

## Los "Panic Mode"

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[Intro]

Los, I got it let me do it

[Verse 1]

I say niggas always hatin'™ but damn I love my city  
I just came out and you didnt, you like Janets other titty  
I get respect in the hood cuz I earned it fo'™ sho  
And I make home look good like a furniture store  
who the best rapper alive they say I'm™ out for ya  
spot

And Im a hustla for real I put my couch on ya block  
I take a shit on ya lawn, what could you possibly do?  
You bitches talkin too much feel like I'm™ watchin  
The View

Word to my watch and my shoe its time to step on them  
hoes

I got a hook up on bullets and bitch my weapons reload  
I could bury you, I'm™ d rather embarrass you homes  
Your girl go down on me slow I call it parachute dome  
100 miles an hour 100 thousand dollar pair of shoes on  
And a watch so sick I think I need to put some theraflu  
on

I got a terrace view home, I'm™ in Paris you home  
No comparison you niggas is perishing, GONE

[Chorus]

I said I got a lil secret and dont nobody know it  
But my watch so loud it might f-ck around and blow it  
Let me pan it down I cant stand a clown  
So I'm™ finna kill 'em you should panic now

This is panic mode, nigga this is panic mode  
This is panic mode, this is this is panic mode  
You niggas think you sick, well Im the antidote  
And this is panic mode this is this is panic mode

[Verse 2]

Too beastly to be defeated, I'm™ ve reached the peak  
of a genius

I keep it clean its no secret, my sneakers speaky no  
English

My swag on retarded niggas drivin'™ Miss Daisy

(what that mean?)

That mean my swag known to drive a bitch crazy  
Put my hands on these niggas to put them feet on that  
Porche

These niggas sleepin on Los but Los asleep on ya  
porch

Man what these rappers about tell em I'm back in  
the house

To take a shit in ya kitchen and take a nap on ya couch  
But I'm never gon slack

Cuz I'm live from the hood where the metal go clap  
And I came up from the bottom I'm ma never go back

And I'm better then ya better so you better go prac-  
tice, fact is, I'm bossin', you bloggin',

I'm all in, you log in

I'm ballin', you bargain, I barge in, you call in,  
dail in

They couldnt get a second outta my day

I could climb over these mountains or push 'em out  
of my way

F-ck else I gotta say, this shit's embarassin'  
homes

Aint no comparison, yall niggas perishin',  
gonnnne

[Chorus]

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