

(Ayy man, cray just hit my line, told me ni**as talkin' 'bout he got a dub on his head, man, ni**a)
oh, really

And I got my mask on while I'm rappin', ni**a, I'm on that bulls**t, ni**a, the f**k is you talkin
bout, big doe beezy (the f**k is a dub, ni**a, what you gon' do with that? Haha)

Top shotta, don dada ni**as (rubberband murder gang, rubberband money gang, ni**a)

Put some gas on these ni**as h*es

Amiri head to toe, all these bad bi**hes diggin' it (let's go)

Ridin' with a .50, she gon' f**k on this givenchy (f**k all that)

Lambo' truck with my shooters (skrrt) with some switches in it (lambo', lambo')

Hop up out that bi**h, walk you down, then get missin' in it (boom, boom, boom)

He's outta here, now, I'm outta here, uh (I'm outta here, I'm gone, I'm gone)

Shoot up the party if we catch the opps in here (f**k, they outta here)

You se me in traffic, better know them glocks in here (they gone)

On they life, they fifty racks but it's a thousand shots in here (oh, really?)

Hold on, hey (hello, hello)

That's me wavin' at my opps (hello)

I got mans on they block, bi**h, I come through wavin' glocks (how y'all been?)

I got mad look in his eye before I hit him with the chop' (boom, boom, boom)

Don't cop from bro, he savage, shake your hand, then hit you with the wop (oh, really? Fetty)

Fifty racks on me (racks, racks), got a opp thot with me (let's go)

Dare her get a drop up, that hoe gettin' dropped with me

All these shots with me, damn, the s**t feel like infinity

Bought that bi**h a foreign, bi**h, hop out that infiniti

In the hood, drop top, bi**h, I feel like kennedy

I ain't never worried, bi**h, I'm richer than my enemies

He in the grave, they know who dug that

Let me shut up, gotta hold my tongue back

Pistol get to wylin', tweakin', need to hold my gun back

I'm big homie, I'm not worried 'bout no little bitty rugrat

I f**k with the scammers, bro can't wait to punch that

And I f**k with the robbers, trappers and killers pushin' skulls back

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On the lot, they forty shots, heavey day two-twenty

He keep talkin' with his fingers, do him like they did sunny
Paid in full like I'm mitch but my nose not runny
So a ni**a can't wipe it, other words, can't slime me
Other words, can't snake me
Like I do line and there leaves on they block
I'ma pull up, get the huh, huh, get to blowin'
Like I play ball and they street full of hoops
I'ma pull up, get the huh, huh, get to scorin'
Pull up the number before five and the letter after n
Everybody look surprised and say, "who the f**k is him?"
Once that money on your mind, killers, ain't no stoppin' them

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Bro know he got static in the 'raq, call swerv
He got money, he get ni**as whacked, that's what y'all heard
Lot of stashes through the trenches but a safe house in the 'burbs
Keep the windows up, we hoppin' out, the driver jump the curb, some nerve
Opps ain't on they block, somehow they speakin' words
F**k herb, must ain't hear what happened, he said somethin' to herb
Spin for thirty days straight, you hit his face, you get a curve
Hunnid k before the first, I give you fifty by the third
Ayy, doe, what you finna do? See them ni**as shoot
I'm with villains, I be drillin' too, know that feelin' too
Ain't on pills so I be chillin', boolin', I be feelin' cool
I get angry, I be in the mood, watch a ni**a ooze on his shoes