

A new program, if it's problems, you lose yo' man
When I shoot this big ass revolver, I use both hands
Y'all niggas go to the club and smooth slow dance
I slow dance with my gun, that's true romance
I got those strands, you broke niggas got no plans, huh
Me and my bitch on Morocco sand
I might pull up to yo' block, in my pop's old van
And serve food through the window like the taco man, huh
In front of the stove, had to watch those grams
With boards over the door so the cops don't ram
If I break down the block, then my block go ham
I send junk through the mail but it's not no spam
Far as bars, these the realest wrote
I seen a great speaker go around a great thinker just to steal
his quotes
Man, you gotta keep a killer close
After a bullet in his head, make sure he dead, feel his pulse

I move with a couple goons, from the gutter
They'd love to send your brother to the upper room
Huh, I'm in your baby mother womb
Her baby father, heard he sick, I pray he recover soon
Fuck one hustle, my nigga, I try numerous
You selling weed inside of a can that look like tuna fish
You quite new to this, explain why you like foolishness
'Cause you wasn't under the right tutelage
My life lucrative, you niggas broke, that's quite humorous
Now I'm inside of your wife uterus
Now I don't know what excuses is, I'm all about exclusiveness
I'm hard to find like a white fugitive
I'm not ashamed of where I used to live, that's where I used to
live
I move my kids to an exclusive crib
No bad food pollute the fridge
Healthy eating probably the main reason I keep producing kids
Niggas rap about getting shot, I rap about giving shots
Nigga, I don't got living opps
This is all you lil' niggas got?
Y'all I got two hands on one O, what is this ten o' clock?