

Ayo, now I'm the only rapper, that sold crack to trappers
Back on the ave 'til the Captain catch us
Few niggas got rich, few [?]
They doin' light bids in the max with masters
If y'all [?] want combat then [?]
I never been the type to grab gats and flash ya
Always been the type to have MACs and blast ya
React faster, turn that cat to Casper
It's beef, we might have to, contact the Pastor
Funeral arrangements, [?]
In a spaceship I paid stacks of cash for
Look like I signed a contract with NASA
Shit, I had trappers pissed when I was down
They mad I ain't still bringin' bricks to the town
On the low? (Shh) I'm still puttin' bricks in the town
And bud, nigga, and I want six for a pound
I don't talk when I squeeze, was taught by the Gs
That [?] hundred grand [?], park in the Ps
Listen, want to get high? Spark one of these
I'm prejudice, 'cause I don't like dark colored trees
Please, if it ain't lime green, don't spark it
I'm rude, [?] guts on your carpet
Ohh shit, Special is back
Got a car full of guns and a trunk full of crack
You niggas still [?] to abort your baby
But won't kill a nigga that'll [?] them daily
I'm high off hazy, often lazy
And I don't want to talk, just pay me
Is you crazy?