

## 6 God Freestyle

REASON

Look, watch your muhfuckin' tongue, nigga (Nigga)  
Jackie Chan, Jet Li how I stunt, nigga  
Coupe black and white, I be ridin' in a skunk, nigga  
Fresh steez, I'm what's poppin', I'm a trunk nigga  
Send your bitch home walkin' like a drunk nigga  
Ha, that pussy need a eulogy  
Nigga, you got bad taste, plus I know her ass fake  
She might have fooled you but she ain't foolin' me  
Look, my money still growin' like puberty  
Killed in my past, don't make me what I used to be  
'Cause usually I handle beef like I'm Steph Curry (Curry)  
If I pull up on you then I'm probably shootin' three, bars  
Fuck local rappers, I'm aimin' for stars (Yeah)  
They can't see me, this is just a mirage  
I been heatin' up lately, this just the defrost (Yeah)  
No content needed, this shit just be bars  
Got a fat ass? Then I'm fuckin' with ya'  
Both both hands on it like a double dribble  
I could get you real wet, baby, let me puddle with you  
Fuck you real good and after I ain't fuckin' with ya'  
Niggas talkin' crazy, that's gon' make me come and get ya'  
I ain't workin' at a deal, nigga fuck a pickle  
Like Sonic, leave you red if I knuckle with you (Wha?)  
Like Sonic, leave you red if I knuckle- nevermind  
Stickman flow (Flow), swear I'm just ahead with lines  
I be chasin' cheese (Cheese), call me when it's cheddar time  
Niggas say they nice (Nice), fuck it, I just let 'em lie  
'Cause they already dead inside (Ha)  
Look, I said Ro told me that I'm so official  
When you get on, fuck whoever wasn't fuckin' with ya' (Fuck 'em)  
And don't eat with 'em if they had no hunger with ya' (Nah)  
And don't walk with no one who wasn't runnin' with ya'  
Nigga, shit been crazy (Shit been crazy)  
And I'm so new to this  
Comin' from the muhfuckin' west side (West side)  
And I'm so new to this  
This is just somethin' in the meantime (Meantime)  
And I'm so new to this  
And I'm so new  
But I could get used to it  
Feelin' like the coolest here (Yeah)  
Meet your bitch, bring her home like a souvenir (Yeah)  
I got her drunk off the Henny playin' truth or dare (Ha)  
Huh, you mad nigga? We could do it here  
My nigga got a 40 on him, keep a cougar near (Wha?)  
He let 'em smoke, yeah we brought them hookahs here (Yeah)  
Look, me and my nigga Barrellz, it's a new niggas thing (Yeah, yeah)  
It's REASON

You about to get this work boy  
I really don't be hirin' these niggas  
But I'm feelin' like a boss and  
You ain't even got a choice, boy  
Bitches know I only really want the purse boy  
Kind of crazy every time I get to rappin'  
You thinkin' about the money but all I see is a hearse boy  
How the hell these bitches callin' me a God

And break bread and I ain't even fuckin' with the church boy?  
Elevated my compilation and niggas hate it  
And everything on a bitch except for her conversation  
Tell 'em listen and learn, I ain't wearin' no perm  
But I got ears on 'em like hydraulics, now she hoppin' the curb  
I break on it like the play is read, you niggas already dead  
My niggas already fed, all about my paper like some fuckin' lead  
Niggas rob me, I had to double back  
Double strapped, have a nigga moms buyin' double black  
Fuck is that? Funeral nigga? Get your Kleenex  
My bitches, they ain't never buyin' free sex  
Think about it, I ain't never seen a nigga start off with a half a brick  
Break it down in dimes, I be grindin' like them Haitians nigga  
I don't wake and bake 'cause I don't ever sleep, fuck is that?  
Send a pack around Indiana, call that the Cabbage Patch  
Where they get these names from? Bitches ask where I get this game from  
Mama was my pops where I came from  
I don't need no sympathy, I'm askin' for the green  
I'm a jack of all trades, niggas tryin' to make the team  
I called it a blind date how a nigga met the beam  
Ironic how I be in the bakery yellin' "cream," ah  
Nowadays homies ain't brodies  
They say they want the bread and some cheese but all I hear is bologna  
I ain't never miss a breakfast in the mornin'  
Thought I was talkin' 'bout a meal when I was trappin' for a mil  
I'ma have to dumb it down in a minute  
'Cause I murder a track and have the jury in the pond nigga missin'  
They gon' have to keep 'em comin', nigga listen  
Y'all knew this time was comin', how the fuck you niggas watch this, get to  
trippin'  
Got this mic tatted on my skin, it's another sin  
Put another beat in a bodybag, it's a lose win  
Try and told niggas it's a friendly competition  
I just treat it like it's business, we ain't homies 'til it's finished  
Huh?