

I'm tryna take my shit to another level, man
I'm tryna learn how to make these hits, man
(In another life, we alright, hmm)

Brain-tangled like my chain-chain, with my momma name
Pain bubble on my brain, man this shit don't feel the same
Same hoes from the ninth-grade, tryna give me nicotine
In the Scout like Mane and Tame, old impala frame
I'm a creature, I'm a Smiture
I could teach ya, still I'll beat ya
Facial features give me frequents
I get low, sometimes I be up
All depends like old shit
All that old shit that you bring up
Two white coups, the Olsen Twins
Mama oh my god there go they man

Oh-oh, and I'm feelin' her pheromones
I'm a, king, she wanna make the pharaoh moan
Now, now I'm in my zone (but you can hop in my ride)
Look cool when you see me, same color, tortellini
Pockets used to be Bulimic, you wouldn't believe it
Someday wanna be like Jesus, other day's young Jeezy
To the bag I pledge allegiance, president just got impeached
Nigga, ain't shit sweet (Huh, HSM fuck Trump)

Oh yeah, yeah
Katana, tryna find ya
[?], in my blindside
We [?]
Ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh
Woah, woah
Ooh, ooh

Coming up shit was different man
Cause me I was playing in a different game
Hustlin', tryna get some change
These motherfuckers hate but it ain't no thing
I'm just out here doing me, and that's the difference between you and me
Cause I'm out here trying to truly be, number one, man fuck number two or three
Or four and five, that's hoe shit cause I'm going live and it's going up
My shit gas and it's blowing up, your shit trash, you ain't showing up
Getting bags and I'm cashing out, got bitches passin' out
Smash your bitch then I'm smashin' out
Cause you did it for cash and clout
I'm OG and my shit be, like Kobe and like Nipsey
Came up with young Pimp C, so you niggas can't fuck with me
This shit be upper echelon, that's what kind of flex I'm on
You say you next? Come on
I come through it wrecked, like give me the check, I'm gone
PA that's where I'm from, H-Town that's where I stay
Texas that's what it do, this dirty-south mane and we don't play
Reppin' for young Sweet Jones, and mama wears his T-Jones
That's the typa shit we on
You ain't with it fuck nigga be gone

These niggas way too phony, that's something I'll never respect
You 1-800, I had to call and collect
Exfoliate the guest, clean face, clean slate
These niggas got cheesecake, my niggas got sheeshcake (haha)
I don't walk outside with hoes
Viva la vide, I'm usually couped up
Proolly why he never had no cosigns, real friends and real time to sell shows
it's a headline, long line marquee Smi
Pockets on Rikishi, wrestling all my demons (this shit isn't easy)
Same time shorty texting she need me
Me? I'm thinking more Rio trips, get the Luigi, sheesh
Mamma mia up in the VIP, off the shrooms
All my potnahs in this bitch, surround the room
I know problems in this bitch, I assume
And I'm flier than a witch, get the broom
Full sweep when I bump I'm coming through (when I'm coming through)
Lose heat when I bump coming through
Those dreams are finally coming true (Oh-oh, oh-oh-oh)

What up fool, what you on man?
Niggas tryin-, niggas tryna be outside tonight or what?
Your ass need to get outside the studio
That's crazy what it like? (Pull up [?] nigga, I'm just moving around)
Shit I got some Hennessy though I just smoked this [?] I feel like Superman

PART II:

Told my exes, they all should join an art class
All they do is draw conclusions
Probably why they hate my smart ass
Just played a show in Texas
Yee-haw, new coupe got horses
Couple days we off to Memphis
Need drugs, need blunts, need forces

See my best friends know I might- (Pull [?] bitch nigga, I'm just moving around)
I don't know I might change my mind
Keep to me, you know what I feel?
Shit, I don't know man, it's complicated (I'm just moving around, yeah)
(I'm just moving it around)