

On Repeat

Vin Jay

Hold up, wait a minute, let me spit game
Still runnin' my team, King James
Came up and I'm runnin' with some big names
And no wonder why they hate ya'll bitch-made
Think back when I rap on the playground
Body anybody with the bars when they came 'round
Hard times but I knew I never stayed down
Fuck around and made a hundred grand through the PayPal
'Member when I would rap for loose change
Married to the game so cast the bouquet
I mass-produce flames, I clapped the new wave
Got the ball now, put all my raps in 2K
Eastside living when I creep on bitches
But nobody see me comin', it's a recon mission
Two twelves in the back of my Nissan, kickin'
I don't ever got to flex just to keep on winnin'
Real shit, man, I studied the best
And I've never give it less than a hundred percent
But ya'll thinkin' I'ma fail, I'ma double your bag
'Cause I've been runnin' with the rock, I ain't fumbling yet, come on
Ya'll don't really wanna test the man
I broke into the game, no exit plan
So let 'em keep on talking, I just advance
And get your girl down south like Texas fans
See the way that I maneuver, no UAV
Make 'em all stand still, Veneneuse Swae Lee
Gon' flex on the haters with a few APs
Ain't no motherfucking wonder why the crew hates me
Watch as I put 'em in their place
Too gassed up, I don't ever take a break
Even when I'm burnt out, I be finishing a race
Ya'll finna get last, start picking up the pace

Hold on, wait a minute, I got high knees
Always put the word out on the IG
Had to switch the team up like Kyree
I'm still the one that probably pop up, 5D
Keep your niggas updated on the live feed
Had to push the audio like I was at the IE
Kick back, just me and my wifey
Rollin', living this life's exciting, I know it
But I was young and dumb and still getting moated
Yet my daddy locked up, it was noted
Five kids and I'm the second oldest?
Born a leader, I couldn't control it
Gettin' treated by the way you acted
It turned me into a savage, bringin' static
I'm tryin' to fill up my tank and go pick up
A quarter mil' from my bank account and get out
Fuck around and put some money in investments
Pick a little nigga, but I'm not the one to mess with
Get a check every time I show up with a set list
I'm a hard act to follow, that's a death wish
Ya'll best luck, better dress to impress
Come flex, better say it with your chest up
All my haters getting over leapt or swept up
Tryin' to see what's great? Motherfucker finna step up

Next in line, the best is yet to come with no exercise
Icy and I'm isolated, woah
Meditate, you gotta respect the mind, and I
Always study the greats
You can't trust everybody, that's another mistake
You got some real fucked up people runnin' the race
We ain't lying, it's in front of your face
Let me pick up the pace