My Yout

Icekid/Sickman/Stylo-G

Badman Ting

[Verse 1:]
Uh, just put it in the air
Light that loud and watch disappear here
Thoughts at the speed of light years, I could see the light
Yeah, this the right year made the flow yeah
Clear and easy to steer in space and time erasing fine
Amazing in the mason cliches
Each day weighs out enlightenment
Niggas blacked out cause I got ultra violent
Now my wave lengths to the radio waves
Still keep it under pavements but not a ratio change
My patio the same, but I ain't even got to tell them that
Poppy leave them dimes at my welcome mat
Get high as heavens, Hope hell never come back
I'm like 5'11, but have angelic contact
The devil jealous in fact, Cause I rebel the spells
With a letter to God, I swear you know me so well
This one time, I said lord would you help?
Some short time after see my music on the shelf
And of course, I gotta thank myself
My wealth is in my happiness and mine
And not my pocket health in it's ashes
If you don't even think sometimes
If it's passion and relationships synchronize
Drownin' inside her, true eyes is to the higher
I don't drink too much, I know the bud wiser
It's the livest one
Bedford-Stuyvesant

[Hook: x2]
Yo dogs I got the load,
Blow the smoke straight up to the cloud like
I sky high, my sky high,
Sky high, sky high

[Verse 2:]
One hand on the mac, one hand on my sac

I'm thinking to myself what if I handed it back
But I gotta hand it to myself I'm handling rap
Handsome versin' that's like hand-to-hand combat
Rehearsin', I got eight arms, nigga
Disarm your favorite rapper he won't come back
Made flex drop eight times, nigga
On contact, whine that like eight times
Got to keep it G, this for my masons
Figure it out, eight times, the average of mind
I may sign which I don't like lime light
But I'll shine witcha
Bitch I gotta eat I might dine witcha
Yeah I got bars but I'm like Akon ouwitcha
Convict music for real
This industry give me chills
Cause in the streets I'm chill
But still heating up for a mill
I'm like so real
Life is so surreal
Sosa already got sealed for the way he revealed
Taking hold of pitchforks still
But I will never yield
In this pitchfork [load?] thinking I gotta appeal
Cause I'm thinking like a deal
Could get me living swell for real
But if I skyfall, thinking ideal

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3: Collie Buddz]
Selling hellbys on CDs
Grassroots with grassroots, seeds on civis,
Five finger this con weed leaves,
Exceptionally speaking determination,
Breeds success and proceeds,
Feds want the photos and IDs
Into them blood like IVs
Cause every youth,
Want the newest Nikes,
Straight jeans and white tees,
But these things will get pricy

[Hook x2]

[Joey Bada$$:]

And I'm gone, hitting [?]
And I'm hitting the strong,
I've been hurting way too long
And I can't wait too long,
And I'm gone, hitting [?]
As I'm hitting the strong,
I've been hurting way too long,
I can't wait too long.
I've been hurting way too long,
I can't wait too long.

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