

The world is yours and everything in it
You gonna go get it?

Mama couldn't save me, daddy did so he couldn't raise me
I'm still tripping off them hoes that played me
Same bitches fronting on me when I had my baby
It's crazy, and niggas say they made me
Taking credit from my mama, shit amaze me
How niggas talking down when I'm not around
But every time I'm in the building, schhh, not a sound
I line my haters up and clap them down
That choppa have nigga dancing like he Bobby Brown
I'm well-respected in my city, even out of town
And don't ever tuck my chain
Nigga, how that sound? How that look?
We don't live by the book, we just live by the code
A lot of niggas got exposed when feds came through
They was dropping names too
Niggas say I changed up but I'm with the same crew
I was always told to get the money and remain you
Never let these pussy niggas say what you can't do
Every time they said that I left, that was when I came through
Range new, .38 special when the flame blew
Just in case I gotta flame you
What a feeling when them people tryna frame you
Look you in a cell when they detain
Rather die before I go out working like I'm Django
I'm gone...

Niggas want me dead everyday that I wake up
Fuck what they talking 'bout, nigga I'm talking paper
And here's another one, here's another one
Streets is watching
A new bitch, new car
Her ass up, I go hard
And here's another one, here's another one
Streets is watching

If I fuck her, I'm brainless
She fuck me, she might get famous
She might get a chance to ride jet and drive Rangers
Money'll have your closest friends turning into strangers
That's dangerous, niggas shoot and they'll aim at us
Shooting in the sky, you tryna hit the angels up
Niggas tripping like I'm dipping off angel dust
And all these cubans 'round me neck getting tangled up
I only fuck with bad bitches that be trained to fuck
Five niggas, ten bitches running train on us
Looking at these rap niggas they all lame as fuck
Mini skirts, skinny jeans with the strangest cuts
I stick to the script, switch like stick on the shift
Early mornings in the kitchen like I'm whippin'...
Nigga, I could score your bitch with a flick of the wrist
Swear that Audemar flash light like I'm flicking a pic