I'm pullin up in the rental, fucked around got it tinted Ridin' round the whole city, tryna let off this fifty This that GGE Drummer Gang, dirty money in rubber bands Live a life you can't understand, give a fuck what you overhear You never come over hear, feel like the son of sam Straight out the gutter damn, straight out the struggle Missin' the piece out the puzzle, voice of the beast, fuck a muzzle Went from a bum to a hustler, I never was a lil' buster Really hustled on Kalmia, I really hustled on Croesus I really thugged on Juniper, and trooped with them shooters And some nights we ain't catch shit, I won't call it troopin' But you know that we stupid, bitch you know how we do it In the Jordan Down projects the concept is kill or be killed Lost some dogs to three strikes, so we ain't feelin' you Bill All these White folks is askin' if we voted for Hil, yeah the coke an d the pills Mountain of drugs, I be makin' the deals Start my own record label, fuck waitin' for deals Seen my brother in the casket and it gave me the chills Fake love and [?], that's that shit you can feel And as of late been in touch with most these peoples for real If they speak on who ain't troopin, tell 'em take you to kill Lost Lil Money, said we used to feel related to trill

This that shit that I'ma play when I'ma spray some I'm only troopin' with some niggas who won't say some Ooo gon' spray some, ooo don't say none This that shit that I'ma play when I'ma spray some I'm only troopin' with some niggas who won't say nothin' Ooo gon' spray some, ooo don't say nothing Ooo, bet you would do it for a lil' money Ooo, long live Lil Money, ooo just lost my lil' brother Ooo, this that shit that I'ma play when I'ma spray some I'm only troopin' with some niggas who won't say some Ooo go spray some, ooo don't say nothing Shit that I'ma play when I'ma spray some Only troopin' with some niggas who won't say some Ooo gon' spray some, ooo don't say nothing Yeah yeah, just lost my Lil Money, yeah yeah Ooo don't say nothing, when I spray something Ooo yeah, and we do it for a lil' money

Fake and lies all I trust, 'cause niggas tell me the real

I know if it ain't nothin' then I'm finna get grilled I'm in my feelings for real, hope you feel how I feel

What do I say to his lil' sister, momma, granny, lil' girl?

Sorry granny but we finna go kill, we can't let this chill

You know the type of shit you can feel