

Hypnotic

Wax

Please, listen careful

Get it, got it, the flow's psychotic
I used to freestyle now the style fill the pockets
Bitches used to throw they bras but now they throw they whole wallets
They can't help it cause it's so hypnotic - Uh

It's hyp
It's hypnotic
Hyp-hypnotic uh
It's hypnotic, hyp-hypnotic, yeah
It's hypnotic, hyp-hypnotic uh
It's hypnotic, hyp-hyp, ay-yo

Sorry in advance if this track causes bad shit
Bump it in your car be careful not to crash it
Peep my brother Herbal T [?]
Shit make you refrain from that grain or that absinthe
Davy you ain't even got to add synths
Drum track alone got 'em walking in that labyrinth
Bank account amount used to have me mad tense
Though I stay frugal, I'm good off that Google Ad-Sense
Make me want a chair or a bar stool
Going to Hawaii treating y'all like Sarah Marshall
I could take it or leave it, I'm impartial
Like a rich ass kid that skips class at art school
The game ain't shit to me I still win
Y'all try hard, barely get your answers filled in
I ain't in the building, I'm on top of the building
Godzillion, stomping the building
Quadrillion, styles I've mastered y'all apprentices
Fuck the actual words, I'm down to just the penmanship
Calligraphic and Cali, I'm graphic
Kick whack rappers asses, here to Calabasas
All classes, been working stiff masses
To the one-percenters in the highest tax brackets
I give a fuck if you the dude who runs the Federal Reserve, son
I will make you wish you weren't a person
Make you feel like out of all humans, you're the worst one
Thinking 'bout your life, questioning if you deserve one
You start crying as you writin' that note
Then let your own weight tighten that rope
I'm fucking dope

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Flow crazily, voice all nasally

Maybe I was born with this, maybe this is Maybellene
Maybe this is God telling you you shouldn't chase your dream
Reminding you of those dotted lines I [?] stay between
You'll never prosper, never catch a break it seems
Only making paper at the mill when you create a ream
My team got the mean roster
We knock the candy out your sugary soul like a piñata
The morbidly obese lady sings out at the opera
Please stop the bullshit es mi casa
Said casually, over a cold beer
Make you wanna re-examine the truths you hold dear [?]
Hypnotic, like that old blue drink
Make you wanna reconsider the thoughts that you think
Raise your glasses in the air and cause them to clink
Maker's Mark bottles all up in my sink, uh

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