

11: 11 on the dot, starin at the mirror to see if my soul in it
Usually hear from gossip
Ain't scrapin no pots, pourin up baby bottles for my whole kidn
ey
Spot the spot, movin around, shoutout my old city

Word to the wise, don't try to be that guy startin beef for a f
uckin feature
Reach for the sky, better have your hands up high, cash out whe
n I greet ya
Thick and shy, felt the need to lie, all cause she want me to m
eet her
Slick and sly, baby that shit don't slide, who the fuck you thi
nk you seein
If you can't beat em join em, fuck that shit, nigga I stand my
ground
Victoria Secret nylon stockings creep up on her while she down
build the nerve to act like you ain't do shit
No one ever act concerned when you weren't, it ain't amusing
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