

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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