

Ouu, ha
Yeah
Ouu, ha
Get twisted sundays
Ouu, ha
Ouu, ha
Yeah yeah

Off top (ouu)
Get guap (ouu)
The hood got heavy metal like slipknot
I hustle for the change like a pit stop
I used to wanna grip grain till my wrist locked (ouu)
Now I want a BMW I3
It's little but it's on point like Kyrie
My mamma taught me never let a sucker try me
But if he do draw blood like an IV
I'm a lover not a fighter dog
But I done earned more stripes than a tiger claw
Low key Fat can't fight at all
But she got a CHL if you tryna brawl
All peace, no war
I need bank like a black board
I'm tryna get my mamma out that RAV 4
I just feel like she look better in a black Porsche (skrtrt skrtrt)
Peel off, I could ride this beat till the wheels off
Head on my pillow only time I feel soft
Prego with the flow spit real sauce
Boy that's straight out the jar
Ask around my hood they know who we are
If they don't then they probably a Mark
I might be with Jeff up at Amity park
In the swat or the west
Every bar I spit is for people oppressed
I need every penny won't settle for less
Trash on the radio really keep me abreast
Of what the current tool for manipulation is in my community
Astronomical coonery
Fancy cars and jewelry don't influence me
I think every hood need an amnuity
Or at least a solid year of jubilee
That's why I spit tips like gratuity
In hopes to slow the rates of eulogies
Hell I wish it was two of me
Truthfully every label need some scrutiny
Cause musically they foolishly push bafoonery into the schools and we let em
I tell countless people that I don't rap for pesos
My partners tell me that I need chips and queso
They see the flow is fuego so alfredo
Is what they think I'm after with the draco
Get it how you live is how the phrase go
I tell them that I move when Yahweh say so
Hopefully they all attain a halo
Jeff is really bout to go to Lagos
I'm tryna get young journ up on the payroll
If I'm Aristotle E is Plato
I do this for the culture like I'm Quavo

Push it push it just like OG Maco
But don't forget to slow it down and ponder
Why every hood be on divide and conquer
Swear we could all ball, Sinead O' Connor
Shoutout Migos for Bad and Boujee
In 05 I was baggin' groupies
I was so live just a savage student
I had soul ties with the baddest hoochies
Look, please excuse me I get mesmerized
When I think about how far I came
Elohim scooped me I got exorcised
All them demons died now the flow is flames
I'm gone