

SESH
OmenXIII
Drip-133

Bitch, I feel like fucking Bones, 'cause I'm going-going ghost
Bitch, I feel like fucking Bueller, 'cause I'm always with my woes
Kinda sorta dancing like I'm Kenshin Travis, with the shit
And I'm straight up out the IE, like I'm Eddy Baker, bitch
I can pick up on the style, I'm Kakashi with the shit
I could smell a fucking liar, quit the faking, you a bitch
You a snitch, you a prat, you ain't fucking with the pack
Put you in the fucking oven, like a paper with the wax

Rock a crew neck and a beanie
Got all of these keys on my key ring
All of these niggas is sleeping on life, but I'm trying to find out what's the meaning?
Think that I'm staying, I'm leaving
Think that I'm dead, but I'm breathing
Think of my way, but I'm dreaming
Bitch, you could never see what I been seeing
'Cause I'm riding around with bandanna
Meditating, charging that mana
When these niggas flexing I handle
'Cause I hang 'em up on that mantle
Bitch, I'm blacksmith, on that anvil
Bitch, I'm farmer John with that cattle
'Cause you in the box like you tackle
Bitch, you chick soup like you Campbell's

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Don't get love for my enemies
I'm doing me 'till I rest in peace
Turn a world war to a trilogy
When shit popping off, stay trill my G
Trying to rotate with no tires
Rain coming down but it's fire
I'm strategizing, importing my names
While most of these niggas expire
Bitches for hire, what do they need
I don't need you, bitch, I don't need a thing
Take you to the truth, just follow my lead
I need some change and I hope you agree