

Spray-painted BB guns in the Pentagon  
Infiltrate, I'm making fart noises on the intercom  
Since I got a little shine for making riddles rhyme  
White girls sniffin' lines probably chillin' in the line  
I'm in alignment with the universe, I'm feelin' fine  
Niggas talkin' "get it, son," they ain't readin' what's in the fine  
Print, but y'all ain't did to me like Diddy, Shyne  
Cause I go in like indented lines, and it's dinner time  
With my dogs like Adventure Time  
Me and that nigga \$ky control Medulla, feel it in you Fibula  
They been saying they're going hard? Bull, still alive  
Beat the track black and blue like "How the hell it still alive?"  
Stealin' my style like "Sab, we rock similar."  
Use Similac, sent it back like "I'm too grown." Simmer down  
Taggin' they songs so it can come related  
This for my dislikes, I hope you hate this

Keep it cool, come and knock, come along  
This that calm before the storm  
They on us 'til we at the top where we belong  
They can sleep up or they be dawn  
Keep it cool, come and knock, come along  
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A-plus, apex, predator to break necks  
Haven't gone insane yet, rappin' on the same set  
Backpack full of mild citrus for the session  
Grabbed a couple blunts and proceeded to burn the essence  
Far from being average, I'm an addict for this rap shit  
Sat up in the back of the cab rollin' a fat spliff  
Really be about it, you don't really be about shit  
Closed circle, better watch the cash that you arrived with  
Zoned out, vibing to this beat homie created  
I ain't worried, we the greatest; it's getting easy to make hits  
Sweet sixteens, punchlines: these are them basics  
Them wack raps fill in the gaps, they close bases  
No offense to those that don't notice  
How my flow be the coldest, overdosing on dope shit  
It would help you to notice things while I am present  
Present rap killing, future rap legend

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