

I'm feeling like the still on the draft, I'm furious fast  
Living a dash, I'm all gas, fill the ceiling with cash  
We ain't smoking unless you fill it with hash  
I'm a hit it, sit back and laugh at y'all gimicky trash  
You ain't meant to be bad boy short energy last  
Both feet on the pad, 112 and I'm finna speed past  
But it's looking like it's slow motion  
[?] bitch I'm so focused  
And so hopeless if you ain't rolling with the great chosen  
Flowing in sync like Justin Timberlake oh shit  
Oh shit a nigga so sick  
Ice the jumper right on time, they gon' have to call me Gold Wrist  
Approach cleaner than soap dish  
With a swag meaner than a broke bitch  
Tryna get rich on green  
Speaking game on some coke shit  
Flag it if you try to intervene  
Then it's encroachment

Silly nigga, you ain't got it you late  
If you ain't banging then stay out of the paint  
I'm running through you, you know you not in the way  
If you ain't banging then stay out of the paint  
Motherfucker

Hello  
Hey hurry up and bring your bitch ass outside  
Alright my nigga  
I'm bout to pull up right now  
Alright, fasho

I just did the most of what I got allowed  
[?] I ride around my side of town  
Since Bishop fell up off the roof the juice I got it now  
Can't sideline it how I'm balling, niggas gotta foul  
They gotta hack it boy, you never catch me out of bounds  
I'm tapped into this wavelength, laying shit down like wave grease  
Too savage for you niggas that cage me  
Save the fake energy, I'm smoking on that sage tree for safety  
Count the digits, I'm sliding home silent  
No compromising the side that I'm riding on silent  
Hard body, my heart and my mind strong  
Fuck alliance, get rich or die alone  
In my veins ice cold  
All net or I'm calling the bank  
I still drill it with you all in the way  
Sparkling fear in the heart of the faint  
If you ain't banging then get out of the paint

[?]