

Where the heck am I? You know what I'm saying young Memphis nigga I claim this bitch by myself nigga but you know I'm still with the squad, you know what I'm saying its raining where I'm at it's raining and thunderstorm nigga ain't no sunshine over here, you hear me?

Bitch I got different styles I'm a mystery, and tell your momma cause I'm going down in history. I'm seeing through you pussy niggas like a picket fence, I'm drinking water bitch but waterboyz ain't a trend, and I don't give a fuck you ain't got to play my shit cause only real niggas know I ain't faking shit. I'm changing every damn day can't stay the same for shit but still real with my niggas but can't trust a bitch and keep your eyes on the niggas that you kicking with, cause really everybody just want benefits. You niggas listen to these rappers "think you with the shit?" Then try to bump me and I feel my shit, Ima' tell you once bitch I'm not a lyricist tell you what you need to hear and make it clear you bitch I'm having fun with this rap shit is you serious? If it weren't for this then I'd be delirious I'm steady changing the game when I'm dropping tapes bitch I know the industry watching they don't say shit I know them fuck niggas plotting when they hear my shit, I'm pulling up and I'm watching ready for a pick I wanna' be in love but I can't remember shit and I forget about these hoes cause I'm on some money shit and they don't ever hit my line till they want some dick and I don't ever got no time cause I'm making hits all you wack niggas slacking ima' tell you quick "think you hot?" Shit kill you all slowly. I'm on Twitter but you better not approach me and this ain't Twitter rap bitch fuck promotions pussy!