

This is my thesis
Hop out like Jesus
Take her to Neiman Marcus
Plead the fifth darling
They cannot see this
Look at my genus
I gotta genie in the bottle
Hide your neck I got the throttle
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They're all on my back it's killing me
These rappers are trash, they're mini-mes
I'm beating your ass, soliloquy
That's how we do it in Italy
Fuck are you kidding me?
Nobody kin to me
Sever my enemies
Pussy your dead to me
All this weight I put on myself
If not me then who the fuck else?
I'm sacrificing my body and health
But the body bag got no room for your belts
The zodiac is all mine little bitch
LSD in my spine little bitch
She's not yours, that's my little bitch
And if anybody tests me nine gets clicked
Mind got dark when I knifed that kid
In the moment I thought I was helping my kin
But the nights all alone and my mind won't drift
Insomniac when that cocaine hits

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What?
Oh yea
I'm really that nigga for real

I only got riches to believe in magic
She see it at Neiman's and she gotta have it
Baby real plastic gotta bag it like groceries
I ain't gon' eat it if you are not close
Her body is shaped just like an hour glass
She only want money I can not be mad
I can not be mad 'cause I rather take cash
My boys on the block and we ready to crash, yeah
Your bitch eat my face she a mascot
100k up in the stash box
You somebody they don't ask about

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