

Bada-ba, bada-ba
Bada-ba, da-da
Off-Season
Let's work, hey

Plottin' my escape, this game rot a nigga's faith
Got a couple M's hidin' in the safe
Imagination turned a Honda into Wraith
I was doin' eighty on the interstate
Tryna make it back before my class started
Country nigga never seen a passport
'Til I popped off and got a bag for it
Now I'm at the Garden sittin' half court
Watchin' Jr. catch it off the backboard
'Ville nigga never seen nothing
'Cept a fucking triple beam jumping
Good dope leave a fiend krumping
Made it out, it gotta mean something

Either you gon' hustle or that nigga Uncle Sam got yo' ass re-enlisting
2-6, murder scene pumping
Better leave it tucked if you ain't dumping
Pow, pow, nigga, he slumping
Twelve comin', we ain't seen nothing
Time change, niggas ain't rumbling no more
Nah, what for? Hungry for more
If you solo these vocals, listen close and you can hear grumbling
Multi' and I'm still munching
Big bag, never fear fumbling
Want smoke? Nigga don't choke
I'm a whole fuckin' nicotine company
Dreamville the Army, not a Navy
How could you ever try to play me?
Kill 'em on a song, walk up out the booth, do the Westbrook rock-a-baby
I never fall out with the bro
Hate when your family turn into foe
We had a penthouse on the road
Interior decorated with the hoes
Just like a multiple-choice getting chose
My niggas like "Eenie, meenie, miney, moe"
Scoop up a dime-piece like we homeless
Then we gon' send 'em back pigeon-toed
Out of the concrete was a rose and winters was cold
Had to go over and stand by the stove
We from the Southeast, niggas know
This where the opps creep real slow
Won't vote but they mob deep with the poles
I punch the time sheet, not no more
And now my assigned seat is the throne

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