

Neako**"Cloud 333"**

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Ah, I'm floating on cloud 9
I'm feeling results, of a 9 win about mine
Been in the trances, 9, it's about time
I'm a rhyme, I just riddle facts
Money and cars is the things that they give you back
All in the projects, tell me can you picture that
I'm in a places that I never seen you niggas at
I ain't lying, switch flows I ain't trying
You been tryina sell me info, I ain't buyin
Put in work, many hours, I was slave, many powers
I display, make these cowards run away
I drift like the weed smoke, inhale, exhale as we go
Spanish girls yeah they sippin henny
You can get it, if you tryina spend it, pretty penny follow
me

Money on my mind, put the dummies in line
With my back against the wall, never slippin, never fall
Hittin licks from the winter to the fall
Need a real nigga only is up when I call
Wish I can do tease while you shoppin in the mall
Hit the streets, smoking dutches of the vault
Get me home, hit the sheets, no pennies, no draws
Buckin to me soft, I'm a rebel with a cause
Then we take em to a tour, niggas always want more
But I ain't got the time, tryina make the world mine
But I rhyme my mental, so taking my 10-4, like I was a
winslow
You get it, don't regret it, if I said it
Bitches hating on the low
But I don't never sweat it, just dead in them falls
Let me get this fetty, paper chase on my toes
So I'm always on the go
Never going down, call up another round, it's the lvl
sound

These levels are endless, my enemies senseless
Pull up and pull off in a big boy engine
You niggas defenseless, my youngers relentless
The plane lefal, nigga we living
My verses are terrible, but all my niggas in prison

I'm good with the words but even great with the vision
I could reach you from far, I got the illest precision
I done a lot on my own, so I could earn my own throne
Stack up and get this money and get a new home
Acting but feel the pressure, a nigga hood grown
I set out for glory, I own the pen, the form, writing the
story
I see no nigga before me, or anywhere in sight
This is celebratory, let's go!

Queen with a crown, every down for whatever
Whenever wherever on my Maxwell shit
Pluck pigeons by the feather, they off like they gather
Blunts on the dresser, make moves that's clever
Under pressure, I never fold
I got 9 lives, let the story be told
I be the black cat, with my eyes cold
Listen the moon way, and let the time go
I'm tryina do right, but I can't move slow
Hit the pedal to the floor cause I can't get enough
And I always want more
Push the button on you hoes, while I'm making all the
noise
Pushing big boy toys in the ring like Floyd
Get your niggas high and I'm home paranoid
All my bitches high, flick it up on polaroid
I gotta get high just to get by
Blowing weed, smoke, level up,
This shit would be televised.

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