

Yuh

Don't this shit make a nigga wanna-
Don't this shit make my people wanna-
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Act a fool, you better watch out
Hot shit, it be bringing the cops out
Street soldiers is ringing the blocks out
Short-circuit and blacking the blocks out
They say that they outside, but they look docile
And I ain't talking about slippers, but got the Crocs out
Rocking fur coats, I brought the Naruto fox out
Lights out like Mike Tyson, I knock the mic out, yuh

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Jump, jump, jump, jump
Jump, jump, jump, jump, yuh

You know the usual, I nail it like a cuticle
Been at it since a juvenile, you square just like a cubicle
It's crucial you should know that you sound a little delusional
Comparing me to anyone else 'cause I am not the usual
I'm irrefutable, black out like it's a funeral
Slinging spells like I'm Voldemort, talk to yo' bitch like Doolittle
Pass the Courvoisier, bitch, hush
This shit wasn't luck, rocking more gold then King Tut
Soda, how I crush 'em like Cuban, they linked up
That shit do not faze me, my pocket gon' stay stuffed
And if you ain't knowing, bitch, we on a roll now
Like we done stumbled on a pot of gold now
Food spilling all out of the bowl now
Money thick and harder to fold now, yuh

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