

Mortal Kombat (feat. Kari Faux)

Pivot Gang

[Intro: Saba]

Yeah, I can't fit your task in my calendar
She stay on my line like interceptin' the tower
Yeah, niggas hate to know me 'cause my power
Yeah they were nappin' on me, they were sleep, no paralys'
Yeah, and I'm from Chicago, not no Chi-raq
But I respect that, because you know we from the violence
Yeah, just took a new lease on an apartment
It's kinda humble, but I treat that bitch like it's my palace

[Verse 1: Saba]

Came with a vision and it's manifestin', yeah
Gang in this bitch like I'm gettin' blessed in, yeah
Raisin' a fist like a first place win
We cuttin' up, might need a first aid kid
Been workin' since I made my first playlist
Detergent keep it clean, the maid workin'
And turtle-like, came out the shell like, "Shit
Got my name in your mouth, why don't you tell my dick"
Man, I'm still that kid, this where real shit lives
Got the password to it, like I steal Netflix, mm
Michael Keaton in the stu', call me Beetlejuice
You can't do this shit alone, you gon' need a crew

[Chorus: Saba]

I can't fit your task in my schedule
She stay tryna call me, or message, I felt it
Yeah, she be with her girls, not no fellas
And they can get whoever they want 'cause they fearless
Yeah, she might make her last man jealous
She so rebellious, I stole her from him like Elvis
Yeah, I been on the grind, Rodney Mullen
I want a million, I want it all, me so selfish

[Verse 2: Joseph Chilliams]

Give 'em the eggplant like Courage the Cowardly
Her name sound like Amy Winehouse, singing Valerie
I don't know if my grandparents ever be proud of me
Droppin' F-bombs like a guest on Howard Stern
Since NSync broke up, I figured it's our turn
Gonna hit it from the back, like I fucked up a power turn
You havin' sex, better bring a hat like Kung Lao
You fun house, steady throwin' shade like sundials
Can we go thriftin'? That shit crackin' in the six

Make sure my print flickin' when they snappin' all my pics
Why shoot my shot? I could be battin' for the fence
Like Sammy Sosa, I know that I blacked in my past
Got this shit covered like a cast on my ass
I feel like T.I. when he got crack on the dash
Comfortable, chillin', like a scary movie villain
'Bout to make two grand when my streams hit a million

[Chorus: Saba]

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[Verse 3: Kari Faux]

See, my words leave burns to the third degree
So watch what you sayin', how you speakin' to me
I was a groovy mother-funker by the age of three
Waitin' for the mothership to shine it's beam on me
But in the meantime, I'll just chill with the humans
Where they love to live in chaos and buy into confusion
Everywhere I go I seem to feel like a shoobie
Probably jump to my death the way I jump to conclusions
Excuse me? Are you talkin' to me?
'Cause my name ain't (Ayy) and my time ain't free
Yeah, I know you wanna fuck, but you ain't qualified
One look into my eyes might leave you terrified
Take a peek inside your soul and see what's on your mind
It's very clear cut, there ain't no blurred lines
You a punk bitch, you a small fry
Your worst nightmare, I'm happenin' in realtime, nigga

[Chorus: Saba]

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Yeah, I been on the grind, Rodney Mullen
And I won a million, I want it all, me so selfish

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