

Promise Heron I'll put my fist up
After I get my dick sucked
Quick buck, maybe a gold chain

With that fucking flow the system so belittles
Man, they tentatively tend to turn and go when I am finished
Stone cold, hardly fucking with these niggas, nigga listen
The description doesn't fit, if not a synonym of menace
Then forget it, in turn these critics and interns
Admitting the shit spitted, just burn like six furnaces
Rent, it'll fix learning them digits and simultaneously
Dispelling "one-trick-pony" myths, isn't he?
One adolescent, fucking six nigga energy
Crawling down 'Fax like a rich nigga centipede
Crack ceramic and slap a hand out of cash account
Stamp and shouting, thrashing, these niggas done let the Kraken out
Crack-a-lackin, like snap, crackle, poppin' your ammo or
Hide your face, and throw your flannels off, Sweatshirt, nigga

'87 roof top rising
Whipping hoopties, tryna boost raw chronic
Brutus in that booth, double scoop, hock vomit up
Sub rocking thud knocking niggas teeth loose
Bruh, I don't fuck with no cops Rolling with that flow swamp
Catch me over stove top (Rapping to that coke rock)
Passionless in old Jive clothing with them doors wide open
Dim the floor lights focused
Like it's nothing, cause it's nothing, bitch

From that city that's recession-hit, where stressed
Niggas could flex metal with pedal to rake pennies in
Desolate testaments trying to stay Jekyll-ish
But most niggas Hyde and Brenda just stay pregnant
Breaking news that's less important when the Lakers lose
It's lead in that baby food, hands try to make it through
Fish-netted legs for them eyes that she cater to
Ride dirty as the fucking sky that you praying to
So here I sit, eye in the pyramid
God spit it like it's truth serum in that beer and then
(Poof) Disappear again, reappear bearded on
Top of a lear steering it into the kid's ear again
Provider of the backdrop music
For the crack rock user and the mascot, Earl
Rawer than the skin, knee cap on that black top
Salivary glands lighter fluid for the matchbox
Striking, wait, who the fuck you badder than?
Boy oh boy, I'm bad as burnt pollo off the grill and shit
Spitter of the little nick, nimble rick rolling bitch
Niggas pick litter, piff-blower, plus I pillage shit

Quit with all that tough talk, bruh, we know you niggas ain't about shit
Come around, we gun 'em down, bodies piled, Auschwitz
Bulletproof outfits, weapons concealed
I'm ready to kill, so test it, all my weapons is real
Selling thizz, couldn't tell him what the recipe is
Got 'em wishing that they never gave these weapons to kids, cheers
Send chills up spines of fat bitches after

Shows throwing out sandwiches, niggas get it how they
Live and I live for money, other words, I'm getting money
Little boy taught me when it's time to ride, they'll send him for me
Ain't nobody scaring me, niggas ain't prepared for heat
Tools hit like pool sticks, the way I cue shit
If this was '88, I would have signed to Ruthless
'94 would have had them walking down Death Row
First is when the best go, hate is what the rest do
Voice inside my head told me wet 'em if they test you
So it's raging water season
That yomper big as Larry Johnson, leave your momma seedless
Everybody hard until it's only God they seeing
Kittens soft but in they songs be trapping hard as Jeezy, I don't believe it
But to each his own, I ain't tripping long as I can reach the chrome
Heat your home like Southern California Gas, police pass
Tell 'em free Smalls, off Palm with the heat drawn
Strapped up long as the chief for police armed
Raised where the beasts are, north of the Beach
A couple streets past Baby Jay, bony niggas spraying Ks
Ruger with the pork face, Jewish for the court case
Here to save you niggas from the sorbet, Coldchain

Like it's nothing cause it's nothing, bitch