

Yo I'm back on the road, 50 cities a Tour
I gave you all the transition, y'all like "give me some more!"
I don't speak in opinion homie I speak from the facts
When I say I'm the realest and I just happen to rap
The shark breaking the tank, the mogul breaking the bank
These rappers stealing my flow, so I'm the one they should thank
But they can mimic my soul as long as they give me their props
I'll keep chasing the game as long as they give me the top
I came from that park bench, but now I'm the black clark kent
Instead of a cab it's a limo when I transform, cause I need dark tints
Imagine the pressure I see, man how could this be?
They closed the door on my genre, now they say I'm the key
I can talk to the ladies, and I can talk to the G's
I can address the nation and I can walk over seas
And to those A&R's that were looking for gold
Instead of looking for image you should have looked for my soul, so let 'em know

Lookin' hot girl, this yo' jam, drop it to the flow
When you bring that shit back up just let them muhfuckas know
This ain't no pop-shit
So let the clock spin
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Yo my lyrics precise, name a nigga this nice
And still humble as ever, never thought my dreams would see light
But now my dreams are so real, yep they're no longer surreal
Told you I'm killin' rappers, so nigga just sit back and chill
Yep I do this for y'all, I don't do this for me
If I ain't have no bills, then I would do this for free
But I've got dreams of Maserati's and tailor cuttin' a suit
And now they're lookin' up to me, guess I'm tailor cuttin' the youth
So pledge allegiance to the swag
Never break this party up or pledge allegiance to a badge
I love a power punch but there's convenience in a jab
It's all peace and love, but hate, and I'll put grievance on your ass
It's like I'm teaching a class
Fuck poppin' bottles in the club I'd rather sneak it in a flask
Now there's a lot of movements that'll leave us in a flash
But believe me that we'll be the ones to last
so let 'em know...

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