

Training For Utopia

"Tunnel Vision"

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We zoned in, no peripheral
Soli focused on gettin it
Luck Mob, nigga

(Hook)

Got on my super stunnas with the tunnel vision
I'm fly (fly) in my stunnas with the tunnel vision (ay)
Fast cars, credit cards, boy I'm on a mission (uh huh)
Bank accounts, large amounts, yea I'm tryin to get it,
yea

(Verse 1 - TrakBoss)

Yung TrakBoss, coolest nerd you ever met
Baby if I lay that pipe I guarantee you won't forget
Bite my tongue, not the type, not the one to have
regrets
If that beat is hittin right then you know I'ma say some
shit
Always comin with that heat, you should expect nothin
less
Kicks bangin like a thumper homie, you gon wanna vest
Got a sound that's worth a milli, it'd be dumb to not
invest
Did you hear me? Yea I said a milli, nigga, run a check
A lot of people frontin on me but I'm used to that
Negative energy, ay I know what to do with that
You better mention me when you discussing who can
rap
And if you hear that "trakboss" you know who producin
that/
They say I talk a lot of shit but I can back it up
I'm talkin big chips, bitch, watch me stack it up
I'll stuff yo chick with dick until she say she had enough
Ain't no time to fall in love when you out here baggin
bucks

(Hook)

Got on my super stunnas with the tunnel vision
I'm fly (fly) in my stunnas with the tunnel vision (ay)
Fast cars, credit cards, boy I'm on a mission (uh huh)
Bank accounts, large amounts, yea I'm tryin to get it,

yea
(Repeat Once)

(Verse 2 - KD)

Bad bitches only, I stay on some Tyga shit
Eagle swag, flyest clothes, flyest hoes, flyest kicks
Catch me steppin out, boy you know what I'm about
All I talk about is money so the lames close they mouth
Told Trak it's to the top, aint no reason looking back
Whole click getting rich when this left lane crack
While I stay up in the booth as the personified truth,
JFK, no roof
Do you niggas need further proof
My bitch blowing reefa while I'm pulling out the visa
Bookin cabo two months early cause it's cheaper
You aint playing games, fuck nigga, me neither
Got these suburb hoes catching south side fever
She was moscato now I got her sippin Henn
Deep up in the hood in a spot she never been
If you aint with a real nigga baby that's a sin
It's a million dollar mission, fetti tunnel vision, ya heard

(Hook)

Got on my super stunnas with the tunnel vision
I'm fly (fly) in my stunnas with the tunnel vision (ay)
Fast cars, credit cards, boy I'm on a mission (uh huh)
Bank accounts, large amounts, yea I'm tryin to get it,
yea
(Repeat Once)

Ay we too distracted from all distractions
The eyes behind these frames only see the finish line
Haha, tunnel vision

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