

# 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

