

He say he the G.O.A.T., I come for his body

Platinum 'cause he bought the copies

Shoulda just passed me the torch, I got no remorse, I beat him like Rocky

I fill the tank up with Diesel, you jealous of me and I see you

'Cause on this day, Originals just can't fk with the sequel**

I'm new school, got new hits

Space Jam, not Blue Chips

Hangman, your shoes sh*t

Dame 6, I'm too lit

Big name, got big bread, but you corny

Gift bags get purchased every time you get horny, then they repo'd

Love you when you was in beast mode, lowkey thought you was the cheat code

Know that you shoot for the cheap hos, shoot any rock like your free throws

know you see my pockets deep so your flexin' ain't really your thing, bro

We both could be working at Kinkos and Kobe won you them rings, though

Nursery rhyme spitting, small car sittin', Icy Hot poster boy

TNT snitchin' you big man hatin', mad at my existence

Had a song with Bad Boy, no Jordan to the Pistons.

Still getting to the chicken, this aint nothing new to me. I always been the chosen one, nothing you can do with me.

This what rich look like before the dough and jewelry

I'm from where Tom Hanks from but no Tomfoolery.

Do it for the fam, ain't no magic, no Kazaam

Ain't no flexin' for the gram, I'm for real.

I promise you won't really wanna meddle with me still

All your personalities, real characters could get revealed

We coulda did a track together, just pass the torch

It's lit without you, brother, I was bustin' off the porch

Car 911, dustin' off the Porsche

"Look inside that statue at Staples and find a corpse ...

Confused to why you barked up the tree, 'cause I'ma do ya

Versace on my body, you finally gon' meet Medusa.

Don't know if I address you as Shaq or Shaq Fu?!

Ya old head can't see me he blinded, Slick Rick Tha Ruler!

Pride all in the way and you know it, you big cocky

Heard my rhymes and quickly turned into a disc jockey

N** wanna play with the monster, you Big Papi**

Was mad at Steph unanimous trophy, you sick, probably

It'd be wise to move on, Aristotle, 'cause this a gimme

All the money in the world, but traded you for Penny

You're corny with the legends so your time I get with plenty

Never run from smoke, I'm the type to climb up the chimney

Was really feeling threatened, at least enough to diss me

Shoulda knew this was a shootout, I could never let you zip me

Said that max was little, that \$250 million crispy

Can't recall you getting that when I was cruising on a 10 speed

This a different era, you the past and you the pass

Said yourself that I'm a Tesla no longer need diesel gas

Kinda like the Cavs ain't really need Diesel ass

and even in Miami, won that on the strength of Flash

You had a moment, OG, you're the pioneer, but I didn't reach the top at this point and the climb in clear.