

Yeah

Get twisted Sundays

Uhh

Young young young young young Tob

Why you rapping so hard

I don't know

I hop on tracks like Geronomo

My flow sicker than a common cold

Gladiator with the bars

Killing all the competition like I'm Maximo

Hop on any beat they ask me for

Eat the beat up then it's Kachifo

That's goodnight in Igbo

I'm the debo form of Edgar Allen Poe

I know what the hood is wildin' for

That's why all my bars are casserole

To the homies in the cage tryna catch a wave

Puffin on that cabbage smoke

They go nuts

They go pistachio

They just really need a chaperone

And I'm the leader can't you see the flow is aquafina

I just keep their glasses full

Got em taking sips of water

Lowkey feeling like a martyr

No wrestling I'm the king of the ring

Feel like Jerry Lawler

Used to flip with dub in his impala

Singing wanna be a baller

Young black and I'm a scholar

Skin the same color copper

PSA you look dirty if ya white tee got brown around the collar

Wipe ya neck off brodie

But don't ever be ashamed

Cause I swear I was the same

When I wasn't able contemplated Cain

Then I got word from a birdie

Came down with a holy kiss

Told me all my sauce was erroneous

If my flow wasn't the holiest

That was 2011

A spec in your eye changed the spectrum

Hell round about the age of 7 I felt like all my dogs could go to Heaven

Roof bark loud if you with me

Black proud and I'm gifted

I'm tryna pack crowds

Till I'm sixty

Make rap a cash cow and get milky

Look on the low I was told to beware of dairy like I was lactose

Then I turned 25 and realized it was only by those that lack toast

Boy I'm talking bread

You need that there to get ahead

Not just good intentions

Good intentions ain't gon put no roof over ya head

So get ya paper shake the feds read ya books stay ahead

Cut through the bull like a bayonet

And pray like Jabez for the days ahead

Ouu

Ouu

Yeah yeah

Ouu

Ouu

I'm gone