

Yungen... SBTV... F64... listen

I was blessed with a gift, and that's rapping
To end this present I'm the best, no slacking
I don't ever front what I say, bro I'm backing
Tell them don't sleep on this hustle, I'm napping
I get girls let me reflect
Now I'm busting in this wave, I can see sex
Where I'm from banging don't get you respect
You don't understand the hood, you some V-necks
I'm on fire let me melt this
They don't see me no more, I'm on my stealth shit
I think a label needs to help this
I'm all about me, put me on the market I can sell fish
Playing Cod, thinking what I got to brag about
They on my nuts, I ain't even bought a banger out
And I don't wanna see you man about
It's man down man down if I ever bring Rihanna out
I'm in the booth and I'm making those hits
My brothers on the block, they be breaking those bits
Any violation we be raising them sticks
Got a couple G's fresh, they ain't taking no lip
No diss, I'm in touch with the game
I love music, I ain't tryna bust for a name
I got a few fans, some beautiful people
Some Chris Browning's wanna fuck me for the fame
A word to my mother I'm the nicest
Do it like a dude, this price tag is priceless
Jetlag swag, I'm the flyest
Freestyles are hard, I don't need to touch mic to show that I'm righteous
They got my thinking 'bout cribs
Drinking outta bottles, we ain't drinking outta lids
I'm tryna give my family the best life
So until I bust, I ain't tryna think about kids
And these days they don't recognize talent
I told 'em give me space cah I need time to plan it
Lyrically out of this world, we don't balance
Tell me how the fuck they've blown and I haven't
But fuck that, ima blow with time
I don't watch them niggers, do you clock that line
The way I did it again, did you clock that line
I never had a guilty man, they can't stop my grind
So I was only 16 and had a big 9
Throwing mood swings, how can I let shit slide
From the playground, I had to climb out the frame
I never been one of them kids to dick ride
And am I really that good, that's the new riddle
Them man try hard to spit, I just lose dribble
Them man do a lot, so they don't say much
Them man be talking to the pigs and they do little
Speak to me with a nice tone
Nick knock paddy whack, give a cat a light bone
Head in my music, I ain't tryna fall off
So if it gets peak, I got 3 G's that I phone
Listen SBTV, my Mum got a blessing, I'm so blessed to be me
You see me, I joined the new wave, I'm in depth cah I got a point to prove
But I ain't tryna lift a gun, leave me alone I ain't tryna rip a lung

I know burners, yeah the 4 5ths the 1, fuck a 9 to 5, I ain't a 4:51