

I'm overseas thinking
The arrogance of Americans
I'm ready to kill with "DOE" tucked away for the therapist
Took it wasn't inherited
Dirty dancing through the landmines and the squeaky comparisons
Me and them boys ain't nowhere near the same
Self-funded
Turned misfortune into fame
The lay up line before the game
No pressure to make it
Yet I still make it look easy
Imagine a Drake with no Weezy
Imagine a dot with no top
Imagine no Cole with no Roc

Eleven three
You'll see me restoring the bop
They say it's turned to yay-yayers as I question the timing
Triple entendre on mamas
Why question the problem?
Still a star amongst stars while I brush through the comets (comments)
Moonwalking with my gloves on no glitter on socks
They it's game-changing when we strip
No Keefe and Pac
They it's game-changing when I spit
Either preachy or pop
Shout out to them boys
Y'all swear can beat me in rap
We cool but I gotta kick this off like Geechi and Pap
I been that nigga and they know it
Let's keep it a stack
I been that nigga and they know if I choose to relapse
It's quiet for niggas
Same skills
Same hunger
Same mission
Just had to rewire the image of smidgen
No disrespect to the living but I lived it
Living it
Living it currently
What the fuck I look like letting another man worry me?
DSP's giving me hell
Over-changing my name
Change the game once before
Now it's time to change it again
Compton on this bullshit like my twiggedy twin
Cali boy with them bucks got dame
We did it again
The more they say we fell off, the bigger we win
Trolls like made shots
They wouldn't count if they couldn't go in
Bring it on
Bring it on
Like Gab with them clovers
Throwing shots tough with the thumbs but won't throw for the shoulders
Cali been in the rut
Fuck it

Bring in the closer
'Cause their background checks usually end up in decent exposure
He scared to grow
He can only go off meds
He plays touch but rather nigga than chicks in his bed
He's charged up got his man in the mix
Now that man is dead
Facts over fiction
I'm just listing what people have said
Hold on
No opinions
Just facts over fiction
I'm just hold on hold on

Eleven three
You see me restoring the bop
43 and still me
I'm far too important to flop
Only time streams concern me
When I'm boarding the yacht
I would say it's my time but I don't believe in the clock
Top 10 out my fucking city
Dead or alive
Top 10 out my fucking city
I dare you to try
Woop, woop
I put that on the bity
I'm ready to ride
Coupe, coupe
Sliding with the cutie
It's Connie and Clyde
Niggas telling me what I should but keep your advice
Life live to advice giver
I'm upping the price
Question my price
Tag
Go ahead
I'm upping it twice
Business is rarely polite

Eleven three
You'll see me restoring the bop
Nigga
Compton story
What?