

There's something about the swaying of the trees  
Traces of a breeze  
The way in which I speak's making them believe  
That I'm cooler than a fan. You may need a fleece  
I've been in these streets and I've got receipts  
Kensington for brunch, grab a bubble tea  
I don't trouble you, so you don't trouble me  
I just make the rounds and then I exit off the scene  
Emblem on the tee, I'm effortlessly clean

That never could be me  
I never could be begging for a man to set me free  
I always keep it real 'cause I'm a sentimental G  
The people see my art because I wear it on my sleeve  
I had to let it breathe  
I give them Rei Of Light, I'm like an iridescent beam  
I've got innovative schemes and I mixed them with my dreams  
Come, we make this history, nigga

Leaning  
One hand on my whip  
The other on my bitch, I'm a slick nigga blood  
Scheming  
I'm a smart fucking G  
You know my heart clean but me come from the mud  
Woah woah  
Whoa whoa whoa  
Nigga don't be getting too close  
So why you wanna try me  
O lord protect me 'cause they're shiesty

There's something about the way the moon hit the river  
My mood is a mirror  
In cahoots with the truth, too smooth with it, nigga  
Grape juice sipper, sunroof disappearer  
Panoramic views from the room in the villa  
Indubitably, nigga  
You see the way I talk is extraordinary  
I'm like a pimp stick walking, don't you force my hand  
A force to be reckoned with, of course I am  
I bet you take a walk with man  
I got trips to take, I got pics to paint  
And my nigga over there, he got bricks to break  
You see my nigga over there, he got strips to tape  
Ayo I'm paranoid 'cause everybody know my face  
You don't want us pulling up outside your golden gates  
You don't want my niggas sliding round in stolen plates  
So you should know your place  
I'm just rolling safe, you know

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