

Holla at ya boy

My swag ugly like Lonzo Ball's shoe  
But it's all looks and niggas [?] when I fall through  
I'm a dog like [?]  
I'm looking for a spar, unite it all  
Watch me stuff your memoirs inside a cigar  
I'm getting blazed in your memory  
Crush these weak niggas like: ha, sheesh, give me energy  
My whole fleet moving with mystique, that's that synergy  
Lame niggas talking like they made in the spot light looking fi  
nicky  
Y'all bore, I'm more American Horror Story  
You bore my words like paranoia to a porch warrior boy  
Not in my category  
Running that weak fade like Joe Torre  
I'm in the clutch where niggas worry, shit I'm Robert Horry  
And this some [?]  
Protect your neck and get your chest split for your necklace, y  
oung and reckless

Ayy, ayy  
Get that chest split for that necklace, young and reckless

I don't know where I come from with all this shit I be thinking  
But you not seeing me, you motherfuckers keep dreaming  
My heart froze solid like I'm some kind of anemic  
Stick my fingers down a trap like I'm some kind of bulimic  
Swear my fingers stay itchy, I don't need no glove  
And if ain't about the money nigga we don't budge  
Still from the mud, I'm from the scummy, I don't need no love  
All my family can't stand if you don't bleed no blood

I was hitting it [?]