crew and still be on some humble shit
And I get fly as hell especially in an orange fit
These niggas must die and I ain't talkin' armpits
And I need y'all to stop comparin' me, your favorite rapper flow from me
These rappers not approachin' me but I hear that it's smoke with me
But tell them if they want to kill me (Ayy)
Tell them that it won't be easy
I ride with Drakes like I'm Lil Weezy
And I still feel like somethin' missing
I'm forever reppin' 16
They ain't got no problem with riskin' life for me
I shine with no problem, that's why they really hate me
"More money, more problems" prolly the realest statement
I just talked to Lil Durk, it was 'bout real estate
I want a lil' more paper but rappin' got me straight
Everything ain't good, I still wanna see better days
Disrespect the dead, seen burnt flowers on Fred grave
And I could never respond, they blow up what I say
I seen death around the corner and went the other way
They ain't picture me comin', in my dreams I see me runnin' up on them
With the stick, box him right in the corner I ain't talkin' McGregor
I just checked a hundred racks on my schedule
Hate, I ain't responding now, you niggas can't even get to my level
I already fucked the bitch way before I even had met her
I just got in the game, they watched me go put flawless on metal
Ayy, really ride with 9's, I don't pretend
Ayy, I just bought Versace just to sleep in
Ayy, your dead homie's somethin' I don't know about
But if his killer go to jail, I'm tryna bond him out
Might have some babies in your crib 'cause we gon' come inside
We want your casket closed so all we know is open fire (Ayy)
Slim left, that's why I tote this gun on my right hip
If he hops, death be comin' right behind him like an ad-lib
You gon' have to fake your death, I'm tellin' you, for real, it's gon' get t
hat real
It's so easy to lose like car keys
Ended my night with red and RP's at the studio
I'm happy that I got a soul that I ain't never sold
Havin' sex with hoes who wouldn't fuck me like a year ago
I'm dressin' rich, but the inside of me still broke
Know I'm a rapper, still got niggas I'd kill for

Get real high, I get booted up like steel toes
I'm in too, thought I'd give you some of this info
Know you want some, tell me, nigga, what you in for?