

Two shots of whatever, two shots of whatever  
It's like tug-of-war, tryna pull myself together  
I could probably do better, but probably's like never  
I'm a pimp under pressure, leave my money on the dresser

Goons in this bitch, leave a nigga on a stretcher  
It's all there papa, you ain't even got to measure  
Laughing at how my old bitches look jealous  
Well what goes around comes around, propellers  
Money Over Bitches, M.O.B, goodfellas  
Cut our ears off, ain't shit you could tell us  
Write your name on the bullet, that's a fuckin' love letter  
If I ain't a trendin' topic, I'm a fuckin' trend-setter, I'm on

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If you're scared, go to church, Mason Betha  
Sometimes the paper chase could be like chasin' a leopard  
The pussy wetter, wetter than it's ever been  
But she gone probably try to cross the line like a Mexican  
I ain't on that bullshit, shorty fine as fuck though  
Now she kiss me on my neck, I hope she ain't cut-throat  
Cut down on the syrup cause it made me fuck slow  
Shoot so many times I'mma choke off the gunsmoke  
Life, death, love, hate, pleasure, pain  
Pay me no mind but I don't have change  
I cock back and aim at your membrane  
Broad day, no mask, close range

You can get two shots from wherever, two shots from whoever  
It be like a puzzle tryna put you back together  
I should probably do better but probably, whatever

Your bullshit is stinkin' up the place  
Me no tek bad up, me a done de place  
Can't let these bitch niggas slide and touch base  
I make her cum so many times, call her "nutcase"  
It's Young Money baby, take your clothes off  
Give me them three holes, bowlin' ball  
Two shots of whatever  
Keep them bitches cummin' and she gon' do whatever

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