Kush packs and them rubber bands were my starter kit
Gun shots at your mama house cause you started it
Niggas taking every damn thing, if they ordered it
You front the packs and we don't call you back, then it's over with

Mama saying boy why y'all playing in that water Got granny what y'all doing with my [?] Bigger sister saying y'all lil boy look suspicious Got mama saying what y'all doing with my dishes Twelve came through and we had for the fishes Got locked up in school, we ain't worried 'bout detention

Whoadie mama said I know y'all boys ain't been to school Hit the D-mall like a motherfucking school Yeah we shoot but we in the pool shooting pool

If swag was a plane I'm finna motherfucking take off Watch me shake the fake off, watch me shake the fake off I am on so much green I can play golf Kush pack and the rubber band and a digi scale And a zip lock, residue all in my fingernails

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Selling bags, zip locks, six Glocks, twenty scales
Sick spot, fuck my car you should see what my bitch got
If you ain't get no money my nigga then you can't hang at this spot
Nigga wanna play then okay somebody get shot
Rollies for the whole team, urine full of codeine
Pounds on the Sunbeam, baby ballers with more lean
I'm young and dumb and I ain't got no patience
I'm 'bout to pull up at the trap and see what's shaking
I bought me fifty he front me fifty, I thought 'bout taking it
My nigga told me don't do it so I went paid the man
I let your bitch come to me and then told her get away from here
Strong packs and calculators, ain't nothing but a pint in that refrig

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