

Folarin, I still demolished a starvin artist  
Go to the jeweler in June leave in December prolly  
I chase profit you say my name they change topics so  
Don't start if you can't back up like Blaine Gabbert  
Don't hate rap I just hate rappers that like perppin  
Real ice on fake niggas or vice verse  
Paranoia is real for me they like lurking so  
Every party we real heavy wit light searching  
Cloud surfing, she on the cloud wit me  
You still in y'all feelings, I'm in the style section  
A niggas style somethin they could never grasp  
Every beat I smash like I'm ike snake cloud or kirby  
They not observing the try ignore an they try murk me  
Try block what I've done and it's somehow workin  
I should could come back wit gun before they try hurt me?  
Had that bitch ringin so much got retire it jersey

I'm Bill Russell till the shits over  
And when it's final I still got a chip on my shoul...  
You know what... that's a chip on my shoulder  
Only switch up on niggas wit Nintendo controllers

Gotta switch the flow up like rick flair got million rollies  
These niggas scared four figures they breakin all your legs  
Love loyalty, I love love an loyalty  
Drop a bag on lil things like corner store employees  
See I always had the passion to pass up the niggas before me  
But I'm always in the shadow of average niggas wit more funding  
yeah, award season, see no one love me  
No more fans, no more friends, no one more lonely  
I be playing solo, I don't know nothing  
Fuck the game just the bands like it's homecoming  
That's how I'm coming, that cole shyt got me so hungry  
Boy I'm so stubborn abloh, can't make me call...

Nevermind what I was bout to say  
Covered complex they did not fuck wit musically  
Imma hit this Hennessy, I ain't cool wit this industry  
I don't call niggas opps they opportunity for a reef  
Sheesh... my 16 require white sheets  
Quite churches a choir services when I speak  
Y'all niggas should stop thinking they near me  
Fathered niggas I stop seeing I dead beats

Raw poetry my pen full of karisone  
Mic full of that lighter fluid  
And mind you this is light me  
Nobody noticing but they all aware of me  
Ugh, I'm so prepared to leave  
I got this beat and left it two week  
Yeah, nigga too weak...

We was born good enough we just wanna be great...