

Hometown

REASON

Look

Shout out to all them haters that said somethin'
Fuck wearin' a vest muhfucka I'm head huntin'
Music like a rash, I'm just tryin' to spread somethin'
Got the block wired up, it feel like the feds huntin'
It's a race to the green, keep them legs pumpin'
I been blessed with a team, without 'em I ain't nothin'
Nigga we gon' fuckin' grind 'til we all got fed stomachs
We some money nymphos, keep the fuckin' bread comin'
Look, shoutout to people supportin' before the spittin'
And shoutout all the bitches that fucked me before the riches
Man I promise when I get on, your hoes won't get spit on
And I promise I'ma keep spittin' that heron from here on
My [?]
I'm pumped up like Chevron, ridin' like pegs on
Rap like my head gone, lyrical lessons
I spit bullets so they kill you, I don't need heat, that's LeBron
This for them niggas baking soda with the pounds to move
Cookin' up that rock, tryin' find out what that mountain do
Soda bakin' over, seem like they got a fountain full
Eye on the haters, trust me I been countin' who
Ever said I wasn't gon' be shit, this real shit
I been gettin' hot with the same niggas I chill with
Share meals with the niggas I'm makin' mils with
Give mansions to the same niggas I build with
Loyalty over everything, if not, nigga get the fuck back
If a nigga touch my family, line it up like suspects
I need money, I'm starvin', workin' hard for them gut checks
If a nigga show me enough checks, I'm down like [?]
It's fuck a bitch then who up next? Bitches love me like rough sex
They work for me like success and need me like respect
What can't I do? I'm so well rounded, nigga
Shoutout my city, Del Amo where they found a nigga

Shoutout my city, Newberg where they made a nigga
This ain't for fun, this for the ones that didn't make it, nigga
Take a picture, it'll last longer, muhfucka
I been doin' this since New York undercover, muhfucka
It's Najito, rap's Magneto
I keep a low brim, feet in some Timbs, no Tebow
I take a bitch, bring that ass back like Debo
I love what that mouth do, that's my little mosquito
Skeet slow, how a nigga slide up in the DMs
Impress her at sound check to slide up in your BM
I never been to Cali but my songs have
Keep a Naj verse in your mouth like a bong snap
Killin' shit, give me all the bills, nigga, Belichick
Hella potential, nigga my floor is what your ceilin' is
Get it right, Super Mario green mushroom, get a life
Fuck a camera, how song show you what I'm livin' like
No, this ain't for play play, this ain't Cray and Day Day
Too many lame niggas with money now, Ray J
Yo, I'm goin' down in history, fuck the radio
I'm tryin' to get ahead and tryin' to get some fellatio
Somebody check the real to lame nigga ratio
Yeah, it's not in your favor, but that's the way it go
Understand, hand in my pocket, still got the upperhand

Far from a sucker fam, you won't smirk me from my publishin'
I fuck with Aunt Jemima way more than I fuck with Uncle Sam
Stretchin' my music so far I'm 'bout to pop, rubberband
You know who I am, student union poster child
Married to the game, 'bout to go on IG and post my vows
'Posed to bow but I ain't feelin' humble, grippin' my nuts
Give a fuck, afro thunder ready to rumble
The way the cookie crumble so I'm milkin' the game
And I'm the center of attention, now with Wilt in the game
And that's on and off of the court, if you know what I mean
I hit the booth and press record then run straight to the cream
From NY to LA, runnin' straight to the cream
Newberg and Del Amo takin' over the scene
'Sup