

Free your mind up, be formless
Shapeless like water (Water)
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Look, first off you should understand that the big boss dawg ain't gotta rap
I do it for the ones who come from crumbs and the slums with the drums, flip
pin' the packs

My angle

I ain't gon' lie, that hoe love opps too

But I keep a blammer when I'm with the family 'cause I'm prepared for whatever the opps do

Give props to me and Nell, hell, we figured it out

They independent and keep a high percentage of my distribution, word to Steve Stout

Boss talk (Free your mind up)

But on these beats I never seize to keep it lethal

Keep a baby rapper layin' in the fetal

Fat had my baby then we had a sequel, had to double up

Got that ultra black dad drip game

Where I'm from, playa, swear a drum major ain't the only one who that can flip 'caine, ouu

But these streets are feeble when it come to evil

And my kinfolk was just like Optimus in his prime

Had his mind wrapped with diesel, all gas

No breaks, no fake chase, I eat beats, I scrape plates

If you need water I'm the Great Lakes, dawg, I'm

Alkaline with the rhymes, I design, hard to find

Any kind, shape, form, or fashion of rapper that can match me, I'm a dragon

All the competition beat the system in some Nike slides and white socks

'Cause what I'm spittin' swear the vision on ultralight beam, no cyclops

My block is what I keep inside me

I was raised 'round Gs who like to ride

And if they ever move piece they kept it silent, like

Psalm, psychic, pneumonia, a pseudo, but you know I'm too cold

The only thing I lack is fructose

Ain't nothing sweet about me, I'm Cujo

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(Yo, Bill, ay)

So good it don't make no sense

You know the flow like water, I don't need no rinse

You still purple rain, yeah, I feel like Prince

I look forward to the money, I ain't look back since

You know the boy drip hard to the point I'm drenchin'

Need a franchise tag, I don't see no bench

Keep a tool closeby, I don't need no wrench

You fake Gs, now Gucci ain't make 'em prints

I'm still on a killing spree, put out a APB

You know I stand in my bag, I'm an [?]

I'm goin' up like wheelie on the ATV

A big dog, yeah, I'm restin', but they can't see

A top shotter with the clicks clacks, big facts

I move a lot of big packs, let it riff raff
Wrong move, that'll get a dude gift-wrapped
The upper echelon flow, yeah, this that
Who want smoke? I'm deliverin' a big batch
Big rats, been scratched, yeah, the big sack
Play with me, that mask gettin' dispatched
Flow nasty like soda when it get flat
Saint Bernard, New Yorker, that's a mismatch
Every ball like a flame on a lit match
Pockets lookin' like a presidential kit bag
Seen broke, disagreed, had to fix that
I leave the beat with a cujo bite
I do it bad, need two more mics
The game over, need two more lights
I tap twice, but at the gram I don't do no likes
I'm from the hood where we shoot, we don't do no fights
We don't talk to police, we don't do no mics
We keep raid for a roach, we don't do your type
I'm in a [?] when I threw those dice
I'll send 'em straight to the maker after two more strikes, yeah

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You see the problem with you people is that is sin. You're gallivanting around as if the world is twisting your toe. When all the world is asking you to do is something very simple. And that's be like water, water.