

JID, 30 (Freestyle, Warszawa 2023)

Conductor

Christo

Let's just be quiet one second, please

This is rappin', dawg, like

Everything real vanilla

Everything movin' real vanilla right now, we just (Look)

How ever long I write this

This what we gon' call it (Dawg)

Look at me, uh (Look)

Niggas know I ain't the one to sleep on

I'm under pressure, gotta sleep with the heat

An extra clip beside the dresser like I'm Pac

Paranoid niggas puffin' pot

Puffin' it out your chest, boy (Hmh)

Stop, we ain't stupid, we ain't stuntin' you or nothin' you doin'

I'm the intruder, the pursuer, the persuader, the shooter

I display a wide 'ray of different styles

My latest, nun' greater

I graduated from furious mad now I'm just aggravated

Say congratulations everybody I can activate

Imagine if they had first let Barry Bonds from out the battin' cages

Pre-performance enhancing behavior 'round my accolades

Run my bath and rub my back, baby, they been sack-chasing

If all these rats racin', I'm comin' in last place

Snakes in the grass, I haul ass at a fast pace

Offense, autographed the ball, I pass great

I'm an athlete, turn your favorite rapper to the ashes in an ashtray

Look, shit, ask Trey, ask Slew, ask Izzy, ask Squig, and ask Dre

Ask around the A, ask the master on the plantation and ask the magistrate

Who the biggest, baddest in the land?

Is about to masturbate with both hands? Smack it across your face

Drop a tape before the album, most of you lost taste

But I'm sniffin' like a hound for a scent of the lost greats

Trying to figure out if I'm really him or a fraud, fake

He gon' find a way either in the game or God's gates

Put your guard up or pick your rod up, it's time to play

Hit your squad up, we beat you all up and take your ball, bruh

All tough behind the screen but softer than my broad butt

Raw, uncut, behind the scene

I'm all the things I say, I mean, and all the things I mean, I say, respond to beef, s'il vous plait

Shifu, I'm the master, I'm the dragon and the teacher and I carry Christ passion, let it

Blast through the speakers, let my black ass show when I'm on the stage

Droppin' Ether, I'm very unethical when it comes to public speakin'

I probably been smokin' and drinkin', saying what the fuck I been thinkin'

Oh, Jesus, they just let him off the leash and now he aimin' for your head

Put the old people, children, and women to bed

Heard JID walkin' 'round with the infrared

Bruh done went off the edge

Don't be scared, we could save 'em and talk him back off the ledge

If it's beef, eating flesh, he turn into a Tyrannosaurus rex

Give a fuck about who you said was up next and up now

I'm on the outside looking into the crowd like a sniper shooting bugs off your windshield wiper

My rhyme cypher like a brtt-a, fully loaded rifle, nigga

Fucking hate it, love it, I like it, I'm still like that

Easy