

# Allusions

## The Underachievers

Gee, young nigga but my heart is timeless  
No price on my soul, ship filled up with gold  
Mothafucka y'know that's priceless  
2 grams ain't enough, nigga keep yo blunt  
Won't smoke if the shit ain't the finest  
Niggas talk about what they got  
When you check on these niggas, motherfuckers be lying  
Bow down to the motherfucking highness  
Fire start Hibachi, nigga OG like Hiachi  
Break up yo whole posse, ya'll niggas movin' too sloppy  
Hittin' like I'm Rocky, independent you can't drop me  
Beast Coast be my army if I tell 'em shoot, they got me  
Raised in the belly of the beast  
Born in a war but my heart with the peace  
Raising up Gods every time that I speak  
When we all get involved ain't no starvin' to eat  
Making sure all my niggas gon' feast  
Ya'll gonna see why we chasing the cream  
Roll up the leaves, nigga spark up the tree  
You ain't got no weed?  
Nigga fuck you mean My aura gold, went to the oracle  
I'm the illest motherfucker eating caribou  
I went through all the bull, about a toilet full  
In royal flesh, I want all the loot man  
The sour be clutch like Kobe do  
And I'm living in L.A. so that's only proof  
Got a bitch in the bay, that love the stroke  
She be screaming "AK!" when I shove the broom  
It's a mismatch, can't hold us  
Better get back, you ain't no soldier  
Fuck your sister, guess what she told us  
You a bitch ass nigga since stroller, now hol' up  
Smoking good, 'fronto wrapped around the OG in my hood  
It's understood, if AK be winning then you know you could  
Psych! bitch can't kill my vibe, I'm on an everlasting high  
Want peace of mind and piece of pie  
If it's not both then take my life  
I'm blowing smoke until I die, high as heaven watch me fly  
Look within you'll prolly find a place  
Go home boy live yo life  
I'm blowing gas smoke, fuck up my cash flow  
Fuck it lets waste it

We advance though even your fans know  
Ya'll niggas basic  
Smoking hash bone, we lit like candles  
Nigga stay faded  
You and yo mans jokes, we with yo damn hoe  
Them bitches wasted(One thing is sure)  
Peso, I'm counting peso's and smoking fuego  
Save hoes, you niggas save hoes, now that's a no-go  
Photo, she sneaking photo, she think she low tho  
Soul gold, she think my soul gold, think we should hang tho  
I'm smoking mad dope, she sniffin' mad blow  
I'm like "you bad hoe", now fast ford'  
She took her pants off, guess she like assholes  
Gang coast be counting mad dough with no advance tho  
My cash flow, fuck up a damn show then take a fan home  
Fuego, smoking fuego with yo dame  
Been like a whole 20 minutes, can't front  
Nigga still don't know her name 30 minutes later have my pinky in her frame  
She like, "I thought you were different?  
All of you rappers just the same"  
She ain't complainAK inside of your bitch, right in the bunk ain't no need for no crib  
Light up the skunk and then proceed to go in  
Like a nitrogen pump, top the speed off like damn  
Pray this new shit make your speaker blow  
Puffin' khalifa joe, make your girl tippy-toe in  
She in love then she go telling her friends  
Like she go hitting my line cause the lord is on tour yet again  
Wait for a nigga to start winning  
First they love you then they hate, then they tasting the salt  
Face it you niggas is soft  
Qilin know the knowledge is not hidden just open the vault  
No debating, stay dope inhaling  
Clear the road, no trailing  
Never sober, steering  
Get run over near me  
Dropping cold shit yearly  
Flow severely, i kno you feel me  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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