

... gullible

It's almost time man

Led the charge and they couldn't take it

Kinda flagrant, knife on me

I'm on Collins and I'm palmin' paper

740 big body driven by my lady

Swingin' like down goes Fraizer

I found patience and still couldn't sit around waitin'

I'm sayin' it got kinda dangerous, abrasive

All kinda angels

Almighty arm-length, I'ma spank 'em

Pause the tape

The angles I'm takin' straight through

Gotta make it home, a baby that I gotta raise

Shakin' off malaise and hay too

Maybe y'all'll change, maybe not

Either way, too

Maison Margi' replicas, steppers is gon' invade you when you ho
t

I stay cool, not up for appraisal on the block

That's what walkin' the plank do

Don't be shocked I couldn't save you from your thoughts or what
the fame do

From the sharks and what they fangs do

Or from your heart and what that pain do

From the start, built a box I couldn't break through

You was lost

I picked apart, what amazed you, it was soft

I shut it off, we really on

This the difference, fourth and inches and we going long

Shimmy when I score the ball

Hail Mary, bales everywhere in the loft

Name ringin' bells everywhere a nigga walk

I'm not tryna talk

Hailin' up the maître d' for the final course

Fillin' all the vacancies like the brightest star

Good God

The stars are showing

Are you telling that we're stars?

Oh, yeah Dad, my homeboys are superstars now

You know they got the hottest record on the streets?

Sold out in three hours