

Huh, huh, yo, I was guilty as hell, ain't tell so I feel innocent  
Take me back to my cell so I can build inner strength  
Push-ups, pull-ups, and dips, I'm real militant  
Who woulda known I'd come home and build businesses  
Look what I own on my own, I'm still killin' shit  
Bought enough whips to fill dealerships  
Y'all niggas worried bout IG pics, them still images  
Them identities, ain't theirs, they steal images

Quit playin' with that motherfuckin' real money and take that shit to Hefe  
It come through the mail the next day, you know traffic is a decade  
Turned my million-dollar wrist into a million-dollar neckache  
They wonder if my debt paid, and Wendy, I got my head shaved  
And the L, I got my bed rolled, it's us against the death toll  
So you gotta respect hoes who keep they mouth and they legs closed  
I'm ridin' top-down in the Benz, and I can hear echoes and stutters  
From dead hustlers who've made they deals with the devil

I said, businessmen and thugs, momma raised a plug  
I could hold a grudge, or I could show you love  
Bands pullin' up, ain't no roof up there above  
Mountain at the top, and ain't no room up there above

Now it's so quiet in that room, fuck a DA, fuck a judge  
Flyin' in that coupe, got subpoenaed by the plug  
She a bad bitch, I'm sure she seen a lot of love  
She seen a lot, but she ain't seen no better drugs

Just bought a watch that I'ma pass off in a year or two  
And built a brand new crib with walls I can hear through  
Who gon' catch you when you fall, treat the gang like a parachute  
We like the Navy, sign, get a gun chain and a pair of boots

Now we ain't breakin' interrogation like uneducated fools, huh  
We stayin' quiet like meditation rooms, no snitchin'  
I know bitches in a better place than dudes  
From sellin' weight while these niggas sellin' plates of food, huh  
I was frustrated, tempered, short-fused  
But never let your situation regulate your moves  
And the next time you see me, I'm in a better place than proves  
Cause we grind all winter, we don't celebrate till June, nigga

It was equal, had everything in the game, and everything to lose  
So we opened up them traps like they was FDA-approved  
Ain't nothin' like these featherweights, y'all better play it cool  
We all got money, but Pablo was gon' separate the room

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