

Whole Half

Wiki

Call me rap God, rap God, ball God, dog gone
Now when you come through and hum
I'm two in one I'm catdog
I ain't thuggin but I'm touchin on the backboard
Still shatterin' the backboard
Just shatterin' the fat one
And it's battered up with wax son
Say that it's wastin it
Don't like the taste of it
Man get up off my ass son
Ain't you late for class son?
No towel [?] mother with some napkin
Lucky you I get distraction
Baby got back bum lookin like the moon
Yeah the half one
I just wanna have fun, grab some bud
That's when they throw me in the action
Flip the meaning of the [?]
Brew to the weed and we burnin it the last of
AF and we burnin it the half [?] whole half

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I spent too much on the English breakfast
Grew up poor with my mom's gold necklace
First day of school I had the bootleg Nikes
That's why I rhyme tight
Grew up city nigga but that's just life
Had no father figure, took the OG's advice
Now we on the way to Poland on the midday flight
Eyes wide shut, couldn't sleep off of white
I'm getting love right now
Top down in the town, smoking bud right now
My ex was the shit, she gon' hoe right now
Got a few hoes at the front door right know
Call up squad, knocking fifty hoes down
They all smoke dust, we gon' want the whole pound
We gon' want the whole pound
They all smokin' dust, we gon' want the whole pound

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That spit your dust, grit your teeth
If it lives on earth, it lives in me
But it's that six machines to pick between
It's that hit reverse, dip the scene
Niggas'll film the shit but won't intervene
I had instant gram since my teens
Linkin' fiends Camberwell, Elephant, anywhere in between
But five years on I'm still in my teens
Immature in my dreams, I fucked your bitch
I mean I could fuck your bitch in my sleep
This that Lionel Jesse better pick your team

I was scoring goals before I kicked a free
I be more involved than you could wish you'd be
That bullshit that you got sold, I bet you miss for me

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Must I pray, and feel I got fucked today
Only cause of luck I stay in the positions I'm in
What the fuck you say?
Did it for the win, understandin' the bucks I made
Trust I saved a couple kids 'cause of what the fuck I say
Put a dutch in my grave, the day that I'm dead
Put the Bally to the pavement and make sure my baby got bread
You heard me
Y'all ain't worthy of the shit I said
I gave it to 'em as a courtesy
And until all the homies is fed
I'ma hold a sense of urgency

Must I pray
(Must I, must I)
Must I pray
(What the fuck I, fuck I)
Must I pray
Feel like I got fucked today