

Yo, I will whore somebody
Or I will whore myself, one or the other
You choose, what you wanna be Patrick Ewing or John Starks?
Fuck you

What you want from me?
Tired of the fuckery
Conspiring, you don't hear the violin, try again
I ain't crying but I'm piloting the man
This is Icarus, I'm sick of it
I'm done trying to get to the sun
So I'm flying in and I am in
Before I start rioting within
Only violence that he did was on him
So I wilding and I'm wilding
And I'm wilding and I'm winding on in

Sip straight bottles
Pick licks like lotto
This one, that one, sip and swallow
Feel the shit in my bowels
Whoa, spit straight mottos
Kids live by but let me say some shit don't follow
Just sit, I'm tryna get a chip
Tryna get it now, tryna get a grip
But I don't wanna bow down to no prick
That extra get my secular ass some catholic shit
I could throw up on my neck
And got to throw it up
We throw it up, nah, nah, we throw him off the set
Don't sit around all moody, man
We making movies, I'm about to direct
I'm on special effects, any special requests?
If you knew me you know it's my duty to do my best
Just givin' myself some neck
And it's on to the next

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Hate when Goldman Sachs coming for my cream
Jpeg of a rolex on my screen
Like I'd never wear a watch
I don't know man, maybe if it's green
Gave head to the hoes that was the queens
Butt bulgin' out their jeans
Those that wasn't, yeah they knew it
Wasn't buggin, just got blunted, still rolling with the team

Multiply, now we roll with Mr. Clean
Some went West Coast, started growing up that green
New Yorkers started pouring up the lean
Lookin' like, "Yo, where you been?"
I been blowing off some steam
Long Gate, that's some place I gotta be
He on yay, got blow, asked if I wanna ski
I'm on a EO school like your mama's weed
This is were I wanna be (twice)
So free, home girl on me
I swear, I swear I wanna be

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If you felt like I felt
Nah you would melt my help
Think at best I should help myself
Put this shit to rest, got the greatest wealth of twelve
In my city so I'm worried for my friends
Ain't tryna bury one of them
You can't tell how well I held it down
Grand fury with the pen, Bill Murray of the gin
Only wordy with it when needed
You in a hurry to the end
But the bunny didn't win
Ain't tryna see my son just set
Bust in my wify, fucking out the gin
What the fuck you think this is? We just being kids
23 need a bib, you should see the way I live
You should see the way I (live)
I don't wanna hear it, I fear it, I'm near it
Man, what do you expect? I'm out here catching wreck
Like three homies passed this year
Are we gonna last this year?
I wonder what is next
Last year passed, we here, man
Last year passed, we here
Can't you see I'm fucking vexed?
Last year passed, we here, man
Last year passed, we here
Hoping for the best