

Huh, these niggas won't get me for the summer
Send me to the hunnids
Bulletproof the last V strictly for the gunners
Mission for the smokers, mission for the runners
Brought white to the town, nigga, Christopher Columbus
They ain't want see the plan to be the man
I have to offer peter pan, three hundred grams
When they was free eatin' clams we was in the can
Now I want piece of lamb to feed the fam
It's plain to see you can't change me
Grindin' seven days straight in the same tee
By day three niggas say I'm crazy
I tell 'em bein' broke is somethin' I can't be
Been shinin' since '98 in a GS4
TVs in the head with the VCR
Now the Porsche Panamera got the DVR
I tell her press record and cut the TV off
I used to be ignored from a greasy whore
I told her she gon' hurt more when she see me on
I'm hard as the wall they paint graffiti on
Big thick chain with the Nefertiti charm
I ain't askin' for help
Niggas try and Jew me down, now I'ma tax it myself
They try to shoot me down, keep the Mac on the shelf
And I stay Louis down, nigga, from the backpack to the belt (Huh)
Niggas lack what I felt, that's pain
Rappers get a couple plaques in they belt and act strange (Act strange)
What that mean to me is they team is sweet and these niggas never seen the streets
I was produced by gangstas, Prem' and P
Throw your CD out the V like Queen Latif'
I give every rapper sixteen a piece, that's means for beef
Now it's time to clean the streets
The tweet said I left Chris needin' me
If I'm reckless my ex-bitch need some teeth
Wanna have breakfast on a Tahitian beach
These niggas can't F with me, capeesh?