

Reincarnation

The Underachievers

Raised off of my crucifix
Dripped in all white, an anti-satanist
I'm on my painter's shit, my canvas filled with hits
I'm make my own world my nigga, make a wish
My foundation built off fucking taking drugs
But the youth love me, I raise 'em up
Like a new born, you can't talk with us
With them shoes, bruh you can't walk with us

AK the heir, he up next
Make sure my name is spelt clear on them checks
Boy I make sure I flex, this to shit on my ex
Give a fuck about you once the digits finesse
Diesel the Nina, preceding your feet up
My speech is so potent, they reeking like reefer
Get reached in the open, like hi, nice to meet ya'
They're left in their moment after I delete ya' like

Praises up to the most high
Back from dead like I ghost ride
Bleed indigo till the day I die
The only red you see is in my hazy eyes
Don't look to cope, they might hypnotize
Slaughter all and straight victimize
Heart is large and my bars is dark
But my mind is sharp, watch them synthesize

Fuck what "Usain" like Bolt
If it ain't from the heart, then I ain't about the cause
These niggas think small, get your brain out the fog
Realize you a god, then the saints gon' applaud
Can't steal my prize from the place where they spark
Hope he got nine lives, cos my dogs got heart
Take a tokes then I rise fronto, hella thought
Niggas froze in the dark, be the from the start, bitch

Two years since I started rapping
Rick James, a nigga tracks is slapping
Reefer madness, my blunt do damage
I keep relapsing can't break the habit
And I won't, niggas is jokes
Pay my own lane, put it down for the coast
And a nigga bring change 'fore they die in the cold
Need to stay living flame every time that we go

Feeling like my death is calling and my ego ignoring
So I lead him to evil and a sky full of torment
Like a blunt and a diesel I ignite in the morning
As we fight to be equal, cool kids been yawning
My crew be drawing, number two lap poison
Only got few choices, live poor and to be living this awesome
But I won't play possum, standing tall like a column

Hold up with it like oh
Word to Chief Keef, young nigga I glow
[?], hot box on the road
Two shots and a hand on the rock for the show

Nigga don't fold, beat my poker face
I play my cards right, that's four aces straight
You call it lucky, I call it faith
'Fore I had to take my mind filled with dank

Puffing on skunks to the grave
Mind and dro is gone in a day
All my niggas shining gold, no need for no chains
And my queen beside a soldier, try and get banged
She can drop me, chauffeur over to the bay
Switching the passengers off on the way back
Told all my niggas dream now, don't just stay trapped
Cos knowledge ain't foreign, think how we a braniac