

Got to admit man I'm a little brain damaged
Been up in the booth, the dude remain savage
And vin is on the move, pursuing the main passion
Never gotta boost the views to gain traction
Done fucking around
I've done it rugged and foul
We never dumbing it down
I pummel em on the ground
Everybody wanna run it they fumble it when I pounce
When I run up in the booth and (DO-DO-DO) with the rounds
Everybody wanna wonder why they play my shit
Got em bugging they can't compare to the flames I spit
Ya'll are mad I'm winning and getting paid like this
And don't ever gotta rap like a brainwashed bitch
Now I'm headed to the golden gates
And with blacked out whip with the stolen plates
And I will never let anybody control my fate
No debate or chance to negotiate
Said I'm only getting better when I'm gripping the mic
You got a buzz? I don't get it I'm not feelin' the hype
And I ain't ever been the bitter one or cynical type
But anybody rappin' ever live a typical life?
Said I'm never gonna trust a lame
All love for the fam but it's fuck the fame
I rock steel toe boots while I crush the game
And look down like mother fucker what's my name
Vin is on the rise
He killin' em with the rhymes
The kid with the enterprise
He different and bring a vibe
Said he's really bout the business he better be recognized
You can put me in a battle we make it a genocide
So you better get a violent weapon
And find the medic and tell the man apply the pressure
But it's still no doubt I'ma find a method
Until they bringing up my name when they define a legend