

Despacito Too

JID

Uptown
Ayy, it's, it's all for the kids man
This-this shit for the kids
For the little children, uh
UmI can be whatever I want to be
Bet not a bitch or a nigga stand in front of meI got the devil in the pockets of my Dungarees
Taking a dump on anything that standing under me
I can be a dream, yeah, or I can be a nightmare
Born on Halloween night, it seems like a light year
Double my sprite, hey my guy do you got a light, yeah
Squash stampede, plenty lion and many bison, huh
Seen some, seen one, but it's not many like 'em
When I fry or when I die, bury me with many mics, yeah
I can be whatever I want to be
Bet not a pussy ass nigga stand in front of me
Took a stop at the light, made a right on humble street
Guess I been buzzin' like a motherfucking bumblebee
Tryna turn this honey tree into a money tree
But it's only one of me, and y'all niggas the son of me
God
God GodWait, wait if I win this
I, it's gonna be something, but I don't know what it's gon' be
Uh, okay I'm gonna be whatever I want to be
Bet not a bitch or a nigga stand in front of meThey tryna snatch this motherfucking rug from
under me
But never stumble, young man rumble, the sensei
The J.I.D babe, Mutombo, the brass ensemble
Cop an eighth and spend the last on paper and funds
So at Thanksgiving I'm your drunk ass uncle
On the corner, that junky that mumble
The little nigga that climbed the hair of Rapunzel
I'm the shrimp beside your gumbo
I make myself sick, damn
Dick down doctor, that's the J.I.D, give a health check
I'm the wrong letter that
Made it up out your spell check
Fucking up your texts, uh
I'm electric, I'm a Lexus
I'm the evidence, like the shell case when the shell hit
But I never tell shit, I'm cold
But the flowing come from the bottom, like, whale shit
I know what I know, and I know that you prolly fail shit

'Cause y'all niggas selfish, and my niggas desperate, damn
Damn, fuck
(I wish I knew, Black Panther, but he's not real)
Fuck man, homie, I don't know
Not real
What you tryingUm, look
They saying, "What you wanna be J.I.D
What you wanna be kid?
A doctor, a lawyer, exploring the coral reef shit?
A football player, a track sprinter, I know you run fast
Oh you gonna be a rapper with your dumbass
Just because you used to bump Caz
Talk fast, and can tap a drum pad
You thinkin' that the world's gone mad?
Big head, short ass, big eye, bug eye
Drug head, shoo fly, don't bother me"
I'ma be better than y'all will be, tryna be, y'all see
All for one, all for me, shit, you niggas ain't all for me
Motherfucker with your offering
Talking, talking, talking
She's a sober mind, I keep receipts
I beat the beat and eat the beat
So I could be the beat if I want to be
Me I call you one two the sun do
what the sun do rouse when the gun drew
Would meet the devil in
Hell where niggas'll hunt you
When it's dark all around and you lookin' for some
But in the heart of the jungle
My nigga you run
You could be whatever you want
But better get you a gun
Better do what you want
Whatever you feel in your stomach
Whatever you gotta do at the moment
Only the strong survive
Only the strong in mind and soul and spirit and spine
You stand for and you rise in due time
(He looks determined without being ruthless)(I wish I knew, Black Panther, but he's not real)
Yeah
(Not real)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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