

Tres Passing

Pro Era

Man it is hot today
Woo it's hot out here man
It is hot today
You know it is hot out
Yeah I just said that, I said it is hot out here man
Yeah you know it's hot too
Yeah that's why I said it man, it is hot out here!
I know I'm just saying, it's hot too

Man, I haven't been in the studio mad long, this is 47 shit

Young boy but I'm a little mature in the literature
Trying to read my mind next, my eyes been red
All the lows and highs more blunts can't heal it
Another dropped trash now the little bug is a little boy like a firefly
Gold spirit flyer, word to God when I speak to myself
I feel inspired, these are diary words
If you see what I see you would cry every night
It's cause of the pot fry every verse, reverse psychology
Got my enemies proud of me, fuck Twitter
We could end the wars right now do you follow me
Hope when they say my name it tastes bitter
They freed all the of the slaves
I freed all of my niggas
How could you have made it if your minds all made up by
Government lies, government ties, you're not a winner
I'm the [?] I'm lifted I'm blasted
Spit crack like chapped lips and teeth chipping green
Stinking up the plastic, pimping
Know what that means still serving them fiends
My entire required them black Timbs are fire
Stashing the green like it's in my jeans
Been higher than my self-esteem since 15
Never been on a team
No eye in the finish line, I've been eyeing it
All you finish line God was made it my image
It's Dirty

Yo who's the kid with the platinum voice
I keep the maximum poise, mad noise
I step inside of the venue, who sent you
Faces be unfamiliar slap you and whoever stealing my lime-light
Rhyme tight hold mics like fuck out my face, you ain't nice
Got chased by the police twice
Woke up in Kew Gardens
Shoot no matter who guarding
[?] down to the bucket like James Harden
Look at them, look at them yo they starving
Involved in, shit that don't involve them camouflaging
In my, did you stance your analoging
Memories that are crazy bitch still haunt me
Move calmly, [?]
Hilfiger, ill niggas be all around me
Y to the L, it smells like pussy
Pasta with the shells you fail to overlook me

Imagine me, a mere mortal opening them portals

Overdosing on myself and burning like I'm coiled
I'm walking through the fire and I'm selling it too
See it in my eyes motherfucker I do
Holy Matrimony with crazy sex and money
My bitch tried to lead me to the uh-uh honey
You always going to love me, that's end of story
Blaze and glory nights 'til they cut them a slice
It all gets blurry, you're back on thin ice
Falling through the cracks though it all seems nice
To leave this life, nigga push harder
It's only third quarter, we the new sponsor
Killing everything with the odds against us
We gone do it better I feel no pressure
I don't need no lecture, young go-getter
Soon trend setter make your bitch wetter

And I don't need no bitch
To help me build this shit
Cause I been on my shit
47 for life
And I don't need no bitch
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