

Woke up, glow up, yeah  
A lot of y'all still don't know us, so what?  
Nothin' but Satan, no love, get no love  
But ain't talk, that's my bonus  
But my quota, (What's that?)

Boy, don't nobody own us  
HGA that's the law, yeah  
Spurgeon with the Baldwin  
Commas way after callin'  
Patrick Ewing in the Garden  
Goin' for my people starvin'  
Keepin' up with no Joneses  
Generous with my goal, yeah  
Boy, don't nobody own us

Squad needed merch so we bought our own shop  
Free as my own hair, but I got it on lock  
Counted our loss, counted our loss  
Excuse me, I'm just tryna trust God  
Finished all my lab, did it there for the money  
God said had to write it on the check  
Don't nobody own us  
This right here ain't a loaner  
I move forward, too focus  
All out of games, no tokens  
No token, what's that?

Boy, don't nobody own us  
Bet the bag on myself, yeah  
Bet the bag on myself, yeah  
Bet the bag on myself, yeah  
Boy, don't nobody own us  
Bet the bag on myself, yeah  
In a lane with myself, yeah  
In a lane with myself, yeah  
Boy, don't nobody

No nonsense, (No nonsense?)  
Yeah

I taught KBj no nonsense, yeah  
Don't you ever skip my process  
Does it honor God and conscience?  
You owe nothin' but your love man  
Boy, do what you want man  
Was trappin' out apartments  
Now I'm takin' off on Tarmacs  
Don't be driven by a contract  
Have your lawyer check the CARFAX  
Not amazed with contact  
There ain't nothin' that my God lacks  
I don't need none of your star stats  
I was good way before rap  
Wrote these so my God claps  
Hall of Fame, where my guards at?  
Hip-Hop won't involve this

Radio hasn't bought this  
Way, way too exhausted  
To tap dance for your profits  
I'm in love with my core fans  
Only die before the door slams  
Write free on my coffin  
Christ rules with my content  
Race, faith, and devotion  
Free sons and the daughters  
Free sons and the daughters  
Boy, don't nobody  
I'm in my bag, I'm back to back compassionate  
With a faster whip, with a fashion sense  
Don't try to tell me how to act in this  
I'm black and rich and a Nazareth  
And passages attached to Him  
That'll activist with a dash of wrist  
But I'm back to biz, and packs of kids  
And the facts are lit, get back on the fact that is  
The master is back in this  
Cannot fathom this, born again  
Only one manumit

Woke up, show love  
A lot of y'all still don't know us, so what?  
He said death can't hold us  
Nah, I'ma tell ya'll my motive

Boy, don't nobody own us  
Back to back with myself, yeah  
Bet the bag on myself, yeah  
Bet the bag on myself, yeah  
Boy, don't nobody own us  
In a lane with myself, yeah  
In a lane with myself, yeah  
In a lane with myself, yeah  
Boy, don't nobody us