Hot summer nights cold still we lurking Squad up, send a nigga home if he nervous We ain't shooting just to get a name cause we murder No witness they ain't see what happen but they heard 'em We serve 'em, do they boys proper with them big choppers Tell the law to call the coroners, forget the doctors Cause that nigga dead, hit his body hit his dead Left him there [?] put his soul up in the air Ya, shit I can make you soldiers disappear At the point of a finger, my man will point the banger And take you pussy niggas out like fast food Bad moves, I'll have him drop the shells like they cashews Cash rules everything that's near me So if you owe me money, you better bring it hurry, ya hear me? A lot niggas they be scary But I be in the hood super dirty like I'm Harry Catch me I be fresher than I've been Hater, no I've never been You catch me in the squad I'm riding by you with that metal and I be on the south side but north death forever him From where they get that work and run that cheddar in You better than, who not me Mel Love and Young P Be for real that Nigga 'Lil he a fucking young G And I'm a boss you can tell Ricky Ross to come see In Philly, where the murder rate get higher than a tree That sour that D purp, piff ooh wee Have a nigga on lean like promethazine I'm a pro with the wings like pay less pay that My niggas drop work and bring it way back, weigh that Throw it in the hood, the fiends say it's good And the dope boys they go crazy and come straight back Like cornrows, you niggas on hoes Fuck a brick, I'm trying to get it by the boat load Getting money I wouldn't really say that My niggas trying to turn a 62 into a Maybach Drop pot and weigh that Chop rock and slang that Middle of the hood the narcs lurking where you stay at My man told me never do dirt where you lay at The fiends fiending got the work so fuck it I'mma take that I ain't going to let it walk by me, I'mma chase that There's money to be made got to make that, real