

Sumo (Freestyle)

Wrekonize

Yeah

Back at it again

In the middle of the mother fucking jungle I'm the predator
With the bars y'all stars need an editor
Ghostwriter with your pen in the register
Filling you with outside flows like an enema
There is no competitor here to get the better of
Creditors with a real Fyre like seminar
You got the silliest margin like Billy Mcfarland
Now The island is coming through to get at ya
I been running round evil
Trying to spread my name to the people
And doing things I wouldn't wanna speak to
Some nights look right in the mirror
And I'm feeling like the guy looking back's kinda see through
But I'm working on a audit a review
New year new me kinda redo
But already just one month In
I can feel old demons coming back to peak through
Got contracts back on the table
Trying to do big things for the label
Trying to make Tech prouder and brew enough chowder
To keep plugged in to the cable
But I'm finding it hard to be stable
When everybody's all fake for the fable
Let's all open the gram and pretend life's grand
Now everybody smile for the playbill
What a glorious evening to find that I'm bleeding
While doubling the mouths that I'm feeding
I'm not Irish but I wish that I could just
Find why the fuck everybody is cheesing
When this life is a bitch an she hyphy as shit
But she fights you to liken the heathens
I'm a lycan that bites in the evening
If any bloodsuckers trying to fight me for freedom
Write rights in the night for my legion
Speak heat for my fleet that's been freezing
Keep going on the road cuz I'm underexposed
And I'm spouse to be roasting the region
But the numbers i post are uneven
Got me feeling like a poster for reaching
Shoulda moved to Atlanta like 21 Savage
And told y'all I wasn't European
I been stunning since I was a lil youngin'
Had my finger on the button
But I never dropped nuttin'
Bunch of mother fuckers that we had to watch running
Never ever birthed shit just a bunch of cock sucking
Lemme rock something with a little plot dumbing
Maybe that'll get em what they really got coming
Morse code poems over top rock drumming
Don't act like you didn't know what I got gunning
I'm a movement they like an illusion
I strike unassuming when life is the music
I might get a Eunuch that fights in a tunic
To show you your light and your tight on the fluids

Ripe for the ruins I hike in the sewage
To brighten the mood it's a likely maneuver
My mics the manure you're likely askew-ered
With not enough bite in your nikes just to do her
I got just enough in the tank to get my ass home with
On some 3 bucks on pump 4 shit
On some free lunch i just coasted
I got some speed bumps in my road quick
Turn the beats up I might go split
I gotta beast up this only flow 6
I got 46 left to go bitch yeah

Yeah!

There's an album on the way
There's multiple albums on the way
Just warming up
That Miami shit