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, yeahWork 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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