

Aw man back to my roots
Get em riled up with amplified truth
Songs that I wrote make more than my folks so it's safe to say that I master
ed my youth
Gon elevate, don't hesitate
Mama look at all the funds I generate
Finally got a real reason we could celebrate
Made a milli but I never made a resume

Still winning fuck who condone it
Rap Chris Kyle never losing focus
And I'm bout to get a plaque cause the music golden
Y'all are hometown stars I'm huge in Poland
Fuck who the coldest, my booth is frozen
In the past know my ego was bruised and broken
Now I'm coming and I'm bout to make a huge commotion
Like a young school shooter with a abused emotions
Now the money going up when I double the reach
Too hot I be numbing a hundred degrees
Anybody who be coming to fuck with the beast
Finna get rocked like WWE
This that wild Wild West
Click clack bah bah best
Vin's wack, kids trash, but he's still rich last time I checked
Oh Jesus, there's no condone weak shit
The flows so dope it's known to slow breathing
It's so cold it's goes below freezing
It's prolly why these hoes provoke for no reason
Entrepreneur, not what consumers, all em getting robbed for the moola, drop
to your ruler
Prolly get me off to Bermuda, stop with the rumors
I be getting guap but they always tryna watch me maneuver
Look who's coming to flame the new scene
YPG your favou
Rite new team
Who's daily routines to bank a few G's
Y'all mad cause we living the way that you dream
And I can't be touched I'm radioactive
Y'all not dope you way below average
Hate to glow but it takes me no practice to kill a no name proclaim

Bet it makes y'all mad huh
Tryna bring me down but you know you can't huh
Can't follow my lead lil homie can't catch up
Well the shits too bad gave my life for the things I have
And it ain't my fault for the things y'all lack
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See me grow
Still with the fam know the team be close
Drop out turned to a CEO
I don't want your opinion better leave me 'lone

Y'all are following some bad direction
Thought you hit your bottom but I stand corrected
Tell your man who's stepping, I won't grab a weapon
Left jab, right hook, bitch I'm ambidextrous
Holy smokes, hold the phone
Said y'all bout to be disgraced
Got no control, overdose
On what I need to say
Go toe to toe, throws some blows
Then I complete the way
They comatose, broken bones
That's how I feel today
I don't pause though when I see commas
Green on me like a damn iguana
Made a quarter mill' so you know that Imma
Give a girl a bag and I don't mean Prada
I mean dollars, I pop my collar
And I got less now than I make mine yada
Just put my squad on a flight to Bahamas
Y'all been out first class just say it like voila
Think I finally found a perfect job for me
Talk shit just word it properly
Burn em all like German property
Shots on shots no burst photography
Surge in quantity, perfect quality
Got rich in the worst economy
Moms third child but her first commodity
And there ain't no doubt

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