

I don't give a fuck bruh (I don't give a fuck)
All my niggas dirty, see a nigga cutthroat
It's Like 2: 30, call the product kids up
Get the utmost, up most
I'm gettin' head from the front do'
Front fo' nigga right here at your front door
Oh no, rhymes pass ya like Rondo
Switch the flow, can you hear me like some old phones
Hustle anything getting money 'til the Feds roll
Real shit nigga, all I do is eat foes
Slammin' on niggas like Onyx from the free throw
Flatbush born dead, nigga I'm a hero
And oh yeah hoes, man I got like zero
Tolerance for bullshit or ego
Took enough acid and I'm feeling like Neo
Niggas took my style, man I'm feeling kinda geeked though
Swag champ, twist a nigga up like some [?]
Peep though, progression at its finest
Treat you so good cause you're only what you're lyin'
Your fire's so quiet, they see through your mind and
Your iris, your eyelids, your eyes can't define it
They hear when they want ya
Fear what they told ya
Reprogram yourself or I fear for your health
Program inhibition, I'm willing to ride
Few grams back-to-back let that sync in your mind
Rhyme right, rhyme tight, should've been signed twice
If this the outcome, I'm waiting on my next life
Roll the dice, motherfucker get your shit straight
Been great, flipping weight call me Triple H, yeah
Zombies we the shit man ya
Zombies we the Kliq man ya
Palm trees like a birthday
Ain't nothing like the first day

Ain't nothing like the first day
You could judge by the blunt by the terp taste
Know a nigga on a run on my worst day
See you stepping on my lawn leave the hearse way, yeah the hearse way
Ain't nothing like the first day
You could judge by the blunt by the terp taste
Know a nigga on a run on my worst day
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Back to take the game, got my ice on brr
Back the fuck up, I got the Juice in here
You can't compare, living like this can't be real
Only talking if you're only 'bout them M's this year
All red looking like the prince is near
And the bitch with me looking like the baddest here
High as us, throw 'em off like a chandelier
Back-to-back smoking like I can't be here
Yeah, back against the wall, me against the world
Battle to be fought, trying to hit the floor
Trying to hit the show, never let the [?]
Hating on the boy, nigga been divorced
Straight up out the morgue

[?]
God damn, load the clips in the dollar van
Run up in the crib dog, feeling like bruh man
Coachella overseas feeling like Summer Jam
Master P all about it [?]
Had to cut 'em off, see, feelin' like they can't define me
Blowing in the wind on my RZA shit you can't find me
Anyway the wind blows, Bohemian rap flows
These new niggas just hoe, like Jay-Z I change clothes
Terps taste like mango
Dope-in-the-vein flow
Coke-colored Kangol
Your main bitch, she get low
Out of site, out of mind
Niggas running out of time so they [?]

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