

# 8701 (feat. 6LACK)

J.I.D

Your best shit ain't better than my worst shit, yeah  
Ain't better than my worst shit, yeah  
Your best shit ain't better than my worst shit, yeah  
Don't call me underrated, you ain't heard shit, yeah  
Work like a vet, and know I don't work for a check  
But I'ma run it up, you can bet  
Fuck the competition, I'll impress myself  
Don't need to watch me, you should check yourself  
So much on the shelf that if I take a verse off the shelf  
It probably break the Earth, raise Hell  
Burn like 8701, Ushered in a new a flow for the old one  
Her pants too tight, I don't hold no gun  
But Jiddy J.I.D bookbag probably hold one  
I keep a smile on my face when it's all bad  
Record labels on my line, I ain't called back  
And your girl on my line, I ain't called back  
He got his eye on the prize and they all mad  
As I reminisce I'm doing well, yeah  
Buying with my 9, bitch it the smell, nah  
My nigga caught charge, yeah, he caught the L  
He down the road now, send him some mail  
Get it while they get his goods, I had to get it together  
I was gathering my goods for the inclement weather  
Trying to make it heavy and heard your shit was light as a feather  
That's fine, get it together, you can do better  
You can be whatever you gon' be  
But you can be never, J.I.D the monster  
Mayhem and tax by the letter  
Let us pray for those who thought it was a game or child's play  
Somebody answer, take the flow and I wish  
Your best shit ain't better than my worst shit, yeah  
That 40 on me now, I disperse shit, yeah  
Heard what I said, let 'em twerk, drop they berk shit, yeah  
But she ain't even heard the kid yet  
Serve shit off purpose, on point with a smooth work shit  
On purpose, outpatient, might surface  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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