Midnight Augusto

The Underachievers

You know it's your boy Issa Gold 's alright you rep for them Indigos going w
ild and all that. I'm out here. Ya'll niggas know I don't fuck with none of
these niggas man, I don't fuck with none of ya'll rap niggas man. Ya'll nigg
as ain't about shit! None of ya'll nigga man. Fuck outa here man! Nigga ain'
t really bout shit! Let's go! Uhhhh

Team full of kings rolling dank spliffs
Free your mind one hit, elevate your shit
Young God steady plotting one angel chick
Motivated by the niggas that be getting the weed, hold up
Niggas ain't really bout shit, nah
Niggas ain't really bout shit, nah
Niggas ain't really bout shit, nah
Niggas ain't really bout shit
Uhh When you look up UA in the sky like a plane pick a book up
You dumb motherfuckers use your brain like a hooker
I'm all up in her guts but I ain't paying
Motherfucker do I look like the type to be a lame?
Rhetorical damn I am, so no man conquer my soul the lord or my name
Counter weak flows like Dan or Liu Kang
I rep beast coast the most elite clan
Damn! what it be like nigga?
Rolling up that Sour D my nigga
It'll free the people
Clear the souls of evil
Better find yourself before the priest deceive you, lord!
I'm rolling up that potent
What you trying do?
My music save the world, nigga who the fuck is you?

Pop another tab of the LS-Shit
Take another hit on my indo stick
Pulled up on your chick
Told her get in the whip
She looked at a nigga, and said you the shit
Niggas ain't really bout shit, nah
Niggas ain't really bout shit, I said
Niggas ain't really bout shit, nah
Niggas ain't really bout shit

You know my soul indigo
Guard your girl I'll take your ho
She might hit the shrooms, she might hit the weed
Now we trippy nigga you know, let's go
Niggas ain't really bout shit
Me and my niggas get dough of the shrimp
My money not taxed, nigga fuck that shit
Breaking down the work, watch the motherfucker flip
A nigga fucked up
Yeah I smoke and I drank
Repping the life my nigga what you think?
Stare at the stars as I puff on my dank
Beast Coast we up and theses niggas they say
Uhh, what you talking about nigga?
See me in the front with circle of the winners
Show me my opponent watch me motherfuckin kill him
Third eye precision ain't no way that we gon' miss him

Trapped inside the crib, keep the works out the kitchen
Guiding by the light but you niggas never listen
A blast from the past this king ever laugh
I'm smoking on hash to live first you last
But niggas ain't really bout shit
Ya'll know motherfucker conscious
But get off my dick
Let me talk my shit

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