

Realm Reality

"Wavy"

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(Intro)

I'm wavy

Yup yup I'm wavy

(Verse)

Hello, how we doin? My niggarrizz influence

My pictures move in units, please forgive me for my movements

My life is like a dream while I'm sleepin next to bad bitches

With cash finish from a fast business

If I could fight a season I would lyrically smack winners

A product of my summers cuz I shine different

My mind distance, defined by seeing grind instant

Divine wisdom, inclined to see my grand vintage

Wavy is as wavy does, major love

Shiked a hugs, Laperla underwear that make me fuck

Ditement here for who can Hemmy bottle poppin

Shout out my nigga JO, ayo we never stopping

Flow is liquid like drinkin a couple mystics

I'm pissing over the critics, I gave no fuck bout they feelings

I mean, divine intervention, grind with my team

Supplyin for my demand, from a plan devised from a scheme

My dreams while shorty was making out with her best friend

Jelly grabbed my hand and then told me we should be best friends

Steven Tyler moments from this music shit

Orgies like I'm a lunatic, golf bitches like Young Yeans

The guns blam but I'mma lean in lyrically

Surrounded by the goonies, no movies that do it literally

She killing me softly, coffee I'm coughing

Her buster's probly divorcing, the game she know that is costly

(Hook x2)

I'm wavy, nig nig I'm wavy

I'm drowning in pussy, no one can save me

I'm wavy, nig nig I'm wavy
They pockets is heavy, that's why they hate me

(Verse)

Uh I think she like me, I don't want a wifey
I just wanna pipe her down, let er force it run a while
Fun with me, let's have fun, celebrating 21
Flirting with success, open your mouth and let this
money come
The best shooter that's in the clique, I don't even own a
gun
Robutusin lean, while holdin heat I guess I palmed the
sun
Further and beyond, it was written in the stars
That this kid from Menehem will be a king behind these
bars
Controlling every cell block, a rap with any flow to
match
Burn your house down til your image is all that's left,
collapse
But I'mma bring it back to moving units
The car that Stacy Dash, you know, clueless
My wave is like draft depicting killas
That reach appeal over status, a infamy causing havoc
If you ask me, my nigga there free
Bout to kill a whole gang with my flows beside his beat
like

(Hook x2)

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