

What's Understood (feat. Joey Bada\$\$)

Nyck Caution

I run around through the night like I'm nocturnal
Running raw through the wife when she not fertile
Everybody in my high school, shitting on me rapping
Wished we would've swapped journals
I am not the flop, I learned that when the block was hot
And Lil Wayne got me thinking that I got this
A little pain gonna happen in the process
But a little change gonna happen after all that
Now I'm thinking back like I once did
Back when I thought I could run shit
Summer camp getting higher than bunk beds
Summer plans getting fly for the function
You know that I was getting by as a young kid
Back when everything was blissful
Back when everything was so simple
But everything don't last forever
I break bread with the fans, bring cats together
Little different than my last direction
But the flow is like a blast Beretta
A couple shots, put him down like an anesthetic
And now you way too fast to get up
About time Nyck told y'all that
About time, Nyck cold and the world know that
If you see me around the block I don't owe you daps
World class in my verse, you can hold your glass
Cause we good
Ya'll know the name
I said what's understood
Don't gotta be explained
Met-Metro, Metro Boomin want some more
Went to school ain't wanna go
So I started dropping out
And instead I hit that road
Now this life is all I fucking know
You took a shot
You missed and can't reload
Boy I swear to god, I took this to my grave
What's understood don't gotta be explained I don't wanna know if you gotta go
I don't wanna know if you gotta go
I don't wanna know if you gotta go
I don't wanna know
Back in the booth on my boss shit

It's a new year, I'm on my boss shit
Got the news, they need more shit
Dropped my debut, been on tour since
Tell the truth, man I really hate to dispute
Name another yout that really did it on his own
No majors, no cosign at all
Just labor and raising the bar
Still ain't enough to get invited to awards
Like I still ain't get a nut and I've been going this hard
Fuck it I'ma pull up to awards with the squad
Slamming the door, shooting up stars
Who want war bet they don't want none
Who, what, when, where, why, go run
Catch a motherfucker like Ricky with his gun
With a .22 bitch, ain't 22 yet
Everyday trying to live, Russian roulette
Just turned 21, I be forever young
I be the greatest one, he told me to my face
Patience is key, you gonna be straight
How many times you gonna be late?
Miss my chance? Oh no, not me
Shift my stance and go the right way
Took one glance and saw the right thing
I could give a fuck what they say about me
They ain't making nothing, they ain't taking my cheese
I ain't gotta forfeit, I done get those hoes to leave
To the water, don't you order take a motherfucking drink
Guess eyes roll cause they more like sheep
There's stress in the belly of the beast
For generation X, to generation Y, to generation Z-Z-Z
Y'all niggas is sleep
And I pray that they're ready when the war time
In the belly of the beast with the pork rinds
Barely in the street, nigga fuck 12
Seen the cameras on me when I touched down
Feds watching, please believe it
Don't share my business with social media
Niggas devious, they can't eat with us
Went around starting fake beef with us
And this life is all I fucking know
You took a shot
You missed and can't reload
Boy I swear to god, I took this to my grave
What's understood, don't gotta be explained I don't wanna know if you gotta go
I don't wanna know if you gotta go
I don't wanna know if you gotta go
I don't wanna know

