

How you gon' win when you ain't right within?
And how you gon' pretend that you anti-me
Been in here before, deja vu times three
And all I see is clones, star wars Young P
ID looking different cause I got much bigger
Fakes got missing, my patience got thinner
What is yo' name? I can't remember
And even if I did, I don't know y'all niggas
Man, I swear y'all trippin'
Worried who I'm seeing cause they can't hang with us
We ain't turned pop that's the champagne pimpin'
Seattle nights had me out my denims
Yes Lord, and in those linens
Living out dreams, lucid this vision
I learn everyday you speak I listen
(Learn everyday you speak I listen)
Rap life got me questionin' my friends again
Trying to write scripts, Netflix no chillin' man
Rappers wan' be actors so I'll hire them with benefits
And give 'em out they fuck boy membership
Yeah, 'cause I ain't got time for it
When did rap become a pageant show for gold awards
These bars break backs, chip spinal chords
Coming for ya so you can't ignore him

Ain't that a bitch, ain't that a bitch
Ain't that a bitch, ain't that a bitch
They'll never know shit, never know shit
Don't even exist to me

My grass green enough
I pity the fool keepin' up with us
Just give me the time to feed the soil
And we gon' live and grow forever-more

Coffee shop coolin'
Throwing back beans you can keep the kombucha
I was out in San Lucas, thinking how the hell we do this
It done cost me everything but my soul, hallelujah
Go to church every verse but this not soul music
Studio then rehearse, then right back to it
Homie send a verse then I write back to it
Dodging calls from my ex 'fore I'm right back to her
Po-po got the kid dodging feds like cooties
Homies sipping slow on some Fela Kuti
Did it independent now they question how I'm movin'
Draft day when I play, yeah broads all choose em
First round how the verse sound
Now I got the haters throwin' in the towel
Menace now, I could never finish now
Snapchat beats account, almighty the intro
Don't need a pencil to paint on instrumentals
Pellcaso abstract, tip hot hoes
Girl's pretty no flaco
Reach for my johnson no rock though
I been on a roll since Cabo
Never been a ganger lames dopple

The head honcho, so cold
Not a home wrecker but your girl getting reckless
Hit me on Twitter tell her never ever text it

Yeah, It goes down in my DMs
Holla when you see em
Working am to the pm
I be on to the game pledge allegiance
In God we trust, I've been running from my demons
Yes Lord
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