

You know niggas can't take it when we on it like this

Yo, I sat bitten, my sentence long, name written on prison walls
My bitch took off, my team held her down and my chips was gone
My mental off, feel like a nigga gon' kill a guard
These villain bars, nigga, I'm Jizza from Liquid Swords and a vet
New York plates that sit on my bitch's lawn, my connect
Like all states, you can leave with a brick and shard
Fuck that bougie shit, we gettin' ours if the kitchen's small
With a blick of course, a high plate of pot and an extension cord
Before stabbed and shot one, I had a cocaine flow
My cannon talk like Shannon Sharpe on a post-game show
I get a block, make a twin, get a spot and break it in
I'm up enough to have my block doing 20K a day again
Niggas gon' snatch the crown, nah, I'm back around
All these rappers I slapped around like Floyd versus Pacquiao

Who you know roll with shooters and flew with a pack of Loud?
My neck cooler so my bitch a cougar like Jackie Brown
Black Sopranos, we a loyal gang
I brought a horde of cain back in the Camry, then got the oil changed
If they stop you, get my lawyer name
Do your boy this favor, you can make triple what your employer pay ya
I heard him speaking and knew they was burzing leeches
Soon as it turn to beef and these pussies gon' turn to vegan
First rule, burn something, you never return the heater
Get that strap back and have nigga singing like Shirley Caesar

Let's go, ah

Huh, hey y'all living the rap life
Ain't where I got my cash right from
I live the fast life, I ain't have a past like them
I learned if you don't chase bitches, then the cash might come
My bag heavy, yours lighter than my half-white son
Huh, you ain't have your stacks right, you act tight, dumb
A charity case, you're nothing but a tax-write bum
Got me wondering where you get your advice from
You're round them bitches so much that you act like one
Huh, huh, my Spanish hoes call me Papito
We was the ones up top that knocked COs in the county
We made gumbo from hot Cheetos
Humble, I came home and got kilos
Y'all bums asked for help and got free clothes
Then turned to alcoholics and got egos
So run in my house with your friends like Casamigos
And I give y'all all shots for cheap, but it's not Tito's

Life is real, you might come up and you might get killed
With my folk, old heads always with the smoke
Cypress Hill, 30 in a box was tightly sealed
They heard you like to steal
A few connects done threw some checks on you
You caught a Nike deal, your favorite rapper fake
And they gon' press him just like the pills
He takes but won't escape his fate
No matter how high he feels

Got some friends in hell
But it feels like they right beside me still
Got friends in jail for bodies
And friends with bodies who not in jail
Sad story, if you ain't live your shit, it's mad corny
Miz had one brick left and he broke it in half for me
It's back on me, wolves is outside, the pack's hungry
Glass up up between my driver's seats like cab companies
Player hit the pen 110, came back husky, crack custody
Always ask front me, I'll be back, trust me
The money's all good till it's bad, then that's ugly
Walking past undies, I dab junkies, yeah, my trap loves me
You sat comfy as we starved and suffered
Someone was knocking hard as fuck
I flushed the almond butter, caught a plumber
Stay up and up with all your plugs
You always got each other
My love for gram's like my father's mother