

## Warning Challenge

RJmrLA

Why are you in so much competition with me?  
You jealous Willie  
I can't help it!  
I look better than you do  
You don't  
I cook better than you  
You can't  
My dick is bigger than yours  
It was cold that night

A black kid nigga I pull up in foreign  
Pig tails red rubber bands  
Choppas' wit endurance  
Chinese pullin' niggas out the cars out endurance  
I just might just fuck a ratchet broad out in Florence  
I pull up in Louisiana's off Norman [?]  
(Give me a snack pack)  
A few blocks from my grandma but the south side  
South Central send them lullabies outside  
Shots fired bullets ain't lying in them stop signs  
Cold Summers told yo rollie say it's bout time  
We goin' shoulders with the rollers  
Cause it's drought time  
We never heard what momma told us  
She had two jobs  
Ain't had to stink the blowers  
Hands saw me creep em outside  
I had to hit the whole chink on the block  
Handle beef with the flamethrowers  
Chopstick in the Wok  
In the streets if they don't know us  
They was sleep in a box  
OMMIO we all want it but feed me the rock  
Flickin' up but I ain't speakin' about it  
On everyday of the week I can drive  
A blind nigga said I'm easy to spot  
If I slidin' with you your mine nigga beamin' or not  
Rap mechanic corn or cream of the crop  
I jump back off tour  
Turn my dreams to a job  
50 racks when I perform  
They been dreaming I stop  
We got more straps for war  
We gon even the odds, woo  
Yeah we all know, man we all know  
Why you still talkin' about it?  
Thought it was all over  
I done lost my mind a long time ago  
Back when we was jackin' niggas for they Franco's  
I'm back on these niggas necklace  
Getting money six ways you can't intercept it  
Niggas with these bitch ways  
Don't know what they sex is  
I'm hoppin' out that bitch say they [?] to rest it  
She just hit the message  
Man these new niggas they so John Legend  
I fuck wit his message but he so non threatening

My nigga is you bangin' or you flexin'?  
More they love you around the world  
More they hate you around yo section  
I scarpd my plate and came for seconds  
Running outta patience out here waiting for yo blessings  
Money not the only quest  
I need the basics for my essence  
Need some shit that I can take in  
Once I take my last breath  
But if they coming, where that cash at?  
These mac rounds make em back down  
Like some [?]  
They say you only great as ya last step  
I took that leap of fate in the fast...  
Track

Big mansion  
Niggas ain't got a mansion  
Rich Blacks pay the homage where you got it at  
I switch hands from the A to the M  
From the M's to the A's like, Woo Woo  
Red guts in the Wraith like, SuWoo  
Big blunts to the face like, excuse you who?  
Rich blood yeah, blue faces  
One man fighting 32 cases  
White stones linked up like braces  
Pour it all out the cup it ain't Ace's  
Takin' shots, top shotters helped me get here  
Adjust to the change up when I switch gears  
I done slept on a couch a whole leap year  
Now these private jets feeling like a Good Year  
Sippin' Ace everyday a celebration  
Lame niggas blame it on the age separation

Look  
She just wanna fuck wit Bar Juice  
Two or more I say she carpool  
Her ass fat but what them jaws do?  
Titties faker than a cartoon  
We sippin' Ace's, money find a new language  
We at the point where Balmain's is yo basic  
I'm cashin' out on my cravings  
Yeah my niggas crashin' Mustangs and Mercedes  
Now thats a 40 thow wow fix outta yo savings  
I spend em off down at the rits no vacation  
I been around rather get rich than be famous  
These niggas now make up cliques and think they bangin' (What?)  
That don't suprise me no  
Sport women and deprive these hoes  
That's little Rodney on  
I ain't fucking witchu Maricón's  
Pull up in that Adiós for my Vatio  
A merry pockets think a boy listening  
I'm stackin' all these dead guys like a [?]  
My shooters got a scope with intuition  
He looking out it, looking lazy eye just like he Forest Whitaker  
Celeb game, I had my own shit  
The talk of the town me and Joe Moses (RJ!)  
I played the sideline coaching  
I felt my team needed me  
I subbed myself the last 4 minutes yeah  
Goyards and gold Rolex's  
I get chauffeured lets have road sex

I roll up call it romance  
I pull out and keep goin'  
They gon love me more when I'm gone  
Throwin' racks on the floors, that bitch thong  
Treat these stows like I'm home  
I know god want me on  
Feel like god want me on  
On my momma we on [x3]