

(Please be clear, this is an invasion)
Uh, TCF mothafucka
(Shout to the whole TCF)
What up, Benny?
It's time we do this for 'em again, my nigga
Ya know?
(Trust Comes First, my niggas)
Uh, yo, uh

Listen, a hood dude gon' remain a hood dude
From a half to a whole? (Whole)
That's a good move (Good move)
If it fit tight and don't jam? (Jam)
That's a good tool (Right)
Keep your money right and don't rat?
That's a good dude (A good dude)
Uh, I keep those 'round, I don't need those clowns
Just give me a small town to break kilos down
A bitch that'll drive (Drive)
A clique that'll ride (Ride)
A strip that go all day, a stoop and a hallway (Woo)
Fuck what y'all say (Right)
I had to get deeper (Let's go)
The more money I spent the more it got cheaper
Thinkin' of the days I couldn't afford sneakers
First day of school, backpack full of heaters
Uh, my mama said I'd grow up to be a great man (Uh)
I grew up but instead I'm the weight man (Uh)
I break a brick to eight eighths, man
Or the sixteen deuces and give away the extra eight grams (Woo)
I got this coke shit down to a science (What else?)
New York repper, Bills down to the Giants (Uh)
Uh, be quiet, put the crown on your highness
[?] smoke pounds of the finest
This for my niggas that rep hard
Catch scars in the mess hall
Collect calls to they best broad
My best dog know I stretch raw
I'm the best y'all
Could turn four squares to a chess board (Chess board)
My lawyer said that I should go legal (So what?)
So I put the bricks down and got pounds of the Diesel (Woo)
I told y'all niggas it get deeper than the rappin' (So what?)
Took a trip out of town brought 'em back now I'm taxin' (Right)
Now let me hear that you gabbin' to the captains
I'm passin' by yo' block with them ratchets
What's happenin'? (What's happenin'?)

Yo Spesh, let me get 'em
Yo, a street nigga gon' remain a street nigga (Yes, sir)
I tried to tell 'em but you can't teach niggas (Niggas)
These [?] in the floor'll cave in a weak ceiling
D's want to take a look at my life, come peek in it
These niggas wanna ball, I'm [?] P. Miller (Haha)
Three pigeons drivin' 'em home, we driven
If I don't get 'em back they gon' starve for a week, nigga
Billion dollar bread in back of my head, I see visions

We do not compare, shooter
My [?] they a bleed different
Me and Spesh just like brothers but we distant (What up, nigga?)
We feelin' just like y'all but we richer (We richer)
If it ain't raw from us (From us)
It ain't raw enough (Nah)
That hard shit you gon' need a chainsaw to cut
That Kate Moss, fiends come cop 'em for a buzz at once (Once)
I don't got no life, ain't no ice, let the water run (Water run)
He probably gon' charge for one but he won't take no charge for one
In his lawyer office tryna offer things to bargain wit'
Man, I'm just so cautious, hear this low voice that I'm talkin' in (Talkin'
in)
He gon' lock us all up, he get time off for recordin' this (Damn)
Uh, rapper, don't tell me (Tell me)
How you gon' show me? (Show me)
I been doin' so well, see? (See)
I never prolong (Never)
Get rid of it, I owe [?]
A white cop cover him up in white hotel sheets
The white flash, white chalk (White chalk)
Death comes in white (White)
Death comes in thrice (Thrice)
Might just come tonight (Yeah)
I'm a Gucci nigga (A Gucci nigga)
Ferragamo please (Uh-huh)
Bitch, I been fly like Pterodactyl wings
You say you a judge (You a judge)
You used to be a worker (Worker)
You ain't a boss (If what?)
If you don't feed the workers

Nah, nah (Check that out)
Spesh, we got 'em again
Yes, sir
Gone
Gotta love it, man
Shout out to DJ Shea
Buff' City Records
Look out for Q-Boogie
Invasion