

Uh, nah'm sayin'?

Uh, benefits of hard work, nigga

Yo, uh

Ayo, it's shit like this make me think of '06

When me and Vick got the connect for eight bricks

It was slick, ran in that bitch and hit him with the fifth

Vick stood there stiff, ain't have to do shit

Got away with eight bricks that we was 'posed to split

But fuck Vick, that was my lick

So I gave his ass two and kept six

The nigga can't complain about this, 'cause I ain't have to give his ass shit

When the drought hit we was both sick

We both had chips but we both couldn't get no bricks

I had six, now I only got enough to get four

Vick spent his chips on trickin' with the whores

So you know it, I had to get back in the trenches

'Cause I got expensive livin' expenses

I packed the .45 and the clip is extended

Vick had the 50 Cal, the shit was tremendous

Uh, 'cause that's my fuckin' co-d

I got him, the nigga got me

We got introduced to papi, by my YG

[?] I only had enough to buy three

Told Vick to be cool, stop staring at his jewels

You a fool if you let this nigga know that he food

Right, we been good, we gon' catch him when we could

It's the average story of niggas in the hood

Let's go