

Y'all know what fuckin' time it is, man, brown bag money shit
Shout out 38 Spesh getting me on this '94 shit, man
I was five years old in '94, it was a glorious fuckin' year
Youngin' on the courtside running around, you feel me?

Uh, B40s like O.E. sterile
My dude got high off his supply but he sold E pills
And I was, teeth grinding like cocaine sellers
Not everybody built up for the dope game, fellas
So let it be a lesson, I disguise a blessing
Everybody's Screwface in beef, they're interesting
Victim to the murder, city need an intervention
Roll with two brothers, who dat? Smif-n-Wessun?
Yo, I pray to God that someone saves your life
'Cause the devil running 'round shutting off halo lights
I watch him pack a pistol when they go fight
The Heckler speak German like the Django's wife
Got my mask on running in, caught him with his other friend
Movements was too loud, that's what done him in
As a little kid I spent my time on punishment
Hit him with the only shot, motherfucker, mulligan
That [?] shit

Made rap money but the fiends calling so it's doe to get (Uh-huh)
On my way to sell six grams when I wrote this shit (Facts)
Rome on the track, bet I black like a smoker mitt (Uh)
Life a gamble, bitch, I'm like a million dollar poker chip (Uh)
Taking risks, couple more flips then I go legit
Off the name got the game choking in a cobra grip
Fully-loaded with the chrome toaster soviet (Bow)
Just in case I gotta waste you and your associate
Keep a hold a strip that I show the bitch, blow the trick (Uh-huh)
Sip this shit right, end of the night, we hold a grip
Street signs I apply it, know I got the fire
Toss an extra bag to the first-time buyers (Uh-huh)
Cuddies love me like Freddy Myers (Yup)
Got a MacBook for a 100-piece, I need a charger wire (Uh)
Big coin when I hit suppliers (Facts)
That work drop out the sky like bird shit, we're splitting pies
up, you niggas liars

Huh, and that right there was Daniel Son and the homie Rome Streetz

Trust, let's go, 1994, nigga

What, huh (Huh, Huh)