

Bitch, we back to bangin' with heaps of some bodies scarred to partially bleed

They blood and rain on the hood, watch all the wrestlers take heed
Always come to offer the cure with the best of the mead
Pure it in the holy water, that means blessing, you see
Higher than a hiker that's climbing a mountain of weed
Blessed like it's God in the flesh, you're not in my league
When I come to give them the food, watch how the people are feed
Niggas say I'm the nicest, everybody agrees
Best to the party and please while gossip articles read
Them dudes unstoppable, they do impossible deeds
Periodically we whippin' the foreignest fees
With a trunk full of money, drop the top and then breeze
You need to acknowledge the wisdom while I'm dropping degrees
So I paint a horrible flick once my monsters are squeezed
Don't cross the line in the sand, I do suggest that you freeze
While the minister sends a teal, all he can beg you is please
Repent, repent, repent

A lot of you niggas better start rethinking your top five
Know what I'm saying?
Fuck out of here

Hey y'all, now who the fuck said they wanted with trust
You niggas died June and July, they summers was rough
Thank God my numbers is up
Snitches came outside from putting real guys under the bus
Huh, you heard that?
That mean I shot something
I know you niggas hate when y'all ain't got nothing
I know you boys wish I hit the stop button
But your energy ain't strong enough to stop nothing
I came up from carrying weight
And bought a crib upstate by Darien Lake
Rumors that my future's scary and great
Won a hundred mil in twenty dollar bills with Harriet Face
Y'all boys is barely awake
I told the kids stay away from Dairy and Steak
Poppy said don't come around the area late
Now the Rodriguez I meet with is the secretary of state
Huh, we all gotta eat
Nigga, I was just inside the streets with a lot of beef
I count money inside my sleep
I close my eyes and start counting like hide and seek

Coming from a nigga who's seen it all
I went from cleaning stalls to putting D on broads like Tina Charles
I'm somebody I need to read up on
I caught packs in the kitchen, hands outstretched like Jesus arms
I sold crack, but now I act in movies
They see my face on the screen
They relapse and go right back to using
Ain't no eating unless we back the movement
Act like kings, still stomp niggas flat like screens on Mac computers
I'm a boxer, a steady jab will do it
I'm a monster, I'll probably walk up to your coffin and nash into it
I'm a mobster's black soprano unit

New opps, old pounds, still shoot straight, but the handle ruined
Foreign drip and more to follow
Bet nobody get away cause we war with shit with four-inch hollows
I'm on trips, I'm pouring bottles
I'm on shit, swipe my card, shopping like the Louis store McDonald's
I spent a half before I saw a dollar
On staff, but as times got bad, it became more problem
I'm back triple, mama's boy grinding
So fuck I look like talking cash with a nigga who can't afford my barber