

Ohh, ohh yeah
(Woah Kenny!)

Feeling like Claude and Ray, they offerin' all the days
They tried to say that I had a lil package I might miss the holidays
I'm flyin' all the time, I done did all the crime
Life, life, life made me lose my mind
Feel just like Claude and Ray, they offerin' all the days
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Feelin' like Ray and Claude, fuck it I'll raise the bar
Fuck it, I hate the bars, I don't wanna taste the bars
Niggas gon' see the bars, 'cause they couldn't beat the charge
If they come lock me up, I bet I'm gon' get paid tomorrow
I had to beat the odds, fuck it, I'm grievin' now
I'mma defeat the odds, there's nothin' to think about
Facin' a hundred, they get what they wanted
I'm digging a hole, I been visitin and runnin'
Facin' a hundred, we blew all the money
We knew we was hot so we blew all the money
It's blowing the money

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Bootleggin' all the hoochs, who the gangsta out the two?
Never call another man soft, unless you fightin', and shooting
Stones all in my pocket, gun line, don't cross it
Bottles on top of bottles, I'm in the field, I can't get right
That chopper turn you into nigga pies
Drummer gang hit that thing right
In the Boom Boom Room every night
We hit the chain gangs on chain lights
One of the last real niggas left and ya'll folks ain't right
Might grow old in prison but you can't call me a snitch right

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Yeah, ohh, yeah
Oh yeah, ahh