

Fake Fans

The Underachievers

Listen, listen, listen

Everybody tryna get up on our shit
Talking 'bout they're elevated, they don't know the half of it
Tryna get up in our posse, we got rules like fucking Nazis
Gotta pop a acid-hit and let it drip like A\$AP Rocky, hold up
Catch me in SOHO with my team we're riding 'dolo
Hugging all my fans givings ends up to the hobos
Walk around the store can't tell I'm high, you smell the dro though
If you don't fuck with the gang man you ain't gettin' any photos
Let me stop it, all joints be rockets
Shit ain't nothing roll another, got a half O in my pocket
I sweat the topic, they call me a prophet
Making music, fucking third eye and the close their other sockets

Spit this conscious shit and all these other rappers fronting
'Bout to fuck the whole game up while I'm toking, it ain't nothing
Be that indigo, you know, reppin' for that golden soul
Gotta get in where you fit in, you ain't with it gotta go
Can't fuck with niggas man, can't fuck with niggas man
They said they bout it, they ain't bout it, they ain't with the plan
Can't fuck with niggas man, can't fuck with niggas man
I keep a fucking closed circle, you ain't with the gang

Back on the map, now your chick all over my aura
She see the king seeking the ring but never get nothing for her
Brought up where futures ain't promised, look at my life be astonished
Dishin' out positive rays, receiving back the same thing
A living lord of my land, you niggas novice, I know this
Couldn't write a bar that I know, the UA the hardest you know this
Uh, killa in the game, I ain't even gonna lie
Never thought I'd be in it, told 'em it's gonna take time
But of course they repent it, cause I cross through the limits
Know the torch, spit the venom, now we large and we living - Uh
Guided by the light, shine the dark away
Oh, you never earn a penny, live the harder way
Your heart's intention be what your cards display
So spread love that's the godly way, got more drugs than a pharmacy
Uh, that's your main squeeze in the lingerie
She on her knee's like she trying to pray
Embracing the D in all kinda ways
So spirit-free is what I'm tryna say, mothafucka
Shit, I ain't gonna lie
Went to school until I grew up, thought the limit was the sky
Now I'm winning with the moon and killing liquid based lies
Spreading knowledge like a tutor, doofus, screw waiting in line
Let the Sour D fill my lungs
Gold fangs hangin' over my gums
We Flatbush bruh, can't stop us, just watch this
And let the legends grow and become, uh

[Hook]