Takeoff (feat. Kembe X)

Alex Wiley

Uh, its ya boy who you?
Yeah yeah aye
The way I feel, aye its like I'm all that shit
Uh, and the way I feel
Aye, we don't owe you shit
Aye aye
I take a dub of the target
And cop a whole ass fit, uh
Cryptic on the phone keep it cautious
Cause I don't trust that bitch
Aye aye
Uh, I'm the affirmationer
Rap game information age
Blast on, penetration age
That's that generation age
That's that, that's that moving state to state
But don't nobody give a fuck bout that
Niggas talk shit but ain't bout that
You bitch where yo house at?
Nigga, I don't mean to offend ya
But you are no contender
I just came off a bender
And I am the descendant of gods
I am the descendant of gods
So motherfucker just don't be surprised
When I takeoff, when I take flight
When I go crazy, when I go dumb
Bitch I go dumb
Oooh ooh oooh oh Aye, aye
Wooooo
Look it, I'm sittin' crooked, aye
I hope them coppas don't look at me
They probably throw the whole book at me
And I ain't pressing her for pussy, no
Maybe ducats, aye
Cause I been living off a dream
I been sending off and kushin', every minute off of E
Hope the vibe I'm feeling when I'm giving off it
Just don't be surprised

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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