

Okay, my shows like that  
My flows like that  
My shoes like that  
I glows like that  
My momma and my daddy and my bros like that  
I can't believe your ho chose like that  
Aw, he ain't like that  
I'm froze like that  
Cold as a shoulder, forty below like that  
Talk crazy when I'm the one that got your whole life lit  
I know a few niggas that really don't like that  
Girbauds on strap  
Just went independent, I make more like that  
Your new shit make me think I really don't like rap  
Two bitches on the pole, but I don't vote like that  
They both [?]  
Damn, I'm tighter than titties that shawties cop before they drop  
Bitches be lyin', the BBLs got me hot  
Niggas felines, the NFL gotta stop  
I wasn't even tryin', she threw me bottoms off top

Okay, okay, it's Smeazy Mane  
That boy that's singing like he think he T-Pain  
He too vain, bitch, I'm the vessel, my blood hotter than Frank's Hot Sauce  
AND1, swish, still made it in the paint  
Top boy like Dushane and Sully in the range  
Operating these plays, feel like he Tommy Brady  
Crazy commas make 'em accommodate me  
Lazy bitches don't get the time of day from me  
Like good luck  
2017, I dropped my album, man, I put on  
2018, I dropped another one, it went gold  
2019, I made a couple songs with J. Cole  
2020, I ain't catch corona, 'cause I'm too cold  
2021, I made a milli' off my new clothes  
2022, my Luv 4 Rent, but shit, it got sold  
2023, and I'm still fucking these hoes  
Oh, and I forgot - a hundred thousand tickets on tour  
You gotta give me my roses  
Through the bullshit, I'm still ballin', young Smino Rose  
You ain't gotta choose on me, baby girl, I'm chosen  
Jill Scott cookies in the blunt, bitch, life golden