Swear that they up on it, know they in the fold Tell 'em do believe, they with it from the go Talkin' what it be, know they in the fold Tell 'em do believe, they with it from the go

Seeing is believing for whoever need a reason to
Grail looking holier the crown is looking feasible
Hands come together for whatever I can feed a few
Rap and turn water to moscato for a freak or two
Came up out the Nike box, thinking I just need a coup
Got it overnight and overnight my believers grew
Money took a savvy when they told us that it wouldn't
Tell em' I'm holding what they couldn't and they tracking where I'm leading
you
Leader of the new school, built up in the old

So when you geeking off the new school, I give them what they throw And I suppose when I mention that I get go what I be about How I used to shoot out of text and bring a jeter out Facts or however it go and you throwing hashtags Act like you fit in the 'fore go get your gas mask Hands on the lever, the will or the word Either or, you seem unfaithful when I peels off the curb

Swear that they up on it, know they in the fold Tell 'em do believe, they with it from the go Talkin' what it be, know they in the fold Tell 'em do believe, they with it from the go

Yeah, but bet I make you a believer though Yeah, but bet I make you a believer though Yeah, but bet I make you a believer though Yeah, but bet I make you a believer though

The second coming of dumbing is humming through your monitor Momma named me Torae Carr never no moniker Take my verses personal as Monica Get you niggas life all week, thought it was Hanukkah Blue yankee my Yamaka Known to ride the rhythm like a Yamaha Really with' your bitty pop the clutch and then I'm popping her Told you she a rider huh, that just means she's riding us Metro car through the box, run the train, she riding bus Who wanna collide with us? It's obviously obvious The North won the civil war, it's better to side with us McFadden & Whitehead; it ain't no stopping us On the freeway with the mack that's state proppin' us It's bleek, if I Jig and dash, it ain't no rocking us Ready to die, sky's the limit, that Big Pop in us Poetic justice got me the juice, now that's Pac in us Make you a believer, then lead you to mix a lot with us

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