

# Lemon Pepper Freestyle

Toosii

Tryin', tryin', tryin', tryin'  
To get you under my pressure  
I been tryin', tryin', tryin', tryin'  
To get you under my pressure  
Yeah

Wonder when you gon' notice I'm no good for you  
Lover boy but on tracks I'm too hood for you  
Reality check, my checks in reality  
And it's gon' take shots of Patrón or D'USSE just to [?] me  
I know, yeah  
Meanwhile I been mean for a while my mama said  
We was homeless, not hobos  
Now the crib got guest rooms and bae like her Stella Rossa gold  
Jewelry for the jewelry, I like a lil' bit of wine and dining  
Money make tears evaporate when I see her crying  
Next batter up to pitch change like [?]  
I came from the slums, I'll show you how to turn dirt to diamonds  
They want me to smile 'bout the fact I charted  
Acting way before that I wasn't going hard regardless  
Dot my I's and I cross my T's  
Make sure every step right, put bulletproof on the SUV's  
Still  
Still they make a target, that was irregardless  
The ones with the most feelings, they gon' swear they heartless  
Fell in love with the architects though I'm the artist  
I just mean the people that build with me and kept it flawless  
I was light years ahead even inside my darkest  
You can say I'm confident, you can never say I'm a narcissist

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I don't do opps, I'm the opp if you ask me  
Always been that nigga that hope that my homies pass me  
Life was moving slow like the color that's on a taxi  
I told my coach that I made it, nigga told me, "Wow, actually"  
[?] not Kate and Ashley  
Jack of all trades, I still be where the jacks be  
Niggas chicken just like the logo on Zaxby's  
You ain't never got to take from me, all you gotta do is ask me  
From the hood but I try to keep it classy  
Niggas bitches don't argue, they just get a lil' sassy  
I don't argue back, it's a thirty round where the MAG be  
And a banana clip, a smiley face, my trigger finger happy  
Ask me how I got here, I told 'em I want it badly  
Wanted to be just like my daddy  
Now I'm more than my daddy  
Bitches be tryna trap me [?]  
The slip pink like my girl favorite color  
Knowledge, wisdom, and power, baby boy, guns and butter  
Sweet to my girl, so really it's guns and roses  
The Moët just like the Red Sea, I'm a prophet like Moses  
Yeah, I'm a prophet like Moses

I really could've kept going too