

Micheal Beasley

Sauce Walka

Oowee

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I can't make this shit up
(That DZ drip)

Man, ain't none of this shit easy
May look like it is, but this game was never measly
Thought you was LeBron, but you just a Michael Beasley
A lot of niggas cornballs, a lot of niggas cheesy
But if they millionaires and you're not, then who's the weenie?
You can wish your whole life and never meet a genie
You gotta chase them dollar bills instead of them bikinis
Booking rooms at Orsinis, making no greenery
That's like a book without no words, it got no meaning
I done seen more demons than doctors seen nose bleeding
So many cuts across my spirit that my soul bleeding
It's so much pain up in my lyrics, the microphone bleeding
I just try to preach the shit the purest 'cause them hoes need
it
I'm teaching niggas to be fearless 'cause lil' bro need it
Everybody I know grew up starvin', I'ma sure feed 'em
Rich, giving back to the poor, taking pictures of it
Y'all get in the comments with the hate instead of fuckin' love
it
But who did you inspire to give back with all that fuckin' bump
in'?
Y'all ain't doin' shit but smokin' hookah and doin' all that cl
ubbin'
COVID-19 rubbin', textin' from y'all cellphone
Talkin' 'bout the stars who givin' back who made it on they own
Speakin' on our problems, forgettin' yours up in your fuckin' h
ome
Your son up in the living room, Macaulay Culkin, home alone
Please defy the chromosomes, I'm tryna put my people on
And change the way our thinkin' about this world we be critiqui
n' on