"Ayy Tony!"

Keep low, cheat code
In this game do it exist, free throws
Winter hit too soon where'd that heat go
Get up in that booth let that heat flow
Feel like I'm getting looked at through a peephole
Am I in the zoo or I'm in the Louvre, like
I ain't really wanna preach though
I guess I just gotta do what I gotta do

Stay grounded, stay pounding Your homies that stay round ya stay rowdy Pray, that's how you was raised, stay bout it But stay open to the age, the days counted Decades made centuries I made fountains Shit was meant to be I'll stay drought-ed Ain't no buttons you could tap to get the [?] way round it Pree those cheat codes straight playground shit Just a dun half illiterate Who spun out, started kicking shit Now I'm young, smacked, and ridiculous I'm drunk sex with particular When it comes to fun facts in the literature Whatever you call will come out your dumb mouth you spittin' up You talk tha t bullshit, I talk at pulpits You know I do this, while you playing games I'm playing music It ain't Liberty City, it's N-Y It ain't San Andreas, it's L-A It ain't Vice City, that's M-I Holla if you feeling what I'm tryna say

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What you need, dough Freak hoes giving deep throat Need more, want the cheat code Need, no, go beast mode

They say I'm rather coy but I'm poised
Didn't dabble when I rapped, didn't have a choice
It's the Apple boy
If I snapped old heads said "that a boy"
Never battle moist
They feeling me, Achilles be travelling to Troy
Don't get rattled Roy
There's a lotta grief, lotta joy
Sometimes all you see plots and ploys
All types of fuckers tryna stop ya boy
Could be ya boy, could be some bop offering top

Could be the cops or boys, Officer McCoy
Fucker, used to stutter but I wanted butter
Couldn't mutter, had to use my voice
Used to not be if you rap, but if what you wrote was toy
Ya gotta make noise, oi!
Look, I been across the world and I hurled
So chill, to all the boys and girls

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