

Going Off

Vin Jay

Ayo motherfucker, what's good?
Take a look at all the time I took
Practice the craft and I'm back for the racks
And I'm doing everything that I said I would
Make a little money and invest this dream
Wake up in the morning, manifest this dream
Just spit clean like an M16
But the bars too heavy, can't dead-lift these
Broke in the business and I got big bills
Plus all the perks, and I don't flip pills
All about the grind, know I can't sit still
But I raved all night, I'm loving the quick grills
I been about it since I was a Juvenal
Shout out my haters, I'm planning your funeral
Talkin' 'bout me but you bitches delusional
Shit on my name but you live in a cubical
Got a buzz and I can't stop now
'Cause I have a hundred milli' and a man shot down
I'ma stand my ground and advance my sound
Matter fact, I'm about to get the pact right now
Like, they all debate what I do is incredible
Walk through the army and I been the General
Lock on my enemies, all in my reticle
Let it digest and it hit you like edibles

Said I've been on a wave, you better read up
I been a mile away, they cannot keep up
My life a holiday, I got my feet up
Fuck what you gotta stay, I'm feeling G'd up

The world going off, I'll never slow down, yeah
Been living like a boss, I need a throne down here
No matter what it costs, we getting dough 'round here
The girl about to floss, I'm down to show out here

Okay, going off like I didn't pay the bill
You lie to yourself, that don't make it real
Delusional rappers, you doo-doo, I'm snappin'
I'm killin' 'em all, I hope they got a will
Vin Jay hit me with a text
Said "I rock with you", but now I'm next up
So I hopped on a track just for moral support
Hand it back, let him go fuck the rest up, 'cause it's too easy
Spittin' for 22, look at them rims and it's 22
So much money that I just don't know what to do
I'm antisocial, I really don't fuck with you pounds
You mimic the sound but lack passion
No storytelling, bad acting- how'd that happen?
They trippin', the kids still sleepin' on me
They cat nappin', I'm back blastin'
Oh, body count is addin' up
I did fifteen features yesterday, that's 30K in the clutch
If it ain't money, better hush- you know it's business as usual
Ya'll are as Juvenal, sippin' Ceroc out the crucible
This is an invitation to your funeral

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