

Yeah, nahmsayin 1995, nigga
Let's go!
Huh, ayo

We don't make threats to niggas, we make shootings
Funeral arrangements, wakes and viewings
I'm the predecessor of the upstate movement
In '05, I was upstate, weight moving
Don't understand how rappers feel great losing
Be broke all day, then go make music?
Your chain a kilo, but like Al Pacino in Scarface
My nigga, that's a fake Cuban
I'm innovative with pitchin'
I took a brick, a hot plate and emulated the kitchen
I gave a hater his distance
I need a chef, a maid and two administrative assistants
Niggas know that I'm true and livin'
Ain't concerned with fittin' in
More determined to do it different
I got a entrepreneur vision
So I don't mind being the Michael Bivins of this New Edition, h
uh
All of my shooters listen
They don't know who you is, they see your pic, then pursue the
mission
It's a few dudes who I'm missin'
So I put weed in a balloon, make your bitch go to a prison
In other words, niggas have to learn
I got cash to burn that I ain't going have to rap to earn
Goin' broke is my last concern
And that's confirmed from all of my bank statements and tax ret
urns