

Back to it, yeah

Okay, it's [?]

Yes I'm trouble

Yes I'm next and so's my huddle

Driving through this tunnel fast as I can, with no map or buckle

Even though we've lost some lives we're still tryna find ours

Any second your 15 minutes could turn into your final hour

I'm spying cowards dressed as captains

Getting passes off the words and not the actions

What the fuck is happening? (What the fuck is happening?)

Yeah, yeah, long hair

Yo [?], what the fuck you on?

Wrapped up in these visions of what tomorrow might be

Cruising 'round a small town, nothing here excites me

So I might be speeding, dreaming, headed to my refuge

By the time the futures the present

I've been thinking about the next move

LA for the summer, hopefully I'm never coming back

'Til I've got plaques, enough racks to buy a matte black

Gotti for my little sister, big dreams with a little liquor

Haha, yeah

Ohh, I know that it's coming

'Til then I'm living

Ohh, don't you worry 'bout a damn thing

I got you

Yeah, yeah

Yeah, just put this shit right

Dum-ditty, dum-dum, way out

Dum-ditty, dum-dum-dum, way out

Dum-ditty, dum-dum, ditty-dum

Yeah

You know I'm smooth like a mobster

Motherfuckers hating 'cause I got the

Juice 'cause I want it

Yeah, I'ma share it

"Be the voice and not the echo"

That's what my dad told me so I won't let go

Crew full of Kings so we smoking Sacramento

Pass around this Endo, getting high, then falsetto

Try not to get distracted by these stilletos with these chicas in them

But I'm sucker for Latinos so I'm deep up in them

Tryna find my reasoning, not finding anything

'Cause once they know you're getting everything they're down for anything, a nything

Damn, I meant shit

DIEMON, yeah

Do it bitch