

It's a bird, it's a plane  
No, it's medallions, bitch  
You feel me?  
Chain  
Trust  
They know what the fuck is up  
Huh  
Yeah, this, this that shit where you ridin' down and shit, you  
know what I'm sayin'?  
In an old-school, man  
Shit is only primer-ed though, you ain't even got your shit pai  
nted yet, you know what I mean?  
Real shit though

Base rock, base rock, this is what it sound like  
Eighteen slappin', bitch, show you what it pound like  
Mack life, mack life, is that a stack gone?  
Like your bitch in the back of my Cadillac Brougham  
I like my Henny on the rocks  
Farmer's gun, semi, or the Glock  
For the maricóns that wanna play the opps  
I can get you wet  
You should read the sign, this is death  
These new school niggas be off of crystal meth  
And got the nerve to drink and pop pills, now that's a triple t  
hreat  
I'm civilized, all wise, thug enterprise  
Plenty ties in disguise, we had to maximize  
It's strength in numbers  
Real niggas never forget the hunger  
It's the summer, but when it's winter, niggas is pitchin' thund  
er  
Huh, we out here, homie  
My whole team gettin' fat, you out there bony  
I'm like Sergio Tacchini on a white pony  
I write the real shit, you write the phony  
I got my niggas goin'  
Manny through the city, goin' stupid in that foreign, checkin'  
traps  
Manny through the city, goin' stupid in that foreign, checkin'  
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