

# Final Destination

## The Underachievers

Uh, vision like Tarantino, Tarot card said I'm a leader  
On terrace blowing reefer, this shit might just blow your speaker  
Sit back, recline my feet up, bitch so bad she get a D+  
Don't let them lies deceive ya, ain't no preacher go'n free ya  
No limit young miller, walked the Earth like Godzilla  
Frequent deposit gain and profit like some God niggas  
We be the topic, open optic see the large picture  
Don't need facade we going hard don't let the law with us  
Go go til' I'm finished, yeah, my eyes like Forest Whitaker  
Step through lookin' sinister, she bless me like the minister  
Stomach for my dinner plus why y'all fools lookin' thin as fuck  
'Chout for my agenda breh  
No seconds I'm a winner, yeah

Nigga grip, apply the pressure, load the clip with sixty rounds  
Niggas frontin' on the set but, yeah, I bet they see me now  
Niggas flip up off the shit but bet that shit come back around  
Spent a check upon the set I think we blew like fifty pounds  
Put the bag out, I can't do the cash out  
Never was a trick ain't spending shit for me to smash out  
Smokin' 'till she pass out  
She sippin' to the last drop  
Pimpin', see me walkin' with a limp  
Yeah, I'm the man now

Herbal essence xanny sippin' copped a pound of smoke don't flip it  
Nickname Iron Man the legend in the game like Cal Ripken nigga  
Twitter finger dissin' kidnap him, we get him missin'  
Resurrect the Junior M.A.F.I.A. the new age on commission  
Know these chicks in the snow they like to sniff that powder  
I'm finessin' up off the green you know I love the sour  
My niggas call me for the flex I showed up in a hour  
You know we gettin' to the checks that paper came with power  
Kickin' bitches out like Pam nigga, I ain't call a cab  
New York gritty in my veins don't get ya lil' homie smacked  
Blow the reefer by the pound  
Propeller flying off the gram, circus niggas fuck with clown  
My team the lion tamers style  
Thoughts is worth a million, I know pennies out my mouth, yeah yeah  
I twist my wrist I'm whippin' nigga never drought, yeah yeah  
That beemer dippin', reefer kickin fuckin' loud, yeah yeah  
And all my kings is on a mission for the crown you hear me now

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Yeah nigga I'm the man now  
Slippin' thats a man down  
Sippin' in this bathhouse

She quick to pull her pants down  
Gotta keep my distance cause these girls think I'm their man now  
Circle don't get bigger  
No new niggas on my campground  
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