

Keh Keh Keh Keh  
Yuh  
Get twisted Sundays, we ain't gonna waste no time  
Look

A lotta folk Jockin'  
This beat rockin'  
Southwest raised, G Mob still poppin'  
The blades still choppin'  
The babes still boppin'  
The rap game look like the new slave auction  
Can I get a what?  
Can I get a who?  
I flow for the trigger-happy rapping jigaboos  
And those that be itchin' to clap at the biggest coup  
Who pack an SMG but don't work at the ticket booth  
Look, no movie. Real raps in my iTunes no Uzi  
Lowkey, Fat fine, but she pose goofy  
Highkey flow raw, but it's no sushi  
Boy I'm on wipe me down like the old Boosie  
Yuh, shoulders, chest, pants, shoes  
Shoutout Sim, he the coldest with the dance moves  
Try love, try God, and you can't lose  
But try me, and I'ma show you what these hands do  
Yeah. Young Jurn hit me up, said she movin' down  
Used to ride metro, but I'm boomin' now  
I only rap to keep the ratio coonin' down  
Don't sleep on me, I got no chill  
Every beat I'm on roadkill  
God blessed me with cheese like Ro-tel  
Cause I ride this coat tail  
Most my partners still make dope sales  
And they be like "oh well"  
Rock so much Ice it look like snow fell  
And they move it whole sale  
Go tell it on the mountain  
It's Wee-Gweh to the people pronouncin'  
My last name acting like it's a fountain  
Of consonants when they making the announcement  
I'm tired of it, stop it  
I do God's work, I'm philanthropic  
I keep my beard glistening like a prophet  
And, hell, if I ain't the plug, then I'm the socket  
I swear, the whole hood got my back like a chiropractor  
'Cause every bar I get it poppin' like a firecracker  
I'm tryna go from Genesis to the final chapter  
So whenever the trumpet blow I survive the rapture  
Yuh, yuh  
You'll catch me hang gliding on clouds  
Screaming out "no diggity, no doubt"  
Elohim next to me lookin' Hennessy brown  
We both jiggin'  
Swear I'm married to the game, I elope different  
Used to dream about the slab with the 4s tippin'  
Back when Twista and Do or Die had me po' pimpin'  
Every bar guava, you can see the flow drippin'  
Yuh, don't touch my drip, let it marinate

I swear I'm good in every hood like a pair of J's  
It's the reason every track I'm on defecate  
Prayline 5: 30 just to meditate  
Me and Fat got it poppin' on our wedding day  
I swear I rap for every piru and hoover  
Tryna maneuver around the barricade at the pearly gates  
Let us in, every wretch need a rest haven  
I keep it movin', never worried about the steps taken  
I give middle fingers to Satan, wrestling with God  
Demanding every ounce of favor He used to bless Jacob  
I'm gone