

Balance

YCEE

You know I been hot for at least 4 summers
And you know what I mean it's been all burners
Clusterfucks in all clusters, bust a bus with no busters
Queer like boys with boy lovers
Now they know that God touches us
Swear on life they can't touch us, they can't outbest us
They got ball but can't test us
They say they ready for all this shit, but it still get messy
Back 2 back no they shook
We take flight when they book
Straight up fire with no hook
They send these threats but can't do it
Say you got guns but can't shoot
And you got minds that switch sides and got stuck at dumb side
I evolved with all times
Chased 2 hours like ruff ridders
Got pained liked arthritis
You all forgot no alzheimers
Now my block is hot so I pop up with sun block
You soft boys act hard but man it's all props
Am from a place where the eke keeps their gun cocked
They never hesitate to let the gun talk
I bes about that life, still around it
Y'all fucks don't need to doubt it
Y'all niggaz gon need permission or teeth get missing
We be that heat global warming house gas emission now listen
I got the damn game in a chokehold
Man, I'm bill-bagging like Frodo
I snow em where they don go
Shawty caught a lock like a froyo and still drop knees at the grotto
Glory to the Father, 5 Our Fathers and
Hail Marys
Burn that grin and hail Mary
Got hot sauce like peri peri
Got that juice Maleek Berry
Make change colour like Kate Perry hair

I'm still the one that all these niggaz fear
I'm still the hardest mo'fucka out there
I'm still the hottest mo'fucka out here
Owoati swagger no Cartier
I been a problem I swear all these niggaz know about me
Buh there ain't nothing they can do about me
The way the racks be coming in
I swear to God it's really so alarming
I keep that paper fold nice my eyes on Origami
Versace Versace
I hardly ever care for it
But the swag I got is clear cut, pick her at the airport
Next scene she banging on the headboard
I'm really trying less to use the F word
Messing up network
If you got the right circle lets work
Remember your net worth is your network
I run the city
Ain't no doubt I got the leg work
But all these niggas no dey hear word Blood, I

Roll through the city of the valley of death
Inhaler for breath
Still old president re-elected
But still till we neglect
We just want the Rolly Patek
I'm chasing the cheque
I'm so into deep fucking the rest
So give me a sec
Stress more gets to the neck
Get to recollect
Bad decisions I never regret
Pay attention
Pay me respect
They pay me a cheque
When that's done then you can call me the best
Till then I
Stay deep in the word
More than I can be
All you do is swat stickers like a Natzi
Still in a position that niggaz really can't be
That's why them niggaz feeling angsty
Blame it on the energy
I've still got cake out the pantry
Words coming in on all sides like a matzi
See me on it, rappers tryna embarrass me
I'm better'an anyone tha'would diss the Al-Haji

Bad Mix...