

I ain't ever think that we would make it off of reefer
Got a plug downtown and one way in Catalina
Showed my man the blueprint and made him a believer
And my plug look like he related to Selena
Your weed smell like shit and not a soul want it
My weed KRS-One, it got a nose on it
You speakin' to the big ape, could turn you to a big plate
I got shooters from Cayuga to Midstate

And got shooters in the street, dumpin' out the Jeep Cherokee
If the nigga don't die, he gon' need therapy
I just bought a new 40, I grip it and hit him with it
When I'm done it "click, click" like pictures on prison visits
Real dope boy, my whole town know
Part-time rapper, they still tryna steal my sound though, it's Murda

They say I'm a gift from God but possessed by a dark energy
A dull blade can always be sharpened by smart enemies
A hundred arms like large centipedes, dark tendencies
Every clip I got for the game is like Bob Menery's
Breakin' down these plays in a vulgar fashion, you tryna box?
Shit, you ain't gotta wait for no lull in action, I come relax him
Body drop, your focus is leavin' nigga, no one distract him
One attraction, money and murder, that was my hunger passion

Now it's money deals with my Jewish lawyer
Champagne under my chandelier in my newest foyer
Look in the eyes of your closest friends and see who was for ya
Now look in the eyes of them same
Friends and see who destroys ya, damn
Get paid handsomely but actually ugly
Don't smile when you shakin' my hand, don't ever laugh when you hug me
I know the cut of your jib, don't gotta ask if you love me
This fifth'll crush up your ribs and
Blow off half of your skully, it's Duffel

The price of fame, I fill these mics with pain, redefine the game
The art of war, don't need a knife or gun, when your mind's the blade
My life a maze, I come from a city full of crime and pain
A bunch of niggas playin' dice or spades, twistin' microbraids
Top five and if these niggas sleep, they sleep inside a grave
A sniper's aim, trigger pull, a bullet land inside his brain
The paramedics searchin' for a pulse, but they can't find a vein
His family stressed, whisper silent pray, scream and cry his name

Look, they put a Black person for sale
Use churches and tell, that the man we worship is pale
If you could read, that's why they murdered the males
Now it's ironic how these niggas catch
A sentence 'fore they learn how to spell
We sittin' courtside, I don't watch the lakers from a skybox
Road to riches most niggas crash, 'cause of blind spots
Pen game cold, invest my figures and I buy stock
My drip game cold, could squeeze a river from a eye drop, nigga