

Don't Panic

Sleepy Hallow

(Great John on the beat, by the way)

Hold on, huh

I make this shit look

Hold on, hold on, look, huh

I make this shit look good, uh

Flexin' on 'em 'cause I could, run up on me, wish you would, look

Turn the bad into good, and I'm still up in the hood, huh

Ask about me, boy, I'm good, look

Homie just threw me a pack, look, no, he ain't gettin' it back

Niggas ain't real, man, I know they cap

Said it twice 'cause I know that's facts

Hold on, course he's a bitch, want beef, he season shit

Frost all of that demon shit, free Fresh, he leavin' shit, wait

She wanna fuck today, but I'm gettin' bucks today

Chopper on me, you get brushed today

Guess you outta luck today, wait

Better not up them rates

Hold on, huh, better not up them rates

Better not up them rates

Look, you will get touched, no base, huh, look

Stay with a brush, no toothpaste

You would get baked, no soufflé, look, look

Really send shots, no 2K, you will get hit, no touché, yeah

Lay down on the back, if you put up a front, shit get lit, call it dynamite,
huh

Know that we run the city like Dunkin'

But you know a donut could die tonight, huh, look

We don't call bluffs like poker

Move funny, that shit'll get crazy

Pop me a Perc', I was feelin' too lazy, ayy

Know I be saucin', gravy, huh

I be like, "Fuck you, pay me"

Know I got drip, my shit too wavy

Cop packs like crack in the '80s

You will get stretched like doubts, don't play me

Straps up like we don't want babies, ayy

And we give no fucks today, huh

Send this bitch up today

Run up on me, test your luck today

Yellow tape, they gon' investigate, ayy

I make this shit look good, uh

Flexin' on 'em 'cause I could, run up on me, wish you would, look

Turn the bad into good, and I'm still up in the hood, huh

Ask about me, boy, I'm good, huh

Too good, we make this shit look too easy

Ride around town, just me, Sleepy

You'll get wet up, no squeegee

Ayy, uh, move sneaky

Bad bitch with me, shit too beefy

Can't take a L, we too greasy
I just came back from a money meetin'
Ayy, huh, gang tweakin'
He tried to run up, now he bleedin'
Fuck up a check like I don't need it
Now we eat good, no cold pizza

Ayy, ayy, now we eat good, that's all seasons
Ayy, wait, she wanna take pics like Mon' Lisa, ayy