

Flexing

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 row when I show up
Stacking bread, getting cold cuts
Indigo yeah you know us
From New York to Minnesota
We got it locked
told us 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 im'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 rollin' up and I'm floatin' up and I'm about to smoke again
Blowin' 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 to fuckin' stop me, motherfuckers gotta kill me

Elevated but you know that I be flexin'

New shit for the lords
Nuisance, nuclear bars
Flow perfected, no flaws
A nigga 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 (Lawd)
Lord, forgive me for my sins
Find 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' dawg
What's the worst that happens
Bet you make it dawg
Popped a tab and now I'm elevatin' yall
Dropping tracks, puttin' rappers in the 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 lawd
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
Hitt'n on some top shit pine
Im a top chef cooking with the rhymes
Feelin' god-sent, not even in prime
pop pens when I write a rhyme
Now I'm poppin' cause I start the line

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