

I got a box heart made of prose
Shot target, aim at those
Rock star favor so it's not hard to stay afloat
Me and all my 'A' to 'Z', we got along so famously
Pretty far from famous though
City scar but hate is home
Pretty broad, painted toes, feelin' so unfadable
Winnin' like we 8-0, I'm just tryna let you know
Exchange of flows, cash checks at the bank and loan
Fresh like change of clothes
Sex, lights made it glow
Set time, day and show, feel my vibe radiate
Made it for the radio, sat it by the radiator
Next life may be thought, shout out to Eusébio
In this rhyme scheme his name'll go
I'm just sayin' though
Daddy told me, "take it slow, son, watch ya baby grow."
Truthfully, my baby grew these days, I got a 8 year old
Makin' dough, startin' LLC, let him take control
When I tour, I pray he safe alone and don't break a bone
Streets not paved with gold
Keep watch, wait and hold
These blocks crazy cold
I seen rocks made of soap
Beat cops Jason, when will fiends stop slangin' dope
He watch, they condone, we got to break the MO
So I took a brake, I ain't tryna take a brick
Get a quote, change the code, I quit
That's the way it is
I wanna tell myself
What is more dangerous
I let him run the streets, or teach him foreign languages

[Hook:]

Aside my pen, enslaved by the rent
Landlord on insane
Tenants sayin', "not again"
Some things never change
Never mind the weather vein
Hope the raven nevermore
Better pour when it rain
Throw bread I claim, never bang
Livin' in this neighborhood
It's red as flame
Haters couldn't get his name
Said it plain, makin' sure they let him reign
Then again, the etches never came
David Letterman

Notice they, hatin' us cause the way we makin' dough
Must be cause they ain't figured out a way to make it so
Take control, suckers wanna sit around and wait to blow
Inspiration fake and moments have to wake and bake a bowl
Shakin' so, sick of social media, I hate the troll
All I need is riches, y'all gon' witness as I break the MO
Crack the code, put them hands together, get to clappin' foes
Then release the Kraken, back in action, yeah I'm mackin' hoes

That's lingo from '94, yeah that's how it used to go
Nowadays, I use the glow, Kaboomin' like Bazooka Joe
And you should know
Money's short, them docketts need a boost to grow
Undercut us and my brothers prolly won't come to the show
From below, so wonderful, from Killer City to the MO
He's a man with many faces, not the dude you used to know
Movin' through maneuvers so maneuver yo
Ass and get to roamin' like a numeral
Assuming you intuit flow
(Stop!)

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