

Life so lavish you can't pay for it  
It's a lot of niggas want it that ain't made for it  
Sirens in the beat make ya grab the blammer  
More obsessed with grams fuck the proper grammar  
Know that money coming like it's on the planner  
Over 9000 when he checked the scouter  
I'm just a young nigga wielding all this power

My Brooklyn homie here we facing all this dour  
In the city like the peach drop  
We just eaten feastin chew chew it  
But it's hard to swallow  
Used to pull up in that Monte Carlo  
Golden Road no El darado  
Me and Jr Danny whippin probably  
A ok tryna cop a audi  
A7 my hindparts  
Last name my brother name  
So we stunt on niggas bout twice as hard  
I was birthed by college park  
Make wide ruled and school y'all  
No cage in this pool sharks just a AR  
All ready  
Got the reaper with me and we so deadly  
Prada pippin when the shells drop  
Where were you when Give Em Hell dropped

I'm a start off sayin' sorry  
But really I'm not, and you really should shop  
With someone who shops with me  
Cause there's levels to this and I'm sittin' on top  
Murder, C and I cremate tracks  
They call me JerZ, aka the reaper  
Born illmatic, I'm stillmatic  
So every day I give 'em ether  
In my army I'm the tool man  
If you want home improvement, go and call for Tim  
All these straps just don't make sense  
Lord please forgive me for my sins  
The life I live, you can't pay for it  
I could end your life, it'd be super cheap  
I count cash and they count sheep  
Damn son, they super sleep

That's just motivation, I welcome hate  
Pitchfork and that big C  
We ball hard, that's the fuckin' 8  
I get lesbians and I fuck 'em straight  
Like I'm the future that was just the past  
Sticky fingers from these fuckin' bags  
Dirty thumbs from a hundred racks