

Generation Z

The Underachievers

My Generation be wildin'
Like we was born desolate on a island
LSD hittin' proper
Nigga like NZT, you can't stop us
Gang move like we mobsters
Nigga drink Hennesey like a shotter
Free my niggas that's locked up
Police always tryna come knock us
I'm backseat, blowin' my drow
Undercover cop creepin' on the low
I got a zip and the hash stashed in the gas tank
Hope the nigga don't smell my smoke
I take a trip out to the fresh coast
Good pow, good weed move slow
I got a plate of the hash then I ship that fast
I'mma see that shit when I go home
Call that fresh direct marijuana
Only fuck with that potent product
They mad cause I switch the topics
Like I can't talk 'bout what I'm thriving
I'm eatin' good in my hood
My niggas see me ear to ear smiling
I'm always high as a fucking kite
But my moshpits they get violent
Beast coast winners my gang
Keep a real tight circle, nigga, fuck through friends
Been around the globe, now I'm goin' in a trance
Pay me for my shows on the road in advance
I'm fuckin' with the hoes like my dough in the bank
Nigga aura on froze with the coldest of dank
See me trippin' fuckin' gold for my soul it's a fact
Niggas steppin' to me wrong betta' know how to act
Lets go, lets go
Raised up deep in the beast
Had a first hand see to the war in the streets
Rely on gripping the heat
And they multiply by getting them kids
That's why I'm speaking for peace
Cause niggas be dying over the beef
But please don't fuck with the gods
You gon' be surprised by what you gon' get
My niggas gon' bang, bang, preacher gon' sang
Come pull up my nigga and see

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Shades up in my face, like to be dolo and puffing my dank
Then I'm up and away to the top let my brain do the job
Then I'll straight free your mind from them chains
Made them moves to L.A now you see me tho
I be off of sunset blowing reefer smoke
No this ain't a contest, but I'm leading though
No one there to contest, leave 'em leaking, yo
And I'm smoking the best comatose from my sack
Got a whole lot of sins but it's still no regrets
Gotta wallet of ends and this shit just commence
I go hard with my friends make them business connects
Yea we stackin baguettes
[?] fresh
Get your ass off the bench I'm in class with the feds
Hol' up, flex
I'm the living lord in the flesh
Got next and when a nigga on cortisol [?]
They lookin at me like the lord savior is coming
I spit fire like I'm Hades when they play me they bumping
If I retire then my bars become the greatest among [?]
They trying to say newcomers, but we displayed that we run this
You can't tame my soul, can't change my goals
My wheels take me how far I go
Y'all niggas get fleek with no apartment though
Up in your momma home, with your designer on
Fuck [?] takeoff
Cause the coast, homie, travel be my dayjob
And I'm coming for that globe like I'm Adolf
Super high, like a giant smoking beanstalks
And we sipping mad gin like we're detox
Syrup in my liter
Queens step up in my 2-seater
You can follow preacher, but nigga I'm a leader
I'mma smoke this reefer and pass it off to Issa
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Come pull up my nigga and see My team loyal, no counterfeits
Fraud niggas can't fly with them
Taking off no pilot in
Yo high in it, the young Zionist
My nigga wait, finna be great
Every time I drop a song, oh my Lord, they relate
And a nigga, we strong like it's gon' hit the weight
Tell these niggas keep up like they joggin' in the place
Usain Bolt to the dough
A nigga been lucky got my thugs in a row
You see me dream big, do them out in the smoke
Only talking business if you contact my phone
Nigga in the zone, ain't fucking with the clone
Y'all niggas move slow, better leave me alone
If you ever hit my phone, nigga gon' get the tone
Of a motherfucking drone when I bump my ringtone I'm a first place winner, earthquakes when
I enter
Then they [?] for my [?], first date then I'm in her
Oh Lord, how dare a nigga wanna come test the god
Testify, nigga touch the sky
Put a nigga under six feet
I said, put a nigga under six feet
Young AK only here to bring peace
But that shit out the door, fuck it with the family, my g
Hold up, wait, I got all this cake
But still ain't shit changed, my brain don't inflate
My L's ain't from games, it's from all this dank
Until the bed of pain to the ninth time straight
Talk shit, hit a nigga with a mic on stage
Mosh pit, something silly nigga, straight to his brain
From the prince of the gutter to the top game pay
Now you pissed that they coming through, you stuck in the shade

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