

# On The Radar Freestyle

Wynne

I got debt that I must collect, they pay me respect  
Did I ever block a shot and lose a check? You bet  
It's just business, charge it to the message, it's direct  
Let's not act like we don't know what to expect

I dipped, sorry, I missed ya, let's chop it up like RZA  
Next time I see ya, there'll be Getty prints on my pictures  
Heard too many whispers, I see y'all still sisters  
But I had to take my foot up outta that circle like it's Twister  
Mrs. pull up with credentials, it's offensive  
Cut the line like it didn't make the team, I'm sensing tension  
Lost my mind, I'm stabler now like I'm riding with Benson  
If I kiss that man, you'll never catch me in his mentions  
'Cause fuck the promo, I don't do it for attention  
No parties, I'm suspended, that I'm sure of  
Shoutout to genetics for the glow up, arc like Noah  
Out defending me like I'm Dakota, I don't know her  
'Nother one to hit these punches like me, I'm Balboa  
She heard my song and now she thinks she me, but I don't know her  
Saw her walking down the street, she's wearing my persona  
My shit was in limbo, man, it just kept getting lower  
Big responsibilities, now it's time to-

My family told me they're proud of me and I don't know how to relax  
Everybody want a piece of me, but I'm keeping this shit intact  
Got no work on my body done, you should see this shit from the back  
Know they think that I'm lying 'bout it, I'm only giving 'em facts

Ayy, must collect, pay me respect  
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Let's not act like we don't know

Taffy, give 'em a signal, pick a side, no middle  
Thousand's on the line with checks, we're bouncing back like they're Timbo  
Problems used to be little, no time to get sentimental  
It's something in my soul that turn the kid into a-  
Got boys, but I'm not tagging 'em  
I don't poke holes in no Magnums  
In big pants and I'm sagging 'em  
I'm chill as fuck so I'm bagging 'em  
He holds me and I'm flagging him  
That W was a landslide like Fleetwood, he was mackin' on me  
Got tents around me like a campsite  
Don't fuck with me, I'm abstinent, butterfly like badminton  
Taller than me by eight inches, so he call me shorty like a acronym  
Back in it, I, uh  
Know they wish I'd give this shit a rest  
Said, "I'm on the way to the top"  
Hold on, I'm still getting dressed, just a sec  
Don't be so pressed about it  
They know I'm from Oregon, but the vision never clouded  
They lyin' now that I'm winning, last week, I heard 'em doubting  
Only time I switch is when I'm switchin' up my outfit  
You lit, you gotta show us  
Grind and dig my heel and lift my toe up  
Ask me 'bout my clout, I couldn't mention a payola for the blow up

Picked the right field, I'm Sammy Sosa  
Had to give 'em something to discuss over mimosas

Like my debt, must collect, pay me respect  
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