

5-1-7, Mac-11  
Pop your fucking head, bitch  
2-11, riding Chevys  
Drop it off your ass quick  
9-11, building seven  
Crumpling like my casket  
Ducking out so fast, bitch  
Bones make it tragic  
Feeling something like Tracy Chapman  
Fast cars, just overlapped them  
You drop and nobody listen  
I MMMBop just like the Hansons  
Two left feet, I'm never dancing  
Let the blade stand in if I'm ever anxious  
Out of dope, and all out of patience  
Dug my grave, it's time to get to laying  
Mud cover my Rolex, I can never tell the time  
We change the game, you stay the same  
Rhyme after rhyme

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Creeping in the back, back  
Hop up in the back, back  
I don't fuck with it if it ain't TeamSESH  
Pussy, get back, back  
I'm up in the back, back  
Fuck Kevlar, I ain't shooting for the chest  
I will let it ride, your body cold, I make it rot  
I get it rocking, never gonna stop me  
Pay for your fuse, you act like you popping  
Now I'm swinging up the coast  
Candy paint dripping off me  
All your flows been used before  
Your catalogue like a swap meet  
Crop me out the picture, try your best to banish me  
Going ghost, Backwoods smoking  
Inhibit your vision, I'm vanishing  
Dropping like a damn machine  
Don't extend your hand to me  
I'll reject it, as expected  
There's a reason why the game hate on me  
'Cause I hate them all, and everyone involved  
You make me cringe, but it's straight  
I needed a laugh today  
Creep while you fast asleep  
Dead man never pass away  
Even when I'm gone off this planet  
I live on and beyond with the graves

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These hoes on me, I don't love them back  
I'm crawling on fours, I'm sipping on yak  
These hoes on me, I don't love them back  
I'm crawling on fours, I'm sipping on yak

I keep holding on, holding on  
Holding on, holding on  
Holding on, holding on  
Holding on, holding on

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