

# Leopard Shepard

## The Underachievers

UA to the death of me, my specialty's bulldozing  
I'm chosen for the throne, so I'll get it eventually, Hater  
Get some paper, mula, mozzarella  
Loser see you later, zoomin' through your cooler  
Puffin on the flavor, super sour's the boo, of power  
Name a team, with G niggas it's usually ours  
We spending hours in the studio, filling my wallet  
Rolling chronic, palm pilot, shawty smiling, 40 drownin', aye the stroke I be piling  
When we wildin' know we OG Kush, rollin' up with the OG's  
Them profi, nigga that's dope steez  
We sky high, nigga that's nosebleed  
Don't screw it up; codeine  
We true as fuck, and moved it up  
And bycing I'm higher than lighting, you aim for the stupid fucks  
Stupid nigga  
Ya'll ain't on our plateau nigga  
Elevated...  
I got 'em sayin "Oh My God" So pave the way, the most insane prophetic craze  
I'm Johnny Blaze, see me puffin' my haze, OK  
I'm legendary, the makavelli resides inside me  
You'll never drop me, the light gods, we like John Gotti  
I'm on my Brent Salamin, Respect to God on top me  
Go Kamikaze, misunderstood like fuckin' Natzi's  
You'll never drop me, I elevate still asside then got me  
Do it, a procreative fire spittin' ain't your posse  
I'm The, I'm The...  
Reincarnation of a king long gone  
The highest enlightened nigga, sittin' on top a sun  
An angel told me in a dream, like Neo "I'm the One"  
So I'm out here freeing souls from they bondage to the love  
U-N-I-T-Y, Free my people, now we fly  
Fools stuck to the ground, wondering why we be high  
Brainstorming like beehive, knowledge higher than the skies  
On a divine mission, nigga don't get left behind  
Elevate your thinkin', Young Gods  
Smoke loud, dream free and live large  
Respect karma, keep progressing and get far  
Fuck the skies, the limit is the solars  
Problem with the world ain't that they all sinning

It's the fact that they unconscious lost spirits barely living  
The children of the sun, here to set they souls ablaze  
Keep the signs from the profits enlightened because I ageAge, limit, don't matter  
Lyrics shatter any calibur, character  
Get your knowledge, wallet and your swagger up homie  
Only and why are you aye  
To candid fire, you pray  
That's your demise, I know  
That's why I rise  
Plain and simple 'till I wrinkle, rollin' indo in the enzo  
When I'm with your women spending, every single cent you lift up  
For the new age  
Get A bouquet, Rozay  
Fuck minimum wage, Penetrate  
Till' you get your pay, innovate  
Then pave the way  
Them days are getting shorter, life is getting harder  
The youth is getting conscious, our generation is stronger  
Generating the greatness, ain't no need for that fake shit  
Ape shit, I aks them who the best and they say this..."Oh My God, forsaken he's type "I"  
Relation to no other patient, doctor say "He's A Prob."  
Funny niggas do the hating when they ain't on they job  
Leopard Shepherd on the desert  
Never sweating, spread the message, touch your brain like massage  
Words paint a collage  
We concentrating on paper and infiltrating them blogs  
So, roll up the Grade A's and get faded  
And toast to the days of struggle, look what it made us, Hah  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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