

Switchblades on my hip, no, I never switch lanes  
While everybody switching up on everybody else, the game so fake  
Game fucked up  
Pull up on us come get fucked up  
Everybody talking the talk  
But they ain't walkin the walk  
If they ain't got it, I got it  
I got a blade in my pocket  
I pull it straight from the jump and I'ma aim at your neck  
And I'ma take your life and then collect my check

Flashing lights then yo lights out  
What goes around gonna come around  
Lifting blades then I bring em down  
Bodies dropping my favorite sound  
I don't give a fuck about life  
I don't give a fuck bout death  
Run up on OmenXIII, black shirt, black jeans, you can bet it will be your last breath

Truth is, ain't nobody fuck with the true shit  
You don't really fuck with the crew shit  
Truth is you can't really fuck with my movement  
You just tryna fuck with the cool kids  
Truth is I ain't really cool, fuck cool kids  
I don't give a fuck who you cool with  
Truth is I don't give a fuck where you stay  
Came a long, long way since last year  
Used to struggle just to eat top ramen  
Now I'm looking for my own apartment  
Black curtains up in my room  
White roses up in my garden  
You flexin hard but ain't got no check  
I don't need to flex, I still see success  
I've been on my grind, almost all the time  
And I think I'm dead, I don't need to rest

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