

Pharoah don in the cut with a blunt
Plotting on my next move, this chess not checkers
At the drive-thru with your bitch getting food
Said her phone's dying, don't be a fool
She suck me off clean before I bring her back to you
No school, but I still got right
Made a little money and I booked a few flights
I don't care about friends or these new rap trends
Niggas wearin' tights and dying they hair
My shooters got sticks, they gon' find you in the woods
Blair Witch, run 'em over in the whip
Don't trip, I ain't gotta do shit
But be Mus', 'cause I paid dues
And my grind be the proof, the truth hurts
Plus I'ma shoot first, double up with the work
'Fore I write a verse 'cause the bills come first
Yeah, you pop pills, got you thinking that you're Pac
Behind you [?] and you niggas rock a purse
I just stay in my lane, I ain't saying names
Havana Cafe, fresh salmon with my bae

This that boom-bap old-school, new crack for the Pro Tools
Uzi clap vocals, you contract when you roll through
Golden Era shit, frozen selling nicks
Posted by the mailbox, this coca better flip
A one-man team but I run mad fiends
The money leave dirty but it come back clean
You need a quick 30 [?], go ask Green
And I ain't talking Reeboks, but I pump that thing
[?], yeah, I come from the strip
Damage you like Jeru then I hump on your bitch
Ever try to box me, I'll leave lumps on your shit
Put my pinky in her stinky then I dump on her tits
Pan-frying fishscale, my grams flyin' [?]
Dope from Albania, my man got it, Ishmael
Dimes on the parkside, 40s in the building
Before we let the sparks fly, we're talking to the children
Knots in my G-Star, cops in the D cars
They watch but I still get my bag off these retards

Yup, they watch but I still get my bag off these retards
Huh, loyalty and trust, motherfucker
Shout out to my nigga Flee Lord
They watch but I still get my bag off these retards
Musalini, I see you, nigga, 1994, trust