

## Los

### "Over"

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[Verse 1: Los]

I'm really on my bullsh\*t, I'm an asshole  
The way a n\*gga shining, I don't even have a shadow  
I'm too bright to follow, your boo like to swallow  
She come rub my wood first, do like Apollo  
You too light, too shallow, who you call fight here?  
Any less feeling and your raps would be a light beer  
I got 'em by a light year, and yeah I really got it  
You the last day of a period, n\*gga you barely spotted  
I'm murder on a notepad, your favorite rappers toe-tag  
And jewelry, Louie V shoe, belt, coat, bag  
Fresh off the boat swag, wavy than a motherf\*cker  
My raps Roc (rock) Nations, no Jay-Z in this  
motherf\*cker  
Okay, n\*gga get ya weight up, you frail and  
embarrassing  
You ain't nothing like Los, you pale in comparison  
Never go against Los, hail him and cherish him  
I'm soning rappers, how the f\*ck I fail to encourage  
'em?  
Your garments is awful, try to shop where I shop  
Your pockets'll break fast, omelets and waffles  
Make bread, break bread, I bring mine to dinner  
Hit the Gucci store and cop the spring line in the winter  
I buy what you lease out, you dream what I rent out  
Basement ass n\*ggas always screaming at the  
penthouse  
Piss me off, I'mma start naming n\*ggas now  
And anybody can get it like I'm aiming in the crowd  
Put a lion in a cage, you can't tame him if he wild  
You can strap me to a gurney, you can chain a n\*gga  
down  
If a gangster n\*gga quiet, and the lamest n\*ggas loud  
Then a silence on the scope and I'm aiming for the  
crown  
Motherf\*cker

[Hook]

I see way too many haters here right now  
That I didn't see last year, who the f\*ck are y'all?  
I swear it feels like the last few months

They been overlooking me but I feel on that enough in  
the mall  
So what are you doing? What are you doing?  
You ain't doing sh\*t if you ain't signing me  
'Cause I'm doing me, I'm on the top right now man  
And this where I'm gon be till it's over  
Till it's over and your career is over

[Verse 2: Los]

Okay, shout out to my n\*ggas that was really in the  
feds  
That been f\*cking with me since I ripped A Milli in  
shreads  
When the Glock click, my click was really getting bread  
Benz, cool Range Rov, hit him in the head  
When it come to the flow, I kill a n\*gga dead  
Like bears if you catch any gorillas in your bed  
I ain't finna get his scrilla, n\*gga silly in the head  
Hit the rap game, make a couple milli then I fled  
Then I'm long gone, N-Y, M-I-A, Hong Kong  
DC, A-T-L on chrome, no dome  
Wherever I ride, wherever I slide  
I'm good, I'm gritty wherever I drive  
I'm clever, I'm better forever, I'm fly, if ever you by my  
side  
Just pick up a pen and a pad and I'll leave you some  
swag  
Then you can brag and back up all that talk you got  
Telling n\*ggas all that heart you got  
You say you the Uno, you know we pull n\*ggas cards a  
lot  
Boy don't even start it, stop, please don't get me  
started, stop  
'Cause soon as I start it, stop, I wreck sh\*t from start to  
stop  
From the day they left my father shot  
Yeah that was my baddest year, my worst and my  
saddest year  
But I am still standing here, now let's get my status  
clear  
N\*gga, I am over everything like the stratosphere  
N\*gga

[Hook]

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