

You know
What the fuck
Yeah!

Ground zero, Mile Zero, let me get this started
Like a Pinto sitting instrumental, mentally charging
Pull up my astral music, no need for wires and a
Mic cord, bouncing like mattresses stuck inside a moving
Truck, stumbling drunk, I talk, took up and ran down a ravine
In a stream, I cr-cr-crawled in it wet, drip
Yeah, young boy drip
I do that shit for me like tattoos on the inner lip
Oh, go on, flex on 'em, Catfish
Carry heavy weight but sell you light, like a fat bitch
Yeah, pick up the slab like a repo
Blow out your candles, sell your light like Home Depot
Cover my body, everything else is subject to chains
Still flipping styles up in Wal-Mart, I'm accustomed to change
Flipping, a hustler born into this frame
Given God's main mission, manifestation of my brain's mission
Mind's eye, Cat before Fish because of nine lives
Fish 'cause I'm swimming too deep, I jump out the pond, fly
Into the ocean, ocean of thoughts pouring in, Mom, why
She curated this Slumerican like a bonsai
Trimming buds, from every leaf into the limb because
I'm a flower child, she got the green thumb
Position myself with the stars, and I'm unorthodox, I'm more than rock
Between the stars I'm in that Goldilocks
Between the stars I'm on that mothership with Elon, yeah, be done
Sipping udon with Jimmy Neutron
Tripping on peyote with nothing but my boots on
Yeah, nothing but my boots on, looking down at y'all next to that blue pond

(Oh) I mean it
(What the fuck) I mean it
(Yeah) I mean it
(Oh) I mean it
(Slum!) I mean it

Yeah, whiskey all in my Lamberdoux
Pills in my system, this Vicodin's like a river too
Floatin' down the Chattahooch'
A thousand PBRs couldn't can like I can, chew, spit aluminum U-
F-O's, extra-terrestr'al, we're criminals, too
Literally a subliminal too, Petrol
Gasoline 'em for miles, I got a tank for dreamers
Fill up on Pro-7, spiritual hippie window cleaners
Squeaky and you're good to go, if I'm rambling
Just take what you need, 'Have a good day, fucker, now hit the road'
Down the hatch, I'm pulling pins up out grenades
I ain't dropping battle raps, I'm more like wind up in the shade
A cool breeze in the winter when you're soaking wet and freezing
No mercy for you suckers, starting shit without a reason
That's a good buzz kicking, smoking like bologna in the
Bar room kitchen, cigarette butt flicking (oh)
Butt flicking
And it's up yours like a beer in the butt, chicken (oh)

Beer in the butt, chicken?
I cleaned the plate, it's too late, go bus dishes

(Oh) I mean it
(What the fuck) I mean it
(Yeah) I mean it
(Oh) I mean it
(Slum!) I mean it

Hold up, I ain't fucking done