

Allusions

The Underachievers

Gee, young nigga but my heart is timeless
No price on my soul, ship filled up with gold
Mothafucka y'know that's priceless
2 grams ain't enough, nigga keep yo blunt
Won't smoke if the shit ain't the finest
Niggas talk about what they got
When you check on these niggas, motherfuckers be lying
Bow down to the motherfucking highness
Fire start Hibachi, nigga OG like Hiachi
Break up yo whole posse, ya'll niggas movin' too sloppy
Hittin' like I'm Rocky, independent you can't drop me
Beast Coast be my army if I tell 'em shoot, they got me
Raised in the belly of the beast
Born in a war but my heart with the peace
Raising up Gods every time that I speak
When we all get involved ain't no starvin' to eat
Making sure all my niggas gon' feast
Ya'll gonna see why we chasing the cream
Roll up the leaves, nigga spark up the tree
You ain't got no weed?
Nigga fuck you mean
Nigga fuck you mean

My aura gold, word to the oracle
I'm the illest motherfucker incurable
I went through all the bull, about a toilet full
In royal flesh, I want all the loot man
The sour be clutch like Kobe do
And I'm living in L.A. so that's only proof
Got a bitch in the bay, that love the shroom
She be screaming "AK!" when I shove the broom
It's a mismatch, can't hold us
Better get back, you ain't no soldier
Fuck your sister, guess what she told us
You a bitch ass nigga since stroller, now hol' up
Smoking good, 'fronto wrapped around the OG in my hood
It's understood, if AK be winning then you know you could
Psych! bitch can't kill my vibe, I'm on an everlasting high
Want peace of mind and piece of pie
If it's not both then take my life
I'm blowing smoke until I die, high as heaven watch me fly
Look within you'll probably find a place
Go home boy live yo life

I'm blowing gas smoke, fuck up my cash flow
Fuck it lets waste it
We advance though, even your fans know
Ya'll niggas basic
Smoking hash bowls, we lit like candles
Nigga stay faded
You and yo mans jokes, we with yo damn hoe
Them bitches wasted

(One thing is sure)
Peso, I'm counting peso's and smoking fuego
Save hoes, you niggas save hoes, now that's a no-go
Photo, she sneaking photo, she think she low tho

Soul gold, she think my soul gold, think we should hang tho

I'm smoking mad dope, she sniffin' mad blow
I'm like "you bad hoe", now fast forward
She took her pants off, guess she like assholes
Gang coast be counting mad dough with no advance though
My cash flow, fuck up a damn show then take a fan home
Fuego, fuego, smoking fuego with yo dame
Been like a whole 20 minutes, can't front
Nigga still don't know her name
30 minutes later have my pinky in her brain
She like, "I thought you were different?
All of you rappers just the same"
She ain't complain

AK inside of your bitch, right in the bunk ain't no need for no crib
Light up the skunk and then pro-ceed to go in
Like a nitrogen pump, top the speed off like damn
Pray this new shit make your speaker blow
Puffin' khalifa joe, make your girl tippy-toe in
She in love then she go telling her friends
Like she hitting my line cause the lord is on tour yet again
Wait for a nigga to start winning
First they love you then they hate, then they tasting the salt
Face it you niggas is soft, Quilton
Know the knowledge ain't hidden just open the vault
No debating, stay dope inhaling
Clear the road, no trailing
Never sober, steering
Get run over near me
Dropping cold shit yearly
Flow severely, I know you feel me