

Ayo, guns bust, niggas know who to trust  
If you owe one of us, it ain't shit to discuss, nigga  
Binoculars, eyes is out son, they watchin' us  
Jake hit the streets, now police try lockin' us  
No guns bust, used to sell in the crutch  
Yeah, the world trust the world, the world keepin' the trust  
Huh, Binoculars, eyes is out son, they watchin' us  
Jakes hit the streets, now police try lockin' us

Maybe it's the Ostrich and 'Gator that made me popular  
If it's a problem, I'm engagin' in ways of stoppin' ya  
Death sentence like when Lefty betrayed the Mafia  
It's too many rats in your pack, Frank Sinatra, huh  
Niggas should be lucky I gave the block to ya  
I was even servin' the neighbors that stayed on top of ya  
Ain't it obvious? I was savin' to raise the profit up  
My Asian bitch makin' amazing Cajun tilapia  
I'm the one that inspire cats, don't try to rap  
You ain't goin' nowhere, nigga, your tire's flat  
You send shots I'ma fire back or I'ma fire first  
Niggas dyin' first whenever I attack, huh  
They better wear a iron hat  
I'm smoother than a vampire that transforms to a flyin' bat  
I used to charge niggas higher tax  
I had to stop 'cause niggas ain't O.G.s, they retired rats

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Shit is more than crazy, I'm seein' more of it lately  
Grown men with they hand out, lookin' for hand-outs  
I'm in the room, hope I don't stand out  
A few dudes mappin' the plan out, gotta expand now  
I ran out in two days, there's two ways  
Been waitin' to move Yay, dosin' off Dussé  
Aim for your top, your toupee  
Couldn't be 2Pac on Tuesday, touché  
Who got it to send it out?  
Break it down to ounces, make samples and give it out  
Crib in the mountains, bad service, in and out  
Bag full of birds, the only way we could chicken out  
Listen now, yeah, that wrist wear is comin' plain 'cause this here's the Hunger Games  
What'chu know about a hunnid gain?  
Or takin' a loss that give you stomach pains?  
I'd rather be dead wrong than dead gone  
Blood spilled on his ones, he got the breds on  
You can tell I thread long  
You got the black soul until the Feds come

I don't like none of these niggas

Gotta flow to humble these niggas  
The four pound shake the ground right from under these niggas  
I made checks with the squadron, pay respect to the bosses  
Shootin' like Lebron in game seven in Boston  
Some niggas like to hustle, some like to spray bullets  
Me? I had a block in the microwave cookin'  
Took every precaution, there's a price to pay with it  
The State Troopers'll pull you if your license plate crooked  
Look, when they was out of town in the rented Lambs  
I was dryin' a kilogram under a ceilin' fan  
Nigga, I'm everything the critics sayin'  
Keep playin', pussy, and we'll pop up on you like Twitter spam  
He the type to let the broads fool 'em  
These niggas all Goofys, that cheap liquor got you all woozy  
We see the opps them niggas call movies  
That's real shit 'cause we always bought guns before we bought jewelry  
Uh, my bitch in Cali forty but she still model  
We good 'til she asked me how I feel 'bout her  
Rollin' Alpha Omega out a pill bottle  
Uh, I touch so many ki's, I think I'm Phil Collins  
Watched paper and money for the bail bondsman  
Cooked a half this mornin' just to see if I still got it  
I still got it, let's be real 'bout it  
How I still fill pockets with paper just like mail boxes  
Let's go, the butcher nigga