

We could kill it, yeah
We could, we could, we could

We could kill the radio but we make killer music
We make drug dealer songs but we gon' still abuse it
Ain't that what keep these niggas paranoid?
I like to keep these niggas paranoid
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I could be on Billboard, we'll get to that
Gotta do it for the streets, so I remember that
I'ma let 'em see me struggle, let 'em see me hustle
I be in the field tryna ball and you ain't in my huddle
I'ma put on pieces, meet your pieces, leave your peoples puzzles
I went from that Polo puff to Moncler, you see me bubble
Greedy tryna eat Ruffles, all over the seat, rushin'
Tryna leave the scene, I'm Mr. Clean in the kitchen
Wipe me down off the muscle
Paint the perfect picture, we be totin' and we don't tussle
Drop single after single, tryna get up there to platinum
Double times, hustle grind, drugs and lines
Chopper jump like Busta Rhymes with suppressors, uh

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Lil bitch, I'ma let you trip, right here front your peoples
If you really was a threat I'd have my peoples come and meet you
Got guns when we greet you, done drums when we beat you
I be creepin', I'm a creature, fold you up, gon' do a feature
Like it's nothin', buck buck, blowers buckin'
Got the rock, smashing pumpkins, got the blow if you be bumpin'
Got the glass but I don't touch it like I'm fresh out of the car wash
Like bitch don't push my buttons, like the window, blow the AC
Gotta get gone, time for her replacement
Young nigga started from the motherfucking basements
Stacks off a pack, bring it back, re-up and I put up
Then I go and blow the rest at Saks, I got stacks off a pack

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