

You cannot take our minds  
You cannot trace our lines  
You won't step to us and walk off fine  
And I'd live, laugh, love to see you try  
I'm Kiki and Snake's child  
Nigga, we ahead by a country mile  
With so many unfuckwithable styles  
We gon' wash the whole world with a smile

I ain't even in my bag yet, I only got a hand in  
Punks not sitting on no real shit, they mostly stand-ins  
My pen so bloody, it's no debate; more like a short discussion  
Damn, I already fucked up tryna make this the one that has no cussin'

Back on my bullshit  
Back on my, back on my bullshit  
Back on my bullshit  
Piecing niggas before feeding the full clip

Back on my bullshit  
Back on my, back on my bullshit  
Back on my bullshit  
Piecing niggas before feeding the full clip

Back on my (drop)  
Back on my (drop)  
Back on my, back on my, back on my (drop)  
Back on my (drop)  
Back on my (drop)  
Back on my (drop)

This is less on some, "Betcha can't play this!"  
And more, hmm, how do I explain this?  
If you ain't live what we live, then you can't give what we give  
And I am so sorry, sis, but it is what it is

Y'all can't fuck with a nigga who trades gear to live  
Him and Craigslist got an intimate relationship  
Y'all can't fuck with a nigga who use Ableton as an instrument Nigga learned  
that shit in a year, no kizz, other niggas doin' it but not like this

Back on our bullshit  
Back on our, back on our, back on our bullshit (TITTIES)  
You can't cover us, you can't copy us  
All you can really do is sloppytoppy us

We came in the game, made a lane and a name  
And a lot of these lames can't say they did the same  
This is our pain that saves us everyday  
Nigga, is you hearing this?  
No one doing it like how we doing it  
But it's not like we spent 7 years proving it  
No one doing it like how we doing it  
But it's not like we spent 7 years proving it