

Aw shit
Aw shit
Yeah
All that

I know pimps
I know hustling ass bitches
I know dealers
I know cold-hearted killers
All of 'em in the house and you nervous as fuck
But I'm chilling, I'm chilling

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I'm chilling, I brung 'em in here
They're my niggas, they're my familia
They're my bitches, they might kill ya
That's my main thang, that's her sister
We ain't married, but we live here
And for better or for worse we getting millions
Low riders at the airport, now guess who sent them
To pick mu homie up, he just getting here
From Cali to Dallas, Atlanta, now we back again
We live this life, you niggas just be repping it
Coupe roof milkyway, got the stratosphere
Rap-rapping out of my mind got me up in here

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Yeah
Yeah
Yeah
Da da
Da da
Da da
Eastside
Andretti
Luger