

Better Execution

Sy Ari Da Kid

I want better etiquette
But more than anything, I want better execution
Are we clear on that?
I want better fucking execution

Got it, yeah, this shit is mind-boggling
Stop it, R.I.P. to Shanai Johnson
I'm watching
Gotta pick and roll like I'm John Stockton
Them hoes try to set me up like Deshaun Watson
I'm way crazy, I'll never let they play me
Them same fake hugs that Belichick gave Brady
Forever blessed even though heaven just can't save me
Still say your grace, the devil just made gravy
My temperature got acclimated
Niggas can't be acting faded
Kept it real once and got my Instagram deactivated
The weed was sold, but I ain't sell it
The package delivered, but I ain't mail it
Yeah, the story was told, but I ain't tell it
I ain't jealous
I ain't inherit money from my great-parents
Born into debt, but it's on to the next
I'd rather call you collect than call you a threat
I've been an asshole for days
Hit the gas, no delays
Bet Trae tha Truth a thousand on the Astros and Braves
Bitches barely say they grace, never ask hoes to pray
I just leave, pay the bill, then grab off the plates
I'm past Hov and Drake, but no one usual cares
'Til I catch 'em on they throne and play musical chairs
I know I got some screws loose up in there
Your dad is talking
No one knows it, my gun loaded like Alec Baldwin's
Fast cars, I hit the gas, it'll have you nauseous
Be cautious 'cause I ain't the rapper to back and forth with
I'm half retarded, pay for a feature to smack your artist
Release the track and market it, leave you attached to garbage
Your CEO be stalling, he keeping your masters hostage
But I'm independent, so I'll be leaving right after all this
I'm gon' pick my nigga up when I see my nigga falling
Bumpy always pick his phone up when he see a nigga calling

Ayo, this mic need a light (Word)
Pass it to me right
And it's fire in this motherfucker right here tonight
Dark shades, you can clearly see me
Plane tickets from Tokyo to New York City to see me MC (Word up)
Grays in the beard flow (Word)
Pick Bumpy over poorly delivered, no soul, sounding weird flows
I owe hip hop the biggest apology (Sorry 'bout that)
'Cause everybody angry, who knew they would follow me?
The difference is I was standing up for a cause
Y'all niggas out here shooting over thirty dollar broads
Yeah, thirty chips
You fell in love with her dirty lips
That made you dump on your homeboy a thirty clip

She was fucking him too, that dirty bitch
Nineteen years old and you gone over pussy, that was thirty-six
Yo, Sy, you hear this shit?
Weird as shit
Executed in the realest spit

Yeah
Bump, let me get it
Better execution, love every minute
Never check what's proven, thug said he with it
Send the next solution, but can we finish?
Belichick was losing, drug in me, chemist