

Ain't nothing fucking with Ag and Pistol Paz  
'Bout to spaz with the bars like Alcatraz  
Word to Sean, 'bout to kick a bone up out your ass  
The rap shit could do better off without your ass  
I'm not a rap fan, but I smoke the Afghan  
Stand like the last man, cats need a CAT scan  
Brain need a transplant, stupid fuck, hashtag  
You the type to wash your face with an ass rag  
Kill cockroach rappers like a black flag  
What make Ag mad is bombs in Baghdad  
Put your soul on ice too, Ras Kass  
It ain't funny when Ag with the last laugh  
You eat bath salts, I do salt baths  
Psycho flow rap, all you do is talk trash  
Raw perico, black from Puerto Rico  
Popping large, big shout from the east coast

Turn me all the way up, high as fuck  
The industry not high enough  
You eye in eye with the higher you, but there ain't no "I" in "Us"  
See, Hov one of my favorites, I ain't trying to bust  
Same way I'm unsigned, guess I ain't try enough  
Vinnie stalk you like an Audi coming, Maserati  
Body something, I'm dutching the lobby  
Probably with shotties busting  
You hot like oil, then Ag'll roast you, you get shot like photos  
Heavy metal Glock in my photo, nigga, we'll rock and roll you  
Off the bridge, you don't want no drama  
I'mma catch you in the Bahamas and put your brain on your baby mama  
Now we can talk about mills when I'm finished  
Hennessy was a popular drink and it still is  
I'm 'bout to turn these faggot niggas into mannequins  
It don't even matter why I'm mad again  
Kill him at the Vatican  
He a square? Kill him at the Madison Garden  
Like a motherfucking Spartan cause I'm panicking  
Nigga

A muhfucker stupid if he think life fair  
See, waking from a dream and seeing me is a nightmare  
The chopper gon' lift this dummy out of his Nike Airs  
Muhfucker see black mirrors and white bears  
You see this is life here, take this advice here  
You witnessing the second crucifixion of Christ here  
I'm 'bout to catch a homi when I dim all the lights here  
The bullets travel fast, but it feel like a light year  
I came straight from Hell with a pitch black force  
With a black pitch fork and a pitch black Porsche  
Yous a baby food dude and your shit's that soft  
I'm the bang, bang, body bag, click-clack boss  
It's dark here, Philly don't bother with street lights  
McLaren F1's move faster than street bikes  
It's peace till the OG, give me the green light  
I slap the ghost out of anybody that breathe hype