

# 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 trying Um, 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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