

I can tell these nigga's scared the way they talk  
Gold pyrex, I put diamonds on my fork  
Pull up on your block, white chalk  
Chopper bullets skate, Tony Hawk  
I'ma cut your fingers off if you shout  
Pop a perc, hit the cup, nigga pause  
Hundred round drum, round of applause  
Bitches know I got that bag, Santa Claus  
I drink lean and I pop Xans  
Slaughter Gang, we the Glock clan  
Poppin' molly nigga, San-Tan  
I'm back on that bullshit again  
I wanna fuck your best friend  
I just went a bought a brand new Benz  
Bitch I came from the bottom  
We was starving, we was robbing

Mind your business, bitch  
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Mind your business, bitch  
We ain't with that friendly shit  
That friendly shit  
That friendly shit  
That friendly shit  
Catch 'em out back, roll the window down and smash  
Another toe-tagged nigga laying in the grass

Five shooters in the back of the Uber nigga and they ready to shoot  
I tie my laces, I dip in that bag nigga and I take me a blue  
I'm the Slaughter King nigga, I don't give a fuck about you  
You get you some money, you get you some fame, these bitches gon' come out the blue  
Bullet holes in my body, paranoid I'ma pop it  
If you snitchin' I'ma pop it, wrong move, I'ma drop it  
.15 in my sock, trappin' at the bus stop  
Came from a nickel rock, now I got a whole block

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