

Yeah, uh, what?

Uh (Uh), y'all heard this shit before

Yeah, y'all heard this shit before (Yeah), y'all heard this shit before

Haha, yeah, y'all heard this shit before (Yeah)

Uh, yeah, wait, yeah

What happened? Was up, now I'm crashin'

Real colonizin', take yo' shit without askin'

Fuck some repercussion when yo' body lay flaccid

I see the Reaper approachin' like I'm Marty in the past tense

I'm fifteen, and I'm just really tryna breathe

Fuck a centerfold 'cause I'm just tryna chase and probably dream

[?] directionless, I'm like, "Where the fuck yo' high beams?", y'all can't see shit

Y'all Stevie Wonder in y'all brand new whip, y'all crashin'

Yeah, nigga, was up, now I'm crashin'

Fuck a two-face, bro, I hate that shit with a passion (Yeah)

Said, mission get the chicken and then I'm gon' split the ratios

In closets, y'all gettin' fits from— differentiate the fashion, please

Leavin' my room, next to my studio, she on her knees

Never change my soul, nigga, fuck you all and your normalcy

Normally, I be in the ditch with my demon

Formally, my disposition fucks up your fun or reason

But if you got a brain, then you see through the facade

I talked to God, she said, "Keep your head up, nigga, you a rock"

Then, I looked back and gave a nod like, "I understand what you sayin'"

But my [?] still frown when niggas want to pick and prod

Listen, I keep to myself for a reason, blank face when they all get to cheesin'

Stank face only came for a season, my nigga

It's cold, it's icey, I slip, then I'm bleedin'

I try to fix it, I hop in the whip, get off my feet, but I'm crashin'

Yeah, yeah, crashin'

Fuck, yeah, yeah, crashin'

Ah, ah, ah

Ah, ah, ah

Ah, ah, ah

Ah, ah, ah