

Intro

1900Rugrat

He been dissing me for clout his career still ain't come back yet

Seventy-five M's on one tape, bitch where my plaque at?

I don't like to diss often, I don't make no rap threats

I'd rather show them good and well before I act bad

Four-five in my book bag, that was back in math class

Used to cheat on all the pretty girls cause I was bad at math

Used to cheat on all the pretty girls cause one had did me bad

I'm the hood Bieber serving baby like somebody dad

I call lil bro tell him make sure I ain't on speakerphone

Nowadays they only call my cell when they need a loan

Missing calls from three I'm on the PJ, tryna tell him speed home

Made a bar about shooting schools up and that's what put my people on

Uh it's crazy, ain't it?

Uh I look good with paper, ain't it?

On that stage feel like the whole world in my favor, ain't it?

I beat the odds, no one around here made it

They supposed to 19 keep that that 19 on them

Make your dumb ass face the pavement

Blood snitched on his own cousin that right there a family statement

Jake all in my phone, going troll, talkin' bout why he gravy

Don't ask me why I wet em up

This dirty Glock ain't never bazing

Keep a cane near but I ain't never been a raisin'

Ain't let the fame change me, I don't even be acting famous

7-6-2 pop out of the mic, on Drake and leave ya brain lit

Your brother died, he ain't even do nothing but cry, we ain't on the same shit

Huh huh ya'll huh we ain't on the same time two watches on, those bitches don't even got the same time

Thirty shots up in this four-five, the Glock, hang time

You can see this bitch just poke out and they still don't pat me down

Huh huh ya'll huh huh huh ya'll your bitch can lie all she want and that hoe still getting passed around

Huh huh uh ya'll huh huh huh and we ain't sparing nothing, catch lil bro he getting smacked around