

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...