

## Generation Z

### The Underachievers

My Generation be wildin'  
Like we was born desolate on a island  
LSD hittin' proper  
Nigga like NZT, you can't stop us  
Gang move like we mobsters  
Nigga drink Hennesey like a shotter  
Free my niggas that's locked up  
Police always tryna come knock us  
I'm backseat, blowin' my drow  
Undercover cop creepin' on the low  
I got a zip and the hash stashed in the gas tank  
Hope the nigga don't smell my smoke  
I take a trip out to the fresh coast  
Good pow, good weed move slow  
I got a plate of the hash then I ship that fast  
I'mma see that shit when I go home  
Call that fresh direct marijuana  
Only fuck with that potent product  
They mad cause I switch the topics  
Like I can't talk 'bout what I'm thriving  
I'm eatin' good in my hood  
My niggas see me ear to ear smiling  
I'm always high as a fucking kite  
But my moshpits they get violent  
Beast coast winners my gang  
Keep a real tight circle, nigga, fuck through friends  
Been around the globe, now I'm goin' in a trance  
Pay me for my shows on the road in advance  
I'm fuckin' with the hoes like my dough in the bank  
Nigga aura on froze with the coldest of dank  
See me trippin' fuckin' gold for my soul it's a fact  
Niggas steppin' to me wrong betta' know how to act  
Lets go, lets go

Raised up deep in the beast  
Had a first hand see to the war in the streets  
Rely on gripping the heat  
And they multiply by getting them kids  
That's why I'm speaking for peace  
Cause niggas be dying over the beef  
But please don't fuck with the gods  
You gon' be surprised by what you gon' get

My niggas gon' bang, bang, preacher gon' sang  
Come pull up my nigga and see  
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Shades up in my face, like to be dolo and puffing my dank  
Then I'm up and away to the top let my brain do the job  
Then I'll straight free your mind from them chains  
Made them moves to L.A now you see me tho  
I be off of sunset blowing reefer smoke

No this ain't a contest, but I'm leading though  
No one there to contest, leave 'em leaking, yo  
And I'm smoking the best comatose from my sack  
Got a whole lot of sins but it's still no regrets  
Gotta wallet of ends and this shit just commence  
I go hard with my friends make them business connects  
Yea we stackin baguettes  
Up in Fresno and fresh  
Get your ass off the bench I'm in class with the feds  
Hol' up , flex  
I'm the living lord in the flesh  
Got next and when a nigga on cortisol They lookin at me like the lord savior  
is coming  
I spit fire like I'm Hades when they play me they bumping  
If I retire then my bars become the greatest among you  
They trying to say newcomers, but we displayed that we run this  
You can't tame my soul, can't change my goals  
My wheels take me how far I go  
Y'all niggas get fleek with no apartment though  
Up in your momma home, with your designer on  
Spark one and then I takeoff  
Cause the coast, homie, travel be my dayjob  
And I'm coming for that globe like I'm Adolf  
Super high, like a giant smoking beanstalks  
And we sipping mad gin like we're detox  
Syrup in my liter  
Queens step up in my 2-seater  
You can follow preacher, but nigga I'm a leader  
I'mma smoke this reefer and pass it off to Issa

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My team loyal, no counterfeits  
Fraud niggas can't fly with them  
Taking off no pilot in  
Yo high in it, the young Zionist  
My nigga wait, finna be great  
Every time I drop a song, oh my Lord, they relate  
And a nigga, we strong like it's gon' hit the weight  
Tell these niggas keep up like they joggin' in the place  
Usain Bolt to the dough  
A nigga been lucky got my ducks in a row  
You see me dream big, do them out in the smoke  
Only talking business if you contact my phone  
Nigga in the zone, ain't fucking with the clone  
Y'all niggas move slow, better leave me alone  
If you ever hit my phone, nigga gon' get the tone

Of a motherfucking drone when I bump my ringtone

I'm a first place winner, earthquakes when I enter  
Then they for my [?], first date then I'm in her  
Oh Lord, how dare a nigga wanna come test the god  
Testify, nigga touch the sky  
Put a nigga under six feet  
I said, put a nigga under six feet  
Young AK only here to bring peace  
But that shit out the door, fuck it with the family, my g  
Hold up, wait, I got all this cake  
But still ain't shit changed, my brain don't inflate  
My L's ain't from games, it's from all this dank  
Until the bed of pain to the ninth time straight  
Talk shit, hit a nigga with a mic on stage  
Mosh pit, something silly nigga, straight to his brain  
From the prince of the gutter to the top game pay  
Now you pissed that they coming through, you stuck in the shade