

# UNEXPLAINABLE

Jahongir Abdulatov

Here's why I go in, back on the dough route  
More money to spend, watch how I show out  
Lamborghini gloves out that a bring the hoes out  
Dollar signs brung in that's what I know 'bout  
Neck, wrist froze out, top five a no doubt  
Talk of what you got now, old money don't count  
Back what you kick out, a clip one in your mouth  
It's somethin' flammable, my hunger is unexplainable  
Cool people, Knieval in my alter ego  
Zero tolerance we strapped wherever we go  
Wife repo, 'bout a mil' and a half key holes  
Bite marks from you slugs on track some kilos  
Three loads, on my P's, Q's, and my G hoes  
G, G, G whiz my rise like the superheroes  
Four, five, c-lo, look how good I reload  
Right back at you bitch ass niggas abide the G code  
Click-clack deep hole, the industry Debo  
We built these niggas ground up now what they figured we fold  
Figure fours on the competition, I yoke 'em  
Tell me your jokin', my flow is like the levees open  
Foreign trips four to five zips heavy smokin'  
Problem tips forty five clip Chevy smokin'  
He put all he got into this I bet he make it  
Ain't gotta give me shit I'm a take it  
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Here's how I show out even though I'm rappin with niggas  
That move the blow out let 'em pull the dough out  
You can make it rain but I rather make the snow out  
Run up in your crib with the big fo' fo' out  
Here's how I show out  
Watch when I show up getting chips off the strip  
With the piff and the blow up

I'm a kill the block and then, leave when it slow up  
Get your mind popped off, before a sign that you throw up  
I just wanna lamp and see the weed plants grow up  
Niggas get that money, legal or illegally  
Bullets put these niggas, right where they need to be  
Bitches never leavin' me, Porche pull up easily  
Back on the dough route, grams and the o's out  
Key and the pound wrapped, nigga where your pund at?  
Top five in the booth, top five on the stoop  
You could fuck around and I, pop five in your Coupe  
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Gettin money dancers and twenty five chancers  
My camp is, crazy as The New Black Panthers  
Brush towards the canvas as I stroke my ego  
Rap Picasso with my eyes closed a side that's too dope for people  
Spark cohibas while I snicker at the non believers  
I break the heart in hoes, I gave my heart to sneakers  
I owe my life to Jesus, put my faith in God  
I got a thing for beaches, getting my favorite job  
Pain happens, young scarred that's what made us hard  
Money, drugs, guns ain't for soft shorty play your part  
I'm part of the lucky to leave the part  
Livin luxurious lady layer, that's my art  
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