

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

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