

Pick a spot, pitch a tent
Fuck boys playing with my yen
Dog shit, I ascend
Take my shot and miss again
You fuckin with the wrong dude
I'm just tryna write a fuckin song or two
Spray my views
I always lose, I've paid my dues
Damn, and just like that
Terror ripped the spine out ya mothafuckin back
Matta fact yous a rat
And all of ya shit wack, ya numbers don't mean jack
I'm keepin shit close on the come up
Puttin in work til da sun up
Da ladies see me coming, get done up
They jealous ass mans try to run up
They ain't think I put it down like a stone cold stunna
I'm saving dis game like Hasselhoff
Nine tabs got me off my ass, hit fast
Bend corners at night with the lights off
Voices in my head said cut it off
So that's just what ima do
Get a nice good view, cause this man be the truth
Any other can't touch em, In the underworld clutchin'
Duckin down bitch-made cause I'm comin for you