

OMG

Vic Mensa

Pullin up with the coupe (Oh my goodness)
Must've done something with the roof (Oh my goodness)
You see the look of stupid on the stoop (Oh my goodness)

I would take notes if I were you (Oh my goodness)
This was designed with the stars, the square, the cross
So ain't no shootin' off
Smilin', with 50 karats in my jaw
f**k the law
It's a shame nigga, rhyme, nigga
Love crime

It's a shame they let us jump out of Bentleys with dirty vans
Hit the stage for 15 minutes, get 30 bands
Swiss bank account, ' clean money, dirty hands
With some hood niggas that's ready to bang with the Klan
Since I came in this shit, made my name a name brand
French kissing bitches in Paris, clubbing like a caveman
We threw up the pyramid, now they say we Illuminati
Fox fur cavalli, f**k Bill O'Reilly?
No blood diamonds, I rock gold like a king
Jewelry so cold, better blow the nose off the Sphinx
f**k you think?
I'mma be some type of role model?
I go full throttle desperado, that's the motto
Vic in Chicago it's Hugh Heff in the grotto
Brazilian models is mean mugging like Frida Kahlo

Drinking a horchata with Alicia Machado

Bitch I'm the ticket, you just hit the lotto

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So we know true north

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Young Vic the diamonds, the finest, I shine like
Puff signed Shyne, so I've signed to the Roc 'cause I'm timeless
Top off the masi', my behavior is mindless
Old kids, nigga, we major, you minors
Fresh out the cell to the booth, drop the Dylan Roof
I'm still in the hood, tell Zimmerman shoot
Hold my nuts with an OJ glove, f**k the judge
These rappers is false flagging, you a fashion blood
What's brackin' cuz? What you know about gangbanging?
What's V-lone thug? Why bari leave your head rangin'?
Free Vic Mensa, I'mma start chain swanging

This that crack music, nigga, you can blame Reagan
Balmain, without paying, y'all playing
We higher than a bitch, my bitch Himalayan

Suicide-ielago, that's sacrificial lamb
I'm killa season Cam, no lives matter
Blam

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Every other night I'm outside with the nine
You ain't got chips, f**k the world
You got chips, you could f**k the next man's girl
Sounds harsh but they been ripped apart my world
The weight kiss told us should never be misquoted
Them guns that you wave on the camera we been toting

Selling love potion my whole rap career
So your streams and downloads could never match the kids
We could go foreign for foreign until it's boring
My sheep will keep jumping the fence until you're snoring
Street poetry I'm on Wale Follarin

Till the world is mine like Illmatic and Lauryn written on the globe
Face to a table full of blow
Fresh powder skiing in the snow
Type of rappers we know, got the right numbers on a kilo
Burn the the carter down like I'm Nino

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