

Extinct

REASON

Yeah

I'm just sayin' that, yeah

I just, damn

Yeah, yeah

I take my licks in the storm, bitch do me raw
Yeah, still fuckin' 'til six in the morn'
Son, how I flooded out the wrist to reward
Damn, they don't make 'em like this anymore
Don't try to hold that, you can't control that
I bought the 'Rari, the Tesla, then I got the throwback
I used to ride it, the Honda that was black as Kodak
And I recall it, like a picture, that is, really, that's sick
Big screen livin' shit, sixteen nearin', and
"Zay, 'fore you leave, Can you fuck me in the mirror, yeah?"
Baby, I got too many bitches, not to mention them
Hoes, I don't even know they names but they be feelin' it tough
They wanna touch me like under covers and anacondas
Before you fuckin' go purchase your Gary Paytons
I'm really not everybody, sippin' and talkin' 'bout, "Who's your daddy?"
You shouldn't fuck with these niggas, we was the reckless

Yeah, I fuck my bitch when I'm bored, rich from the poor
Drunk, high, stumblin' off the shits and record
Smooth nigga, even when I miss, I'ma score
Damn, they don't make 'em like this anymore
Zay, I don't agree what you talkin', I ain't no regular
Fuck you think they callin' me, "Him?" I'm a competitor
Levelin', young veteran, more lines than editors
Shit, why you think we Top Dawgs? Niggas different, uh
I been that nigga since Hov was Big Pimpin'
Fly nigga, ain't no gravity, damn
Say somethin' slick, we on your line like a family plan
I used to throw up gang signs out my granny new van
Just some young hood niggas with no guidance like Drake and Chris
My latest shit, make niggas elevate they pimp
My new chick always say she ain't no basic bitch
Well, tell me why we always argue over basic shit? That's crazy
2020, we can burn one
I done took way too many Ls and I ain't earned some
No more buyin' bags for bitches that can't afford one
No more gettin' brain from bitches that I can't learn from
Look, we done went from H to the Izzo
To now a bunch of niggas and bitches with all gimmicks
Show they ass more than Lizzo, shit (That's my baby, haha)
This shit screwed up (Oh), I stayed the same like grenades
When I took my pen out, a nigga blew up (Look)

I used to ride through the six with my boys, kick in your door
Psychoanalysis, I feel like Sigmund Freud
Video vixen, she copped her tits from the store, said
"Damn, they don't make 'em like this a-"
Bitch, you are doorbell dumb
Lookin' from crumbs in the cracks of a couch in a mad house
I laugh out loud at shit I'm mad 'bout
Cash cow or mad cow if I ever cashed out
Backpedals and tackles just turn into the rap route

Mac robbin' niggas with MACs after he maxed out
Called him again, minimum chance he get back out
Scope and a lens, we was kids with bubble wrap
Oblivious to the fact the candy lady was a trap house
Slidin' through the city, I'm like Sly and the Stones
I got the fam and the blicky if you're eyein' me wrong
Told the cop, "It ain't the fifties, I'll pop this chrome
And I will not be wrong," next stop we home (Yeah)

With gin I'm in some pussy, I was knee-deeper than Funkadelics
I am legend, that explain all the will that a nigga carry
Talkin' real big wheel like Ferris, top that shit from the greatest
Newborn babies, that shit newly apparent, REASON

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Don't wanna hold on to somebody who I cannot trust
You've seen that I have been trying since the very beginning
Then the situation gets a little worse (Yeah), and I try to forget
And then it gets a little worse, and I try to forget
You gon' keep adding people?
Soulful (Yeah, yeah)