

Aight

Who want some of Debo
Love God, but I ain't Tebow
Cause I be out here
Taking shots for fouls against me like a free throw
Ouu
That's nasty
Free all my dogs like lassie
If ya ever touch Fat or Baby Fat
Hell ya might as well
Buy a casket
Ouu
I'm a savage
When it come to static
It get problematic
If you touch my lineage
Or cabbage
I can't have it
Most of my patnas
Don't know who they dad is
It get tragic
Where I'm from ain't lavish
They grew up some bastards
Chasing cash and
Coochie
And it usually
Came from lack of guidance
That's why I ain't moved
By all these goofy
Actin rappers wildin

It's astounding
How much counseling
We need for PTSD
I can't fathom
The amount of counsel
We need in the streets

It's offensive
That's why I'm not apprehensive
With the tech
I was really in them trenches
Then transcended
Out the jects

Don't believe me
Go ask Ceece
Ask Lil Early
Ask K Dub
Hell ask Fat
I'm so swat
I scream southwest
When we make love

It's just in me
No pretending

My hands the only thing
That is friendly
I don't need a Beamer Benz
Or a Bentley
To have a whole slew of
Bops compliment me
The gold in my teef
Was done complimentary
The flow is unique
And lowkey relentless
My goal is to speak
To folk without bending
The truth and to free
The globe from pretending
Ouu

Aight bet
If you don't feel that
Then you prolly dead
If you get slapped
And don't fight back
That mean you prolly scared

But it's all gravy
Where we from
That mean you just a lame
When Debo come
If you don't run
You better tuck yo chain

Yea Yea
Aight bet
If you don't feel that
Then you prolly dead (ouu)
If you get slapped
And don't fight back
That mean you prolly scared (don't be scared)

But it's all gravy
Where we from
That mean you just a lame (you so lame)
When Debo come
If you don't run
You better tuck yo chain

It's the young queen mother
Baby what it do
If I bark then my squad bark
Like a Q
And we bite
But we don't fight
Unless it get greasy
Bring danger anywhere we be
You'll be endangered species
Ouu
My flow torch like tiki
Ouu
I resort if need be
To
Violence if my tribe riots
We in yo grill like BBQ
Pack hardware like cpu
Cause shaitan be plotting

But I stay on my toes like stockings
And on guard like stockton

Ouu
My beats bang like compton
Ouu
I'm stone cold like Austin
Ouu
My flow wild like Rodman
Every bar deserve a coffin
Ouu
Cause I'm killing it
The feeling is
Surreal when ya building with
The ones who held you down
And instilled you with
The thoughts that you should dwell
Where the spirit is
And
I'm appreciative
Deceased the weeks the beats
Couldn't reach the kids
I used to teach the lief
Techniques to win
But now I beast on beats
And release the pen
Every now and then
To display my zen
I tell my kin
It's more than one way to win
They show they skin
And know it's portrayed as sin
But my flow let them know
They got Yah within

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