

# Late Night Freestyle

Quadeca

Hit a button Morty give me a beat  
Oh man, ok, alright, um

People look at me like I'm insane (yeah)  
They on the ground but I'm in a plane (yeah)  
They don't know what's in my fuckin' brain  
But they think my sound is fuckin' fire yeah they think it's flames

Yeah, they think its fuckin' flames  
Uh, yeah, oh, yeah, oh  
They think its fuckin' flames in my lane  
Talkin' to that bitch I been in my brain (yeah)  
Yeah, now she give me brain  
I just do this shit now they knowin' my name, yeah  
'Cause these snitches they be switchin' lanes  
I'm living my facts you just makin' claims  
I told 'em I'm not in it for the fuckin' fame  
I just want a gold song before a gold chain  
Ay, so what the fuck you heard  
When these haters see me they just duck and swerve (yeah)  
Just kicked to the fuckin curb  
Now they always gotta ask me what's the word (ay, yeah)

We cookin' in the stu' we got all the sauces  
Bitch I'm independent I ain't got no bosses  
Yeah I keep on winnin' I ain't got no losses  
They ask me for the keys like the fuckin' locksmith  
Locksmith yeah you know I'm doin' hot shit  
Hot shit they all like it when I drop shit  
You pop shit I'm like why the fuck you talkin'  
I walk in everybody they be rockin' (ay)

So now they finally like the flow  
These people 'round me used to doubt me now they know  
You peepin' out my wrist I know you feelin' cold  
Steady makin' hits I'm comin' for the gold

Ay that was good  
You peepin' out my wrist I know you feelin' cold  
Yeah 'cause you're also salty 'cause you ain't got this shit

Ay, yeah  
Peepin out my wrist I know your feelin' cold (uh)  
Fuckin' on that bitch I know I'm feelin' bold (uh)  
Yeah I'm makin' hits just look how much I sold  
Ay ay ay I can just not be controlled

Ay, so what the fuck you heard  
When these haters see me they just duck and swerve (yeah)  
I was kicked to the fuckin curb  
Now they always gotta ask me what's the word (ay, yeah)