

I feel it live when I touch the ball.
I can't fall, I can't fail.
Locking down the court like a cell.
Treat my team like my brothers.
Haters don't understand me.
Hard fouls, them hecklers tryna break up the family.
Can't hold me, my vertical so pivot.
Pressure it keeps building.
Reaching but can't hit it.
You hate, but we did it.
You aimed and we hit it.
Ballin with no limits.
We ready, we all in it.
The sky is my limit, how it feels to win.
I could break down this rim, just put me in.
It's the beast from the east, we the best from the west.
I's the logo that I'm beating on my chest.
It's not about you, it's not about me.
It's all about the team, let me hear it on three.
Now you can stop them, but you will never stop me.
Got the crowd going wild for the MVP.

10 seconds on the shot clock.
4th quarter it's on me (it's on me).
See them haters try to run now.
But I won't let em run up on my team (on my team).
Cause I'm a fanatic, yeah.
Gotta go with em hustlin.
Cause I'm a fanatic, yeah.
And everybody can't deal with me.

Fresh out of school, straight into the league.
Number 1 draft pick, all eyes is on me (M-V-P).
I can hear em in the stands.
I approach 5 now when the shot leave my hands.
Let the fans go wild (Go hard or go home).
Block the shot.
Eat the shot clock, so pass me the rock.
You will not survive in my zone.
Half-court shot all net then I'm gone.

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