

Test the water, ya daughter get slaughtered
I can get to you where you can get from your father
Running 'round and doing all the things that I taught ya
Being a slut in the middle of Kansas
Shooting 47's outta the banshee
Yuh, I know these rappers can't stand me
So sit down like a bitch, play your part and watch me
Balls out, get sloppy, come fine everywhere
I don't care, I'ma do whatever whenever
Your head gets severed if you playing with me
Yuh, I do this shit in my sleep
Yuh, adrenaline in my teeth
As I learn more, and the clock ticks
Looking around the [?], gon' make my heart sick
And your body pics, do not help at all
But that don't mean I don't wanna come inside and see you doll
Let me feel your walls, my dick claustrophobic
You could be my only omen (bitch)

Fuck what you heard, but it probably happened
I'm in Kansas, with the verses in canvas
Came and got them [?], taking pictures with the Canon
And I mouth a couple Xanax cause my sleeping schedule vanished
Pouya brought the hoes, he signing titties in the corner
But I'd rather sit alone and sip a couple of Coronas
My girl waiting for me down south
I mean, I could get my dick sucked and kick a groupie out
But fuck being a Mac, I think my mind is changing now
And I ain't no [?], San Antonio is foul
I never had a brother, but I think I made a couple
Germ and Nick now they my family
Pouya pull up in the caddy with a shotgun
But I blow his brains out
Cause this lifestyle wild and it's only getting worse
Than the suicidal thoughts that you envisioned from your birth
Put a pistol in my hands and give myself what I deserve, bitch

(Yuh, Yuh, Yuh)

So I came out the dirt like Uma
Get more money then I'm use to
Fuck you mean my team is the future?
I done fucked a million hoes up on my computer
Still ride around the city on the razor scooter
Your bitch begging me to call her an Uber
She tired of fucking these losers
But I'm not the one that's gon' choose her

(Hell no, you know what's up, we in fucking Kansas, in the middle fucking Go
d damn nowhere, still rapping in this shit)

Wanna have a conversation? Better come correct
I don't give a fuck about your life
I want you to cut my check
Damn, you so cool taking pictures with your cigarette
How can you lure me when we never met?
I ain't gonna lie, you look good on the internet
See your ass in real life and you really just a simpleton

Special [?] rappers talking bout I'm not a lyricist
Keep on talking sideways, you best be diligent
I started getting money and I never wanna finish it
Finna buy my momma something cause I'm really feeling it
Commissary for my brother, get some tuna fish
Told that bitch "What's up? You acting like a lunatic"
She tried to slap me in my face so I hit her with a pool stick
She started crying balling like a bitch
Telling me that I'm full of shit
Chicken and beer on your breath, bitch you smell like Ludacris

(Fuck you, you stupid bitch, suck a dick, bitch)