

This where we from, this where we stay
This where we live, this where we play
Aye
You heard that, you heard that
You heard that, you heard that

I know how to trap, I know how to sell dope
I know how to rob, I know how to pimp a hoe
I know how to make the hammer cock back on the 44
I know how to order 5 bricks, then order 40 more
22 inches on it, the Benzes where the rappers go
Dro with 2 twin supermodel bitches up on the top floor
Body full of liquor, I don't need your crumbs, hoe
Fuck what you heard, I'm hard, they soft, hoe
What you gotta say about that skiddle shit
Taste the rainbow, you niggas ain't with it
Put the chain on the Roadster, Porsh roster
Standin in the trap, sittin down, but I'm layd up
Glocked up, boddy full of lead when I'm done here
Dreamin bout my career, now I'm stuntin
Had it comin for a long time, I got it
No pussy nigga can beat us, gotta let 'm know

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Look, the rims, the car, my grill
Dro the best thang smokin, shawty, I'm for real
I hit the ghetto in the Porsh truck, what it is
I was gone, got me a deal, what it is
I got them niggas actin like they shook
Now them hoes in the club, like, girl, look
That nigga Dro, I know he a thug, but girl, look
24 main on Dub, girl, look
Look, that Pontiac Michael Cane car
I heard it was fast, with them birds on the top
I heard it can talk, like them Bentley ones
I heard he got a BMW, like James Bond
Fuck what you heard, look here, boo, chop me
Straight up out the ghetto, section 8, Coope poppin
I be rockin, way back, ATL's mascot
RAF throwback, polls with 67 squad
They ain't know bout that, fooled you with the rich man
Heard you in the hood, you with the head man
Ice on my hand, blingin like a star
Bitch up in the car, and she off a brown bar
Dro!

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It ain't a secret no more, niggas know I run the streets
Come and holler at your boy, got them units for the chief
If you think about robbin, got the chopper on the backseat
Light lotto, if you in luck, you can play with me
I have your head hangin, like a kid on a jungle gym
This the jungle we in, don't come if you never been
20 years be the rims, we sittin high on them
Know you gotta hit me, only way I ride with them
Nigga gonna ride with them, cause nothin but some killers here
This my trap, this my baby, pimpin ain't no deal in here
Pimpin, what's the deal in here, you see how big the club be
I love my southern girls, you see how big they ass be
Plus, they all over me, all of them attached to me
Niggas keep on askin me for work, stop harassin me
Bottom line, this the Aye, this where I was respected at
It's Kuntry King, man, show me where your lovers at

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