

This that shit that blow the speakers out your Honda Civic
The type of shit that make your doctor wanna rob the clinic
The type of sound to make your preacher wanna pop a clip in
Just to get it crackin' with the ones who got a problem with it
I know that they concerned, watchin' as the tables turn
And my favorite haters losin' faith like a vacant church
I spit lines, I gotta leave 'em with fatal burns
Everytime I hit 'em with a sentence, case adjourned
I'm like a demon with the Mark of the Beast
We in the building, I make you bitches park in the street
Know my words are all weapons, I've been armed to the teeth
Spittin' rhymes so clean, it's like I'm gargling bleach
How they speakin' on my names been despicable
Hustle 'til I get it fam, that's always been the ritual
Profits ain't divisible, there's physical and digital
And if you see me split 'em, what you're witnessin' is biblical

I been in a mood, lately I been feelin' dangerous
Feel like any minute I'm about to go buck
Walk into the room, you can tell I'm feelin' anxious
If you don't want a problem better shut the fuck up
And I'm talkin' 'bout right now
Pump up the volume, 'cause I don't wanna hear about shit
Bitch I'm talkin' 'bout right now
Pump up the volume, 'cause all I wanna do is get lit

These other rappers can't compete, they know my words are lethal
I got the gas, studio smell like I'm burnin' diesel
But certain people hear the rhymes and think I worship evil
You crave for something this dope you got to purchase needles
'Cause I'm on the rise, will never decline, they wanna defeat the prophet
But I'm on the grind, and livin' divine, they know that my team is poppin'
They fallin' behind, they're low on they pride, they wanna deplete my pocket
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You comin' for mine, you'll never survive, so tell 'em proceed with caution
Y'all couldn't get on my level, not on your best day
Bitch Ive been a dawg, got the fire like [?]
Y'all do not comprende, I pull up like a sensei
Leave your dome leakin' like a motherfuckin' sex tape
So I'll be grindin' 'til my crews in the morgue
This games a battlefield, I'm 'bout to send my troops into war
We takin' everything you got like an abusive divorce
Then make it rain to be consumed by the storm
Come on

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