

## Beat

MellowHype

You gotta be present for the moment of momentum  
Kill a coward with my lyric the murder is corba venom  
I'm hurdlin further engines, runnin through an entrance  
Such a resemblance in the mirror I see a blemish  
The chemist, I am with dentist, six senses  
As of now, life is tennis at Venice  
Such a breeze I can feel it  
Rollin up my sleeves, put a little hash in it  
Exceeding cash limits, if you got it ain't a bad image  
I play the ball, motherfucker - not half a scrimmage  
Your gimmicks just mimic cause you do not have an image  
I'm sixty seconds past the minute  
Cabbage lettuce, cash is fetish in me  
I'm grabbin spinach, teah

Heard about a nigga rappin? Yeah, that's just one of my bitches  
(I'm) Sellin weed here trappin, that just one of my bitches  
Clientele payin taxes, that's how I'm runnin my (/I run my) busi  
ness  
Stay the fuck off of my mattress, they sleepin on us niggaz

Got my own flow, spend my own dough  
Drive my own car, fuckin grown hoes  
For these four-ohs, for these lil' bros  
And my door know, teachers don't know  
Vul-ner-able, shoot a porno  
Losin wardrobe, your body foreclosed  
When the doors closed, the mask of Zorro  
Her ass is moreso, a comedy  
I'm sick I'll probably suffocate from all of them vomiting  
Fuck commenting, I'm committing  
Taking off, rocketing while profit pocketing  
Homaging, sock 'em bop 'em king, not fosters out the ring  
Boom bada bing, I gotta sing, you should fuckin honor me  
All these collard greens, dollar greens  
Presidents holla scream, prophesies  
Roll up and watch the leaves germinate, regurgitate  
First you like it then you love it; third is hate