

Cyclones

The Underachievers

I tore the paper, you can keep your corny contract
Smoke in the office, executive catching contact
Boomeranging spliffs, you pass it I pass it right back
That's proper etiquette, my nigga don't make the cycle wack
That's why I'm usually on my dolly shit
Miracles for dreamers, and prayers show hopelessness
Niggas scared to face reality, they wishing for something free
Their momma lay their butter, my nigga you in a dream
Carol the snake out a barrel with just my words
Niggas saying dang you got better, well I conquer
I represent consistency like playing for the Spurs
Niggas giving up early, save that shit for the birds
I laughed at her A cups when she took off her shirt
But she copped a new ass, that shit is mighty absurd
Guess God don't give us everything, some shit you gotta earn
So we grinding for the paper to get what we deserve
Maybe that's a figure but I get it just to live it up
I'll give you fucking parents, I'ma die off different fucking drugs
I'll buy a clock, indica, travel round the road a bunch
Stash it for a future lover, light a fire, burn it up
It's funny how the money could compliment feeling good
That shit go together like 2Pac signing to Suge
My nigga copped a new patek watch, he looking good
Knowing time's an illusion but fuck it, we in the hood right
(Fuck it, we in the hood right)

Guardian of flames, the mary jeans' threads hang
Flee, I'm like a dirty dan the type to steal your dame
I'm the knight in shining armor, still rob her if I change
Got exotics in my garden, I harvest just to inflame
I ain't playing judge, hatch it, there's a law for all action
Gotta keep that clean karma, my nigga get caught lacking
That's a man down, all that tatted with no back up
That's a damn clown, we split matter and hold atoms with that gat sound
Quit cappin', They cost rappin'
When gods show, thought she changed your whole active
At the front row, no fun, told they can't smoke
I was Flatbush raised, I'm just sticking to the code
I'm addicted to the glow like a fly on top of bulb
Look inside like I'm exposed, like a champ I get the gold
'Cause my passion with these notes, like Aretha, she the GOAT
Hardly the romantic when I smash I hit the road
They be trying answers, but I stay true to my soul
Told my momma do not panic, got my purpose in control
Treat the spliff just like a chalice, trying to balance out the lows
All my niggas like I'm Goku every time I take a toke
They be thinking local I be trying to change the globe
Told 'em with a little focus, you could get back what you owed
One ear out the other, gotta see it so they know
So I V.S. all the diamonds, see me shining from the door