

Staring at the sun, looking for some snow
Like doing cocaine with nowhere to go
These hoes wanna fuck, til' they really don't
I guess I'm better, better off alone
I was born all sped up, so I can never let up
Stop worrying about that shit you can't control
That's a setup
'Cause I could give a fuck about your education
When you be with people do you elevate 'em?
Do you make 'em better?
If I need a cheeseburger, would you front me all the cheddar?
Can you throw it in the back like we're sticking up the teller?
Old yeller, bring 'em out back, put 'em down stack
Right now I got a dog but I really like cats
That's facts, that's facts, that's Xerox, that's facts
Nice cars, nice clothes, but you've never had a home
Ten toes, I can see your ass move but your ass don't go
Say you grew up near the ocean but your ass don't float
Hey, yeah, that's my type
I like a bitch who ride a bike, no, I'd enjoy a hike
Gotta fuck her two times, you already know
'Cause if I only hit it once she won't let me go, go
I see you talkin' homophobic, afraid of your own dick
If that pussy was in front of you, you wouldn't even know it
If we met down town would you come up the Hills?
We can talk boujee shit but I'm really no frills
And I know the truth hurts but them lines gon' kill
So we gotta keep it real, keep it real, keep it real
And if you actin' fishy then I'm goin' fishin'
And I can never trust you if you love a politician
Agility, but I'm trippin'
Accountability, but it's missin'
Got an affinity for going infinity
It ain't a sin to me if she wanna give to me
Paintin', inside my mind I have these conversations
Yeah, I might talk to God, and I might talk to Satan
Yeah, I can't keep my angels waitin'
This could be our last night
So if dreams we got we fucking chase 'em
Yeah, and I know I'm easy to hate, hate
But when you're hard to love you stay away from fakes, yikes
And I know that I made mistakes, I'm sorry, forgive me
Roof missin', I like the cute bitch with the tooth missin'
Yeah, yeah, you know I had to leave that pussy drippin'
Yeah, I'm more fucked up than the prison system
Give me another shot I'm goin' Scottie Pippen
Pimpsy, pimp, I shoulda never did it
But I'm here now bitch, so I gotta live it
And I can't fit in, and I'm givin' right back to my I-
Infiltrated Hollywood, I shouldn't have
I just wanna take my bitch to Trinidad
Show me things I never had
Pray to God, don't let this lifetime happen in a flash
Nonetheless I'm still goin' stupid, all gas, fuck a red hat
Boy, you hella scary, might build a library for my adversaries
Plus I left the pussy drippin', yeah I slap the kitten
Boy I'm too icy, caught her ass slippin'

Like, hey bitch, don't be mad at me
But lovin' me is harder than in actuality
And they be suckin' God for that immortality
Just to get hit with a fatality

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