

Maxo, Greedo (Kream Clicc Gang, bang, TGF)  
Maxo, Greedo, uh (Hey, hey)  
(Helluva made this beat, baby)  
Drummer Gang (Hey)

How you braggin' 'bout a self-defense? You caught a free case (Cap)  
We don't cook no more, we serve the coke and make 'em freebase (Trap)  
Maxo Diddy in my city, walk 'em down for cheesecake (Hey)  
Ridin' with that scissor K, my baby Drac' a lowercase  
Ayy, we move packs from state to state (Yeah)  
I caught a R.I.C.O., had a chico set up for a lower case (What?)  
Before Pooh Shiesty, I been grimy, hit a lick, ain't show my face (What?)  
I shoot like O-Dog, Larenz Tate (Yeah)  
Pull up gunnin', don't no runnin', we the ones that do the chase

How you braggin' 'bout a self-  
defense? Nobody ever seen you step (You a chump, nigga)  
We looked up all your charges, family violence and impeding breath (You just  
choke bitches)  
How these niggas Bloods and Crips and don't be with no other sets? (What the  
fuck?)  
And how you faker than me, you ain't do shit 'bout your brother death? (When  
it's up?)  
How you fake like you was up a hundred, you still ain't get 'em slumped or n  
othin'?  
Even if you ain't gon' shoot, just send a bag, ain't hard to touch a button  
All these trigger-happy lil' niggas slappin' for a bigger straps and a few p  
ics (Just to shine on 'em)  
They go slide and it go viral, really use switches to shoot niggas  
Lil' niggas that lay niggas just to keep up with that lingo (Just to keep up  
)  
Got a lil' nigga that's doin' numbers for pressin' niggas, no key-code  
In my hood, they call that Greedo mode, ain't never heard of no beast mode (  
Yeah)  
He froze up, it was time to shoot like Giannis at that free throw (Yeah)

How you braggin' 'bout a self-defense? You caught a free case (Cap)  
We don't cook no more, we serve the coke and make 'em freebase (Trap)  
Maxo Diddy in my city, walk 'em down for cheesecake (Hey)  
Ridin' with that scissor K, my baby Drac' a lowercase  
Ayy, we move packs from state to state  
I caught a R.I.C.O., had a chico set up for a lower case (What?)  
Before Pooh Shiesty, I been grimy, hit a lick, ain't show my face (What?)  
I shoot like O-Dog, Larenz Tate (Yeah)  
Pull up gunnin', don't no runnin', we the ones that do the chase (Bang)

We do walk-ups and run-downs, we on your ass, can't run now (Baow)  
Greedo pull up with them Drummers, Trigga Maxo love that gun sound (Helluva  
made this beat, baby)  
Get your whole block spint for a quarter-brick of fent' (Uh-huh)  
I ain't hands on, it's still gon' work when Maxo send a blitz (Maxo)  
.556 and .223, stolo Hellcat SRT (Bang)  
Black Suburban, catch me swervin', sendin' shots out SUVs  
Have your cuz drippin' blood, watch his favorite color drip (Woah)  
Just because he say "Cuz," that don't mean that he my Crip (Woah, woah)  
Actin' bold, I up this pole, just like a dancer, make him strip (What?)  
I treat my chopper like a ho, it got some tits and got some hips (Doo-doo-

doo-doo)

Persona Gang murder one, we don't do attempts (Uh-huh)  
Free Thugger, that's my brother, put lil' \*\*\*\* back if he snitch (What?)  
Pockets swole off the 'bows, I ain't have to touch the white (Ooh)  
Put a switchy on my pipe, I'm totin' twenty-five to life

Ayy, fuck it, Maxo, grab the wheel, I'm mad for real, finna grab the steel  
Janky in that Jacksonville, all black, he strapped and had the trill  
All I know is air shit out, heat up like ain't no air in here  
Breathin' by a nigga trap, two blowers and that vacuum seal  
I came to get everything, the syrup 'bows are safe and sealed  
Stretch a nigga out like Maybach, S 680 'Cedes feel  
Got a feeling for your valentine, I'm breakin' hearts and breakin' seals  
Fuck with us, you won't get out like nope, I think I'm Jordan Peele  
I'm standin' on the block, and, bitch, by any means, bet I get paid  
Handlin' the rock, bitch, I was meant for up on that Oscar stage  
I was watchin' BMF on Hulu in my prison cell  
CO wan' front me pussy and I told that bitch, "Just bring a scale"  
Told lil' shawty keep it on the low, and bitch, we D4L  
Now a nigga out, I guess I lied, 'cause we don't speak for real  
Virgil Abloh finally got replaced at Louis V this year  
I handle blocks like Tommy here so bitches shouldn't be for real  
Hold on, let me watch my mouth, 'cause I don't want no beef for real  
I still be on the road more than them niggas with they CDL  
Twenty keys of hype, my daughter tellin' me I need to chill  
I put on my mink coat and laughed, she tell me, "Can you be for real?"  
My enemies feel like they got this on, they felt the heat for real  
And I don't do no comedy, but shoot another Key & Peele  
I know why these niggas starvin', ain't gon' never see a meal  
'Cause these niggas too high for appetites and they just eatin' pills  
Then they copy rapper life, get lucky, and receive a deal  
Went viral, still end up with nothin', they just let these people steal  
My label better not play with me, on Grape Street, all my peoples kill  
Fuck I shouldn't've said that, nigga, fuck it, I'ma keep it still

Greedo, Maxo, Maxo, Greedo  
Real niggas, we ain't worried 'bout no fuckin' R.I.C.O.  
Greedo, Maxo, Maxo, Greedo  
Real niggas, we ain't worried 'bout no fuckin' R.I.C.O.  
My label better not play with me, on Grape Street, all my peoples kill  
Free Thugger, that's my brother, put lil' \*\*\*\* back if he snitch (What?)  
Pockets swole off the 'bows, I ain't have to touch the white  
Put a switchy on my pipe, I'm totin' twenty-five to life