

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 bred 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