

Overdose

Vin Jay

One minute, let me get in my bag
Filling up my pen with the venom when I rap
Ain't nobody better so we'll never mind that
Get a hit o' run run, go tell 'em I'm back
Never going back again
Few people in the game that can rap with him
I spit flames and attack ya men
I'm sicker than a fucking pathogen
I lose count when I track the wins
And I'ma rip it 'til I make the map
Show praise to the greats who done paved the paths
So face the facts, I raise 'til it fades to black
I blaze a track and tell 'em that it pays to rap
Until I'm dead and gone
Kill 'em with every rhythm that I get upon, bet the form
When they be pushing upon the metaphors
Get 'em all jealous they wishing that I was never born
But they never gonna forgive me, shout out to Pentagon
Hella bombs, that I came to drop in a Caribbean
They wonder when the reign will stop
I'll feign the cross until I get my name to pop
And I'll be kicking down doors 'til I break the locks
And like blah!
Come on, and witness the madness
Money in the bank, can't fit in the mattress
And the game on lock, with the biggest advantage
Ain't nobody ever do it in a similar fashion
Like run with the veteran, pumping adrenaline
Rapping to kill it, so fuck if I benefit
Done with you haters, you fuckers are feminine
Lyrical bullets are bucking you gentleman
Listen up I got a new statistic
Fuck the system and abuse the business
Instrumentals getting bruised and blistered
But now

Fuck 'em all, I'm 'bout to beast
I been on my grind, I been working on the low
I been holding back, fuck 'em all I'm 'bout to beast
Labels on the line, tell 'em hold the phone
Y'all ain't ready for the kid, I'll make 'em overdose
Try to find another rapper that's realer
Only wanted me up in the game no filler
Murdered every record, called the kid a blood spiller
Clipped this fool with rhymes boy, that boy a track killer

Close your eyes, try to picture greatness
Fuck the stage up and flip the payments
Pop a tab and I'ma trip in Vegas
And I fuck your broad, until the bitch is famous
Like nah, you ain't never gonna get a co-sign
Last minute I'ma break it to the goal line
Flow too wet, and I'ma never let the hole dry
Everybody want in, I'm an underground gold mine
Want peace, but they pray to fight me
Never gotta ask for payday politely
At the mall with fake chains and Nikes

I'm 'bout to get the crew to gangbang your wifey
Make a record and I put it on vinyl
Beat it on my chest, man that boy too primal, ahh
I don't got to flex on my rivals
They all know my last shit went viral
Listen up and I'ma try to reach ya
In the game and you can ride the bleachers
I don't wanna collab but it's nice to meet ya
Putting Vin up on the track, that's a pricey feature
What if I defeat ya like a violent reaper
I done burned the booth and I done bombed the speakers
I don't give a fuck if I be popping either
'Cause now

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