John Lennon

The Underachievers

[Verse 1: AK]
Ride around and I'm getting it
Aim for the stars, know the solar the limit
Relate to the gods, we were made in their image[Verse 2: Issa Gold]
Don't need you niggas I'm straight
Cuz most these niggas is fake
That true religion, my faith
Don't need no gun to my race
But know my niggas don't play around
Poppin' up and we lay it down
Bitches fuckin' all day now
Smokin' like it's okay now
All my niggas know, if it ain't bout bread then vamonos
See me knock em down like dominoes

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