

Yeah, yeah (Yeah, yeah)
Aye (Aye)
Yeah (Yeah)
(Move)

First things first
I'm about business
I'm about work
Sitting here thinking, how it all worked
Getting my winnings, getting my perks
Niggas wanna know how I came from the dirt
See, my shoes don't shine if I run from a bird
Decline the lines, refine all the hurt
Staying inside, refuse to converse
Nah I don't need them, I'm fine without them
Carry on scheming, I know the outcome
Nigga I'm seeing, all your actions
Look how you're bleeding, I should have drowned you
Ignore the feelings, rise like a falcon
They commit treason, then change the outlook
Lyrical beating, fire like Dalsim
Nigga I'm screaming, I'ma get louder
Really I'm running to racks and the gold
I want it platinum and hung on my wall (Hung on my wall)
Don't have a chain on my neck they can pull
Act like I'm broke when the bank is so full
Plot on the plan when there's nothing to do bitch
I stay on the grind got points I can prove
It's critical time bout to snap remove every doubter in sight they can taste
on my boot (Break)

Increasing all of my stats
Training for combat with rats
My sound is in a new area (Huh?)
I bagged up the game then I ran (Move)
Increasing all of my stats
Training for combat with rats
My sound is in a new area
I bagged up the game then I ran (Blegh)

They talk the talk for the gang
I hear the talk then I laugh
Relocate to a new area (Yeah)
I need more space for my cats

Increasing all of my stats (Yeah)
Training for combat with rats
My sound is in a new area
I bagged up the game then I ran

Really I'm big dog
I got gold in my home no wristwatch
That Bulganin sold like big rocks
Got silicon road dough with stocks
I don't want you to know what I've been on
Never rapped for a cheque but my deals hot
Niggas came in my life now they've been gone

Paid a quarter of a mill' just to fuck off (Fuckin peasant, aye)

Nigga I see the plot
I'm 'bout to beat the odds
Let me not speak my wrongs
We don't care if they're deep or not, aye
Nigga I see the plot
I'm 'bout to beat the odds
Let me not speak my wrongs
We don't care if they're deep or not

The hate that I feel is strong
Some things that I sing are wrong
So focused on keeping on
It comes with the things you love
Everyone's loving the movement
Flex and flex on my rhymes
Sometimes I think that I'll lost it
Not nothing I have just my mind
Sometimes I feel alone in this shit, God damn
Can someone please tell me how to live, God damn
I know I'm a God with the sheep, God damn
I still feel alone in this shit (Fuck)

Increasing all of my stats
Training for combat with rats
My sound is in a new area
I bagged up the game then I ran (Fuck)

Nigga I see the plot
I'm 'bout to beat the odds
Let me not speak my wrongs
We don't care if they're deep or not
We don't, fucking care, about, the shit you're on
We don't, fucking care, about, the shit you're on (Ugh, ugh)

Me no wan nobody to talk to me right now, hear?
Everyt'ing alright
Ready?