

You got the cash, well I am about to come in and embezzle it
I am on a whole 'nother level
I put the bass up in your face
You're feeling it treble
You jokers corny like kettle
My superflow is olympic that I need a medal
Pop out the bushes like "Hello!"
I reach for the top and never settle
You say you rock, you a pebble
I rock and roll, I'm heavy metal
Where are you now
Where are you now (I'm whipping it)
Sitting back, Listening
Where are you, Where are you now
(Dipping it, butterfly, butterfly)
Where are you now
Falcon, Falcon, Fuck em

There's cops on the road, Fuck em
There's cops on the road
There's cops on the road, Fuck em
There's cops on the road, Falcon
I'm on the move
Cops on the road, Douse em
I got you all bouncing, Falcon

I am not afraid to walk the lonely road
I'm so curious of where we go, oh
Who really cares, we won't be there
When kingdom comes, it all falls down

I hope wherever you are
You can see all of the stars, constellations
I'm impatient, you are
Beautiful (beautiful)
You should know (you should know)
Wherever you go, imma follow
Wherever you go, imma follow
My heart is so hollow, I'm high as Apollo
Seventeen, having problems with all of them models
Who rather bring bottles on bottles
We gotta go skrt, hand on the throttle

Oh only you, can hold me down
What do you think I'm doing when you're not around
I'm just at home by myself
(Or out with them girls, oh we both know that doesn't help me)
(No, no I'm ready to go)
So much better than before
Nigga said I wasn't dope
But now my head is on the road

Bounce (got me swerving on the road)
Bounce (all them cops is on the road)
Bounce, Bounce (Cops, Falcon)

Looking at my life East Atlanta

I'm an African American a variant to what my city's like
The world's going to hell
I just roll up the gas
And pass it all around the circle for my day 1 homies
Oh, you acting like you know me
Remember when I was so lowkey
Chill in the club, with a doobie and a cutie
Well I got a lil vibe, I know they gone judge me
But that's a necessary evil
And I was gonna sin like people
I'm living a lie, trying to do this right
Go mama do your dance
Leave my money in advance, the Louie V pants
I'm never playing bout my bands
Kick in your door, "Doo! Doo! Doo!"
With the tool in my hand
Raury they don't understand
We had to stick it to the man
We bout to hit the road
Leave the money where I can
Let them hate on this event
That's just a piece of the plan

Breaking news. There seems to be a high speed police chase, at north bound on the Los Angeles 101 freeway. There seems to be two cars trying to outrun police officers with falcon winged doors. This is interesting stay tuned