

Fifty pull-ups on the pull up bar
When I hit award shows I wanna pull up a star
Tank on E, got no time to bump
So I'm running on fumes cause I live life once
Duct tape in the trunk of, my corrupted mental
Mood swinging lyrics like a woman on the menstrual
Gold line sleeping, Union Station, Metro
Skateboard push sneaks, high top retros
Special but can't blend in like a gecko
Fans running up asking me about my next show
Like, let me grab my friends and let's go
Rap is my passion, fuck tryna impress hoes
I reach for the stars like NASA moon walking
While you running ya mouths with ya goons talking
Backstage with Left Brain in my own 'Preme
And the haters is going to sleep, they gon' dream soon

I can't breathe I'm claustroflowbic
Give me space I'm claustroflowbic
Fame is a closet and I'm claustroflowbic
My breath, I lost it cause nigga I'm claustroflowbic

Left pinky in the brain
News to the strain, doggy to the dane, great
Tony the Tiger cereal boxes, I ate
Flip the quarter, it's two faced, two rows, two gates
Whichever I choose is a new fate
New love isn't new hate, she got a cute face
Bad attitude with a "How that cute taste"
Getting at her, spitting at her, yeah, how the boot taste
Gingivitis, toothache, mouthwash, toothpaste, breathing on 'em
Spitting hot flows like the heat is on 'em
Pretty hood like I Dickie wife beated on 'em
Teeming material like a cousin skeeted on 'em
Don't lie, don't hide, won't lie, won't die cause my music is a live
Don't lie, don't hide, won't lie, won't die cause my music is a live

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Inhale, exhale
Inhale, exhale