

FAIRCHILD LABS



*I put my money on the longshots
All my ballers that's born to clock
Know I'ma be on top whether I perform or not
I went from lukewarm to hot, sleepin' on futons and cots
To King size, Dream machines, the green 5's
I've seen pies, let the thing between my eyes analyze life's ills
Then I put it down type braille
I'm tight grill with the phony, rappers y'all might feel we homies
I'm like still, y'all don't know me
I'm tight grill when my situation ain't improvin'
I'm tryna murder everything movin'
Feel me?*

the monopoly of flow
