

C-Conductor, we have a problem
What the fuck? (Conductor)
Y'all niggas trash
Ayo, check

I'm God's favorite, when I spit, the bar raises (C-C-C-C)
Before I got my start, was sellin' hard drugs to Caucasians
Fought cases, now we high in double R's racin' (Skrtrt)
I came up, they all thought it was voodoo from the Haitians (Haha)
In all greatness, God, the top lonely but it ain't spacious (Uh-huh)
The comp all washed up with fiend-out faces (Niggas poor)
They ain't shit, just for me to prosper, had to take risks
My Off-White Dunks got the criss-cross laces (Uh-huh)
I push a spaceship all through the New York Matrix (Vroom)
Where good kids catch bids and turn Incarcerated Scarfaces
Rather serve you coke outta my palm than work for small wages (Uh-huh)
Kick your door, pray Allah save us, we all favored
Casablanca scarf wiping prints off the stainless (Uh-huh)
I knock whoever off, underground artists or A-list (Boom-boom-boom)
If they in the lane, they just roadkill on the pavement (Uh)
It's GxFR, dangerous, nothin' to play with
It's pure poison on your playlist
I'm like dark skin Michael Jackson stylin', moonwalkin' on stages (Woo)
I'm a lord, they all hit the floor and give off praises
Still got dog food residue on my razor

Ayo, I move mountains, move work through public housin' (Ah)
Shootout, shells hit the ground, at least a thousand (Grrrt)
My bitch Nina hit like Ronda Rousey (Boom-boom-boom-boom-boom)
Used to sip cups of purple 'til I was drowsy
Then there was a drought, no yellow or green for me (Uh-uh)
My .40 got a big nose like BDP (Ba-da-ba-ba-ba)
Murder bravado, the plug said, "No hablo"
I looked across, I seen at least a thousand bricks, Alhamdulillah
The most gorgeous (Agh), the most gifted (Agh), prolific (Agh)
Four-fifth kick like Bruce shit (Boom-boom-boom-boom-boom)
The sky hawk throwin' two blicks, ruthless
Fiend hit the pipe all you heard was—

This is how we do it
(This is how we do it)
Sha la la la la la lo—

Uh, who fuckin' with me, who? (Who fuckin' with me?)
We swam through water, whip in a Chanel scuba suit (Haha)
Gucci K for my nigga, he gon' super shoot (Grrrt, bap-bap)
They played the wiretap back for me, I sounded like Magoo (Hahaha)
Told my lawyer, "Cool" (Yeah) it wasn't me (It wasn't me)
My nigga brought the work back on his niece
Had it wrapped around her legs like Lebron, icin' his knees
What nigga nicer than me? They drownin' fightin' to breathe
I seen rock smoke in the air (Yes), seen feds run up the stairs
I seen a million on Flip' neck, Versace on Claire
Seen one turn to two, like I put it in the mirror
I seen a nigga air the block out in a Oldsmobile Alero (Brrrt, bap-bap-bap)

The Office of Civil Defense has issued the following message

This is an attack warning