Od (feat. D Pryde)

FUTURISTIC

You ain't never met another nigga like me (sheesh)
Even if I die, you can't forget about me (sheesh)
Everything that I do is OD (sheesh)
I said, you ain't never met a nigga like me, no

My whip is OD, my chick is OD, too much
My fit is so clean, my kicks OD, too much
I spit it OD, my shit is OD, too much
Futuristic OD, I'm 'bout to OD

Yo, I OD like I'm ODB
I ain't passing the rock you on Kobe's team
Flow cold like your leg in the winter in Illinois if you walking around with a hole in jeans
I hope to be the nigga that's known as "sheesh"
If it's a part five I'll get a hole in three
Two hands, double fist when I hold my drink
One styrofoam cup make the show to lean
It's only me, labels I demand to speak
So don't come with that man if your plan is weak
Instagram going up a thousand fans a week
Don't need a hand, I need some cash you can hand to me
If you ain't with it, you cut off, amputee
Kicking back, taking shots like a damn marine
I'm Al Martino mixed with Al Pacino at the casino cause I'm all about my chips, take a man to team, whoa

They say I do too much
But I got a lot more coming
She say I'm in too deep
Oh hold on, ...
They say that there's no way
I did it all way, had no budget
I say I'm way too high
If I ever come down
Imma hit the ground running
Hit the ground running
Hit the ground running
Hit the ground running

Yeah, uh, sick!
New women in my new phone

Who's home, it's a new number uno
You know, still swerving in the two door
Pimping, if we talking 'bout eyes, I can do this shit with two closed
I'm too old, these bitch ...
These bitch letter rap the ABCs, bitch
You know I ain't never been a bird brain
... cause I can see, bitch
30K off shirts (that's easy)
Buy merch make merch (that's easy)
... swear a motherfucker know his worth
Yeah, I got some homies and the boys did dirt
But I ain't from the streets, I ain't moving that work
But you know I'm dressing like a dealer
Cause I got some money got it coming
Been eating so good that my top's so muffin
It's okay, I ain't fit like
Chubby boy got a fit wife and she ...
I get hyped on this shit right, it's the real me no disguise
Now I don't gotta diss guys I don't care what you're doing
I be here for the money, I be here for the music
It's that Brampton boy and they know the coast
And it's Richvale 'til I overdose
Bitch, I'm gone

My shit is OD, my bitch is OD
My fit is OD, your shit is '03
No whip, I'm low-key
But I'm still OD
I'm OD, OD, baby
Come and blow me slowly, Richvale

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