Play Your Part

The Underachievers

[Verse 1: Issa Dash]
Listen, niggas ain't really bout shit
On the block, hustle till the nigga get rich
Third eye sharp, nigga blame it on the piff
Shit, nah nigga but we got it like that
Keep ya Reggie Bush, only smoke loud pack
The shit hit hard, better not chief that
Nigga, this is known to heal cataracts
Ugh, and a nigga like me
On my God shit, nigga know my steeze
Low in the spots, pockets never on E
But she on E if she 'round me while I'm floating
In an ocean of the most potent grown shit
And I'm focused off this muthafuckin bong rips
They get me high, that's some fly shit
Angel nigga, how the fuck you 'gon stop this
[Hook:]
I'm rolling up on that Indo
Getting high, nigga off my weedsmoke
Elevated, niggas know how we roll
If you ain't with the light get steamrolled
Nowwww, my third eye sharp
Fucking with the gods, better play your part
You on the other side and you won't get far
Leave a bitch ass nigga stuck back in the dark
Whoa, you stuck in the dark nigga
You ain't go hard nigga
Better play your part nigga, or you won't get far
Started from the bottom, we was swimming with the fishes
Now we the New York skyline flying with the pigeons
And I walk with the light, so I think a little different
You can get top floored in a New York minute
[Verse 2: Ak]
Elevating, partake with the greats my nigga
UA save the day, no cape my nigga
Ugh, respect to the gods that be living up
Nigga this life is a gift, hold your ribbons up
Cause that nigga never wait bruh
Free your mind, levitate like an angel

Dream free that's the muthafuckin key
Look at me, skeet skeet in her guts, she's dangerous
Beastcoast hit 'em up with the light-work, get 'em up
Middle fingers up this is our earth, one love
One life nigga, put in work like tha cause
Do it for the light though heaven waits up above
Gold soul nigga you can't fake this
UA nigga, your bitch favorite
She ova here cause you niggas so basic
Kick back pop a tab, don't waste it
Since birth shown signs of the indigo
Had to obtain hidden gold in my inner soul
Heavy weed smoke, switching flows like I'm on a boat
Ugh, mixtape gon' restore the globe
Bring faith to a hundred so
Beastcoast niggas on a roll
Silver haze keeps the homies ghost
Been this way since a zygote, I float
Into astral plains and you fly low
Live the life everyday evil free, I'm blessed
With these wack rappers I can have a feast and digest
Had a dream it would happen now my acid manifest
No stress, nor regrets go hard til I rest, ugh
These niggas ain't really bout shit
Like to imitate but can't recreate this
What your life bout, that greed and hatred?
Knock your lights out with ease, UA bitch
[Hook]
[Verse 3: Issa Dash]
Ugh, niggas ain't really bout shit
Pop three tabs, smoke a muthafuckin blunt
Yeah you I'm tryna get ripped
Tryna bring knowledge to this motherfucking bitch
On my elevated third eye shit
Bet you ain't think a conscious mutherfucker
Could ever make it sound like this
I read secret teachings and now my brain grow
Don't be spreading lies, my niggas and I know
We started at the bottom, we headed to the top though
And stop us, we control the whole shit like maestros
Now elevated bitches they waiting by my shows
And dumb muthafuckers that know me, where I go
But I greet em with a smile like "hey, what up bro"
Cause I know the dumb nigga respected my flow
UA, UA bitch nigga get it right when you see my kings

You hate, we great
Only seeking out mutherfuckin championship rings
We make, new lanes paved the way for you dumb mutherfuckers in sin
We safe, you ain't
You dumb mutherfuckers ain't never gon win, ugh
Use the same styles you niggas recycle
Some dumb mutherfuckers in disguise but I know
They screaming Beastcoast in every city that I go
I see ya in the crowd my nigga you're not low
I fuck with queen bitches, they fuckin with ya'll hoes
She fuckin with the God, she dickin to my glow
The shit is guaranteed and maybe if we blow
So peep UA steeze my nigga and take notes
Niggas ain't really bout shit (bout shit)
Nah, nah, nah, nah
Niggas ain't really bout shit (bout shit)
Nah, niggas ain't really bout shit (niggas ain't bout shit)
Niggas ain't really bout, nah, nah [x2]
[Hook]
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