Sometimes I get so tired

Just trying to stay alive

Ayy (Good)

Don't talk to me

About the land of the free (Let me talk about it, ooh)

And the home of the brave until everybody's free (Ooh)

You're not free, you're a slave

I'm in the trenches, go mind in the mentions My mind on the vision, your mind on the digits It is what it is, and look, we not the same I'm willin' to die with no dime in my pocket And not 'cause I lost it, I gave it away You want a purpose that you cannot purchase The perks and the purpose, look, we can't complain Behind the curtain, come look at this circus The bigger the clown, the bigger they pay Ayy, ayy, ayy, I can't stop You say you 'bout [?], new boo every Tuesday New Jimmy Choos, food in the booth, Lupe You gotta choose who finna bring you change When the woop-woop fades, I'm getting you saved He rolled to the BlueTooth, pickin' woo cage Truth ain't Bolt to the track, what are you sayin'? I'm plugged in and don't play no games HGA on these 808s Let up the 'Gram and don't place no ayy Bar hard when I post his name Full plate, I just say my grace I bleed, but this ain't gon' break Got one clique, Amazon my gang (You're not free, you're a slave) Oof, uh West side, east side, red light, green light That's right, be right, oh my soul That's my delight, we light, we like We fight, I'm just in my zone Devil's teeth is showin', where your people goin'? When it all falls, follow Yeezy moment We might need condolence, yay, the need is growin' And Jesus beats the peace of Jesus on us We done picked up the litter litty, we gotta go, ayy Spirit is livin' within us, Guinness, this record don't break If I'm in it, I'm in it, pin it, a minute I get it, I get it, but nobody finna tell me what to say Rather be cancelled than handled I got a Lord, and it ain't your name Man, I've been reppin' since 2006 That's to the grave, it is what it is

HGA, for my dawgs, ayy (Mm-hmm)
Yeah, HGA, that my dawgs, that my folk
Yeah, shinin', G.O.M., that my dawgs, yeah, yeah
Shinin' all the time for my God, ayy (Sometimes I get so tired)

We both rap, we are not so different Nah, home skillet, my flow different Child flow, got potholes in it Child home got dry bones in it Bogart with the flow, so hard I could knock over Costco wit' it I roll wit' the God, so big Did a box show, not gon' fit in it You got a bag, and I'm stackin' But what I'm spinnin' for a lot more different You got a ratchet, I pack it But trust, what we let it pop for different Oh, and we get high so different And I'm so lifted up in the sky My iPhone trippin', but if I die Then I'm gon' visit God throne In a minute, heaven'll be my home Pearl gates for my condo Not a thief in the place, ain't no reason to hate When the whole block go This a devil, no fly zone We rock, try to preach God But they keep knockin', and like they ring the bell Three times, and he not home I know I don't deserve all this What would I be like if I weren't called His? A deader me, less forgivin' Now I'm a better me, best decision We rep the letter G, oh, I'm representin' HGA, nothin' lesser than it Won't discuss it, load the musket Three, two, one, blow the trumpet Bizzle Zhalarina Emmy Award-winning, woah IJh This the season, I'm a jolly chick Kickin' it with the meaner, melancholy, they came on folly, legit I feel the black into my complexion, it's highly lit I jump on top of whatever, my nephew was hidin' it I pick up a mighty picture to talk on my mighty ditch And I take off from the earth, let it float when a hundred in 'Cause I can't stand to be sittin' up and in the choir when Huh, I heard Causin' inception, all of the production, slayin' the beats So I just decided to put on a show and foot on the heat And I ain't got time to try to be someone else which is hum Don't think no greater than the God who put His life on the line I just wanna cook for ya, get somethin' on the stomach Dependent on if you're ready for what is comin' If I don't switch up the [?], and especially different the oven This heavy metal, but nothin' is up about the biscuit Somebody gonna have to tell it to 'em

Somebody gonna—somebody gonna—

Somebody gonna have to tell it to 'em

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