

Flexin

The Underachievers

Let's go, let's go

Elevated, but you know that I be flexing
Light shining off my aura every time I step in
Elevated posse, hope that niggas get the message
Nothing ever prosper against the living gods, please hold your weapons
Fifty rolled when I show up, stacking bread, getting cold cuts
Indigo yeah you know us from New York to Minnesota
We got it locked, wait til this to drop, take it to the top
Your shit flop, they say UA hot, stop us? You cannot
Came from the bottom, tornado done got us
Now we sproutin' up tell em' kneel to the prophets
Money ain't a thing, if I see it I'm a cop it
But that ain't 'bout this so I keep it out my topics
Say you want the world? Nigga go get it
But first you got to deal with the man in the mirror
Raise up your guns and pull the fucking trigger
That's your ego, dead, goodbye your inner sinner
I'm rolling up and I'm floating up and I'm about to smoke again
Blowing OG, that potent green, spark another one up cause we win
Rest in Peace to my nigga Steez, don't worry 'bout it, get lit
Roll another up for my nigga dawg, dedicate this one to the prince
Riding through my city, plotting on a fuckin' milli
It's like 10k for a feature, here's my e-mail you can hit me
UA fuck the game up got these rappers looking silly
Ain't no way for you to stop me, motherfuckers gotta kill me

Elevated but you know that I be flexing

New shit for the lords, nuisance, nuclear bars
Flow perfected, no flaws, a nigga merk her up, protected [?]
Headed for the top and it ain't that far
When you got a heart of gold to disclose the facades
Playing shows 'til I float like a ghost on the stars
Put a hole in the ozone, when the sativa L's blown (Lord)
Lord, forgive me for my sins, found the light looking with in
My past life use to be dim but now I rose amongst these plans
No I won't oppose you to make some bands
Naw get a million [?] bro, live while you can
There's a whole world out there, waiting for you hands
But you live without identity, the enemy is chance
Uh, what you waitin' on, get creatin' dog
What's the worst that happens, bet you make it, dog
Popped a tab and now I'm elevatin' ya'll
Dropping tracks, puttin' rappers in the morgue
Back to back I'm spitting facts 'til they evolve
Take charge like a spiritual force
I thank God that my limits are crossed
And face odds with the ending result feeling [?] (Oh lord)
Young messiah ascending higher, walk through the fire
Uh, no one told me that I'd be golden, holdin' desires
Puffin' potent, that loud explosive, while floatin' through the white
Sippin' potion, the gods in motion when Sour Diesel's acquired
Knowledge supplyin' the idle mind, Perish if you outta line
Lyrics like text, lil' homie, cause I spit foul all the time
Hitting on some top shit pine
I'm a top chef cooking with the rhymes

Feeling God-sent, not even in prime [?] pop pens
When I write a rhyme, now I'm poppin' cause I start the line