

Holdin' my daughter in the booth
Her momma out there somewhere in that Bentley tryin' to find a roof
Poof, I wave my wand and here comes Kendrick
Niggas say the west ain't winnin', I'm just tryin' to find the proof
Speakin' of Proof, I'm 'bout to roll one with Snoop
Blow the smoke out to your memory and toast to Eminem
Cause he, gave me the shit that I needed on Documentary
Keep it real with myself, I got murdered like John Kennedy
But that was cool cause I was just there for the energy
Watchin' Bizarre pop pills while 2Pac in my hennessy
First time in Detroit, had to rock the Grant Hills
Cause I threw up my dukes when California was at a stand still
But hope ain't lost cause Dr. Dre the man still
Had faith in me, knew I had heat like an anvil
Ran through entire crews, put their remains in a landfill
And I ain't lost the hunger, I'm eatin' out the can still

Yeah, wherever Hov and Nas at in the world right now
I know they listenin' like
This young nigga be killin' this shit
Hip-hop is life's ciroc I'm 'bout to drop a pill in this shit
Let's go, esco bars nigga, like Nas nigga
The flow is Rakim with the Birdman cars nigga
Hold on I gotta take Birdman's call nigga

Stunna, whattup blood?
"Whattup blood? What's poppin' my nigga?
Look, I know this the last one after this it's straight Cash Money, my nigga
So, it's YMCMB, wild life my nigga, let's get it poppin'"
Rich game
one hunnid
Suwoo

New coupe, remove roof
I'm from where niggas'll do your bitch and bitch niggas'll do you
Inevitably we take celebrity bitches and run a chu-chu
We puttin' on magnums, taggin' that wagon, some of these birds kookoo
And murder is what I do to
These Just Blazes, Kanyes, shit on Swizz, I handle my biz
The whole world know what I do to Dre's shit
Niggas know I'm classic, I ain't even gotta say shit
Frank Ocean more of a man than you niggas, get up off that gay shit
Fuck copyin' styles, niggas be tracin'
Whether it's me, the movie, or Jadakiss, niggas just can't fuck with Jayceon
So let's go

Laa, da da da dup da ah
Thought you love me before
I'm glad Every hood needs an anthem
Laa, da da da dup da ah
Winning comes with a price
No matter how hard you try
Can't buy freedom
We're far from being free
Yea we're far from being free
We're far from free

Wanna welcome everybody to Jesus Piece
After my album fades, my competition will lyrically be deceased
Niggas saying I'm underrated
Like a younger Jay with heat, but not the ones the Thunder play with
So Los Angeles King is sort of an understatement
Let me find a gun up here, I leave you niggas under pavement
Tell 'em they rent's due, pay up or get cement shoes
All this dope be around, you act like I ain't lean on that fence too
But now you up here and bitches and cars is what I'm into
You wanna send me to God, I wear 45 in that French shoe
I fuck with Wale, Ross, and my nigga French too
And me and Face just slashed the last beat up like a ginsu
My album like a 'Rari, a lot of dope features
Glad you bought it, now sit back and just blow reefer
I know the concept behind it is gon' reach ya
Now turn this mufucka up and blow speakers

Ladies and gentleman
I would like to introduce to you
An incredible gentleman
He goes by the name Elijah Blake
Let's go

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And last but definitely not least
I wanna send a special shout out, to my nigga James Harden
Another Los Angeles nigga carrying rockets
Ballin' on you bitches