

Malicious Intentions

Pozer

(RA the God)

Look, rolling around with malicious intentions
Waps with extensions, look like cord
Bikes on wires, dot dots sawn
Never seen a green giant, but I've seen nuff corn
Undies in a unmarked Ford
I'm wid folks on the strip and it's lively
There's about four years on my waist
Let alone what I got in this Dri-Fit Nike fleece

Two long pipes on the, yeah, and they're Siamese
I beg a man act up, I'll tan him
Folks ain't gotta ask me if I brang it
Snap it, fill it to the max and bang it
Cream of the crop like Randy Savage
The bells out the dots turn my man cabbage
The teeth on rams left dukie ravaged
Same time, I'm tryna level up and live lavish

Can't sign who? I know you can't manage
Try call for a, two and a blue from a half
I don't know why dukes tryna be smart
Tryna line up a movie, I ain't that daft
Try run, never made it far
Try drive off and then crashed his car
Never backed his shank, can he ain't got heart
All I heard was, "Bear," "Hubbub," and "Hurrah"
I'm on the strip, battling with my conscience
This hotline bling and there's nonsense
Shank on ya waist and you think it ain't obvious
Akhi, when are you going Jumu'ah?
To tell the truth, I'm mentally scarred
Fighting a war inside, it's dark
I ain't tryna sit and fixate on my past
I'd rather smoke weed and fixate on my tasks

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Push weight like the gym
Same time, punching a clock, Mike Tyson
If he knows what's best, he'll approach with sense
But he don't, so he ate half of my ching
I don't know why they love pree my ting
It's all games till a man green light him
Back mine out of the sheath, and dice him
Send me the addy, my boy, stop typing
I got what you need, link me by the best one
I don't do ticks, you're smoking spice
The food that I serve sent man to the moon

And I'm letting it go at a normal price
Grab a pack, bruck it down and then watch it fly
I need racks, even feds know that a man's live
I sell weed, I'm tryna better my life
I got what you need, hurry up and buy

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Oh my god, oh my god