

# Flexing

## The Underachievers

Let's go, Let's go

Elevated, but you know that I be flexing  
Light shining off my aura every time I step in  
Elevated posse, hope that niggas get the message  
Nothing ever prosper against the living gods, please hold your weapons  
Fifty row when I show up  
Stacking bread, getting cold cuts  
Indigo yeah you know us  
From New York to Minnesota  
We got it locked  
told us to drop, take it to the top  
Your shit flop  
They say UA hot  
Stop us, you cannot  
Came from the bottom, tornado done got us  
Now we sproutin' up tell em' kneel to the prophets  
Money ain't a thing, if I see it im'a cop it  
But that ain't bout this so I keep it out my topics  
Say you want the world?  
Nigga go get it  
But first you got to deal with the man in the mirror  
Raise up your guns and pull the fucking trigger  
That's your ego, dead, goodbye your inner sinner  
I'm rollin' up and I'm floatin' up and I'm about to smoke again  
Blowin' OG, that potent green  
Spark another one up cause we win  
Rest in Peace to my nigga STEEZ  
Don't worry 'bout it, get lit  
Roll another up for my nigga dawg  
Dedicate this one to the prince  
Riding through my city  
Plotting on a fuckin' milli'  
It's like 10k for a feature, here's my e-mail you can hit me  
UA fuck the game up got these rappers looking silly  
Ain't no way to fuckin' stop me, motherfuckers gotta kill me

Elevated but you know that I be flexin'

New shit for the lords  
Nuisance, nuclear bars  
Flow perfected, no flaws  
A nigga Headed for the top and it ain't that far when you got a heart of gold to disclose the facades  
Playing shows 'til I float like a ghost on the stars  
Put a hole in the ozone, when the sativa L's blown (Lawd)  
Lord, forgive me for my sins  
Find the light looking with in  
My past life use to be dim  
But now I rose amongst these plans  
No I won't oppose you to make some bands  
Naw get a million bro, live while you can  
There's a whole world out there  
Waiting for you hands  
But you live without identity  
The enemy is chance - Uh  
What you waitin' on

Get creatin' dawg  
What's the worst that happens  
Bet you make it dawg  
Popped a tab and now I'm elevatin' yall  
Dropping tracks, puttin' rappers in the Back to back I'm spitting facts 'til  
they evolve  
Take charge like a spiritual force  
I thank god that my limits are crossed  
And face odds  
With the ending result feeling Oh lawd  
Young messiah ascending higher, walk through the fire - Uh  
No one told me that I'd be golden, holdin' desires  
Puffin' potent, that loud explosive, while floatin' through the white  
Sippin' potion  
The gods in motion when Sour Diesel's acquired  
Knowledge supplyin' the idle mind  
Perish if you outta line  
Lyrics like text, lil' homie  
Cause I spit foul all the time  
Hitt'n on some top shit pine  
Im a top chef cooking with the rhymes  
Feeling god-sent, not even in prime  
pop pens when I write a rhyme  
Now I'm poppin' cause I start the line  
  
Elevated but you know that I be flexin'