

Yeah, check-check-check

Thinkin' 'bout mail that could tip up the scale while I tell
Stories not your typical tales
One leave you dead, or in prison or jail
We all jailed, us versus life itself
I had visions of hill where God got killed
Said I had a panic attack and told me that's not real
I be thinkin' about the dead, most times I chill
Like the only thing missing, my guys not here
To the people who listen to any line I share
I gotta say "Thank you, and you're welcome"
I grew up a scholar, my homes grew up with cellys
I turned my impossible odds more into ready
How could you believe that there's knowledge that you could tell me?
Don't mistake my being quiet for "I'm not ready"

Where we come from, you can't be no weak one
They poke a hole in a nigga like a Capri-Sun
I needed help, I didn't receive none
Ain't shit special, this is every evening where we at
I'm the cutest nigga still breathin' where we at
All the fast money, it get deceiving where we at
(I would like to present)
Thinkin' 'bout mail that could tip up the scale while I tell
Stories not your typical tales
I need revenge like a slave on a ship with a sale
Pivot Gang the only niggas that could do it this well

And I no longer walk with my head low
Rushed on the outside, appear low
[?] simple
We alive and breathe again, ayo
I no longer walk with my head low
Rushed on the outside, appear low
[?] simple

I split the nail to black your coffin, if you think I'm gettin' crossed
Yeah, this Mary keep a MAC until the cheese is gettin' tossed
It's the second coming, bitch, in case you didn't catch the first
It don't matter who tool it up, 'cause no man can see a verse from JD
Just like a book or two, JD like the boogeyman
Why's he with that sugar dude?
All these glass ceilings, who knows if it's really bulletproof
Cut just like the carpenter, fuck what you bitches wouldn't do
Alright, bitch, my paper due
Y'all hope I will not mistake, but they ain't got the saber tooth
Cook a nigga, tell me what that flavor do
I'm hungry for a bitch, what that mean?
I got a taste for you, damn
Red, white coupe, angels stay in [?]
But this nigga in a dress, they can not take the truth
But they hated Jesus too, I guess it's déjà vu (Damn)