

Now I'm the reason that her heart is broken
I dogged her, left her without a quarter, and you bought her roses
I was cool with the robbers, I called 'em over
My first rollie- half price, I bought it stolen
I'm the nigga that your daughter chosen
I chose to put her on the road, with bricks in an automotive
I met a line, I had charges open
I was nervous, asked God for a sign, then it started snowing
I seen a rare hustle God was showing
He put me inside of a haystack then I started sewing
The reason why they ribs started showing
I bought a four-bedroom house out west, and started growing
And I don't sell weed, I smoke it
I'm lying, I'm just dealing with some problems with postage
I'm silent and focused, where they hopeless
Niggas did time, came home, now they pop on the coaches
Gotta watch who you roll with
Feds been watching since '06
They heard what I profit from road trips
My block was explosive, and I had it locked in a closed fist
Trips to the tropics to go fish
Two watches and fo' whips
You own shit when you open safety deposit boxes with yo prints
It's big money on the top of my phone list
If it wasn't for your moms, then ya'll thots would be homeless
Told the waiter I like my filet not to be boneless
Sitting at the restaurant discussing properties closing
Ya'll mad, we got to be holding
I told ya'll we would be rich, that was prophecy spoken
Muthafucka!

It's my turn, we was all patient
From driving whole onions, had the stove jumping and the floor shaking
None of my broads basic
My bitch taking trips to far places
In return, I take care of the car payment
So ya'll really think I left the streets?
They know the flow sick, can see me posting pics when I just left the beach
I'm still getting it, I'm just discrete nigga
I'm the extra link
Don't nothing move if it don't connect to me
My OG told me the game twisted
I said the drugs still selling, they just not going for the same ticket
This for my niggas upstate bidding
Weightlifting, and had spots jumping in LA, like Blake Griffin
I wake up, and everyday Christmas
I'm Saint Nick-in, break bricks and I got cookies on my plate sitting
I was good, now I'm great with it
Block with no shaking it, blender turn it to powder in eight minutes
I fuck with real killers, a lot of niggas shoot
Man this.40 prolly knock ya bitch out her Jimmy Choo
When the plug drop it off, he stop and parlay with me too
It's so strong I gotta cook it with a biochemist suit
I left early cause they ain't teach me common sense in school
They sold America dreams, but I was not convinced as you
Game come with profit, bitches, opposition, coupes
All kinda shit, it's obvious it's consequences too

And ever since I was little, I was in the loop
Turned my mother front porch to a monumental stoop
You remember me, and prolly hope that I remember you
But only faces that I know stuffed in my pocket and they blue
Ah!