

OMG (feat. Pusha-T)

Vic Mensa

Pharrell]
Pullin up with the coupe
(Oh my goodness)
Must've done something with the roof
(Oh my goodness)
You sitting looking stupid on the stoop
(Oh my goodness)
I would take notes if I were you
(Oh my goodness)
This was designed with the stars, the square and the cross
So we know true north
(Oh my goodness)
Smilin', with 50 karats in my jaw
(Oh my goodness)
Fuck the law
It's a shame nigga, rhyme
Nigga, love crime
It's a shame they let us jump out of Bentleys with dirty Vans
Hit the stage for 15 minutes, get 30 bands
Swiss bank counting clean money with dirty hands
With some hood niggas that's ready to bang with the Klan
Since I came in this shit, made my name a name brand
French kissing bitches in Paris, clubbing like a caveman
We threw up the pyramids, now they say we Illuminati
Fox fur Cavalli, fuck Bill O'Reilly
No blood diamonds, I rock gold like a king
Jewelry so cold, made 'em blow the nose off the Sphinx
Fuck you think? I'ma be some type of role model?
I go full throttle desperado, that's the motto
Vic in Chicago, it's Hugh Heff at the grotto
Brazilian model, she mean mugging like Frida Kahlo
Drinking a horchata with an Alicia Machado
Bitch, I'm the ticket, you just hit the lotto
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Nigga, love crime Young Vic, the diamond's finest
I shine like Puff signed Shyne
Except I signed to the Roc 'cause I'm timeless
Top off the Masi, my behavior is mindless
Old kids, nigga, we major, you minors
Fresh out the cell to the booth, drop the Dylan Roof
I'm still in the hood, tell Zimmerman "Shoot"
Hold my nuts with an OJ glove, fuck the judge
You rappers is false flagging, you a fashion blood
What's brackin' cuz? What you know about gangbanging?
What's VLONE thug? Why Bari leave your head rangin'?
Free Vic Mensa Amistad chain swanging
This that crack music, nigga, you can blame Reagan
I'm Balmaing without paying, y'all playing
We higher than a bitch, my bitch Himalayan
Suicide Gallardo, that's the sacrificial lamb
I'm killa season Cam
No lives matter, blam Pullin up with the coupe
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Nigga, love crime Every other night, I'm outside with the nine
You ain't got chips, fuck the world
You got chips, you could fuck the next man's girl
Sounds harsh but they been ripped apart my world

The weight kiss told us should never be misquoted (no)
Them guns that you wave on the camera? We been toting (yeah)
Selling love potion my whole rap career
So your streams and downloads could never match the kid's
We could go foreign for foreign until it's boring
My sheep will keep jumping the fence until you're snoring
Street poetry, I'm on Wale Folarin
'Til the world is mine like Illmatic and Lauryn
Written on the globe
Face to a table full of blow
Fresh powder skiing in the snow
Type of rappers we know
Got the right numbers on a kilo
Burn the carter down like I'm Nino Pullin up with the coupe
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