

Let them finger coils do what they do
I ain't never bit off more than I chew
Heard they bitter that I'm rubbing it in, but they would too if they was ever masseuse
You ain't stick it to me, stick to the truth
They ain't pick me, I just got up and flew
Since a pickney I've been shifting the room
The shit just fit me so it's what I pursue
I'm in cargos up in Largo, award show when I'm wearing a suit
Said he hard, boy, that shit is a ruse
Brodie call and he say what's the move
I ain't far, what you getting into?
Nothing large, still the money pursuit
I ain't calm when it's time to maneuver
I turn that off, bitch don't get it confused (Bitch)

I can't survive off a Zoom and a clock in
I'ma get rich out my room, nigga, watch it
They ass all gon' get exhumed when I walked in
Bitch I was sharp out the womb, uh
Niggas be wanting your doom, tryna bargain
They eyes is really just glued to the margins
Tryn' interrupt my lil bloom but I'm locked in
I just been hitting resume, uh
Biting who giving you food outta pocket
I can't be fucking with you
I'ma keep hugging the blues through the blues
I feel like that pain be the muse, be the muse
And we was the same, but he snoozed then he lose
That's the game, boy, you fucked if you cruising
Switching gears got my hands full of bruises
Bitch, uh

I said, fuck a hook, I ain't doing that shit
And I swear that he stupid or maybe he dumb if he think that he ruining shit
Look, and my nigga Ryan got me out Chicago, no way that we losing this shit
(Man, what?)
'Cause I'd rather be sharing the same clothes with my brother than calling it quits
Man, uh
Got the platform and the plan
Bitch, it's hats off when I stand
I ain't blast off, what he saying?
What? Uh
Took the cast off, ain't decay
But ain't no last brawl 'til I fade
We ain't gon' dash off to the shade (What?)
But even if I ain't seeing the sun
When my seed see the light I just want him to know if it's calling him
He better run, nigga, you better run
Wipe that blood if you see it, you might see a ton
They don't know how we won, but I know that we playing with fire, it's done, bitch

Uh, uh
Nigga, word to my mother, it's done
Nigga, word to my father, it's done

Nigga, word to my brother, it's done
Nigga, word to my sister, it's done
Nigga, word to my lover, it's done
Nigga, word to my hunger, it's done
Nigga, word to my youngins, it's done
Word to all that I love, bruh, it's done
Word to all that I love, bruh, it's done
Oh, my man's Marcus, a.k.a redveil, not for sale
See, the EP is done, but they not finished, yadamean?
They must rewind to the track number one, listen all over again
They play with the fire they get burned