

(Trust the fucking shooter)
Fuck with me, respect me
I fuck with you, respect you
You come for me, expect me
It's natural
I'm at you

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To me that shit is natural
See that's just, the universe working
It's natural
See that's just, the universe working
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To me that shit is natural
See that's just, the universe working boy
It's natural
See that's just, the universe working

I seen it all
Done it all
I guarantee y'all there'll be some soul searching involved
If we done lost one of ours
We was taught be a boss
Money, cars, beating off
And something with the engine in the trunk dawg
With three exhausts
Decision making, free it cost
Discount me, then we'll talk
Cause talk is cheap
Momma 'cross the street tryin' see us off
To college
We out here against all the non-belief
My Walkman is playing Malik, Jamal and Bahamadia
Still haven't figured out yet what I want my sound to be
Still rough around the edges
Fighting and waiving around the piece
In response to that 9/11
That night I got that beep
Or that shit got tied to me
I just wanted to rhyme
And everything that flashed in front of my eyes felt like some trick photogr
aphy
I had to go to open mics to show a different side of me
There's more to me than hoppin' over fences bro
It's gotta be
My calling, I gotta put my all in, the entire me
I'm starving
Momma pressin' five, collect callin'
Nine times in like two days
Now it's time to find new ways
To put that 5 and that 9 to use, eyy

There's significance in numbers as a youngin'
I thought of my first corny punchline from a chick who sucked my dick the longest
I was like "If I stick my dick in her ear I wonder if the bitch can hear me cumming"
Niggas from around the way I grew with is in the kitchen peelin' onions
While they momma's drop the tears that's from it
AKs that gunnin' to this day I still hear the drummin
I'm A1, I figured I'd end up with straight A's in something
Them growing pains were like Novacane
Boy they made us numbin'
I followed my gut like I ate a compass
I put all of my trust in my native stomach
My uncle Ozee got rich before me
Told me to save my money
And showed me dough he gave me none of
And he ain't even my shady or my crazy uncle
That's just on my momma's side
We ain't gon' talk about my fathers side
Ain't nothing over there but a bunch of drug use and homicide
I been through some things that should've left me traumatized
But didn't
See, these were just experiences
I was 10, my father tried to spank me with his hand
Not knowing I'm holdin' a pen
Before he knew it the pen went straight through his hand
Imagine me, him and my mom at the Hospital tryin' to explain this one y'all
Doctor like "wow, you were trying that hit that kid pretty hard"
I Had to talk to the cops like look "this is just who we really are!"
Montgomery's my nigga
Montgomery's my nigga
When my uncle was living he couldn't babysit me for long
Cause he might pop and turn somebody high-
top to a Gumby right in front of me
And I'mma need to get blood wiped out my onesie my nigga
Montgomery's my nigga
Montgomery's my nigga
Sometimes I want to just want to die
Sometimes I just want to cry rivers
But I got to stay alive for my mother, my son and my sister
My daughter, my wisdom
All that I have is all that I give them

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