

Now what the fuck I gotta talk for
Hustlin' remind me of a chalkboard, all I see is green and white
My first block of raw gave my team some life
Two pots going off like beans and rice
Got a charge and he don't wanna leave his wife
Now it's bugs on his dogs like fleas and lice
Nothing cause lockjaws like fiends and pipes
Made his face change color like Jesus Christ, right
I got a spirit that led folks
Even when I was dead broke, they treated me like the head coach
My bitch drove to the west coast
For the best smoke, chickenhead
You want bread, we spread loafs
Hated by niggas I fed most
Keep a infrared close case I gotta leave 'em with lead smoke
Fuck y'all I like dead folks
That's probably the reason why I'm conversatin' with Fred ghost
I fed hope, my bitches follow instructions they read notes
On top of they bed woke
Understand that the feds close
They heard everything I said and spoke, that's why I fled coast
Nigga come and get yo head broke
You been a snitch you like Benedict to the Red Coats
Niggas wanna see my leg broke, cause I find a price and I'm surrounded by white like egg yolk