

Next door to the Vatos
Pot holes, Tahoes, ya'll know how the lot goes
Cops go bang in the name of the law bro
Hoppin' out with things to put holes in your jaw bone
Hot zone mang, I flang slang in the same vein of forefathers
Holla through they mics, I got flows
Snot-nosed kid, no particular gang affiliate
Pop those beats in, styles I got a myriad
Killin' it, spot goes wild while I pop domes
Open, hoping in goes the things that change
And ice chains ain't manhood, you ain't gotta cop those
Size of your riches ain't central to the gospel
Born in South Central, this flaco won't stop tho
Behind Golden Ox [?] you don't think I know?
Listen a me, church boi, this is all I go
Fists up, blue jeans, torn up Chucks

I just lean, I ain't got nuttin' to prove
I just lean, give it to 'em, check 1-2
I just lean, homie only speakin' the truth
I just lean, you ain't gotta like it, it's cool

And next door to the eses
Gun spray, run ways, ya'll know how the West plays
Here they clap cultures, master your craft vultures
I'm after your cash holster, the aftermath can roast ya
Rest lays low in the cut waitin' for movement
Swear they can't get touched, so self-deluded
Best days of my life, learnin' not to cup the mic
Learnin' who God is and how humbling failure is
An expert, 'pending on the potency of energy
You exert, givin' 'em an excerpt
Of my best work, and I don't know what the rest say
But the best way to prove, you gotta jump on stage and rock it
Rules of the city where they slang anything
Social security, car parts to SIM cards
Listen a me, church boi, this is all I go
Fists up, torn jeans, all-black Chucks

I just lean, I ain't got nuttin' to prove
I just lean, give it to 'em, check 1-2
I just lean, homie only speakin' the truth
I just lean, you ain't gotta like it, it's cool