

We screamin' murder
Tell that bitch get out my business, fuck 'em

One of forty-two, this all custom
Original deuce chain, just gave that to my brother, Val, I love you
My pendants custom, I miss you, this shit for nothing
My issue with the state pen, I know if Skeet could do it over
He'll take ten
I know Skeet could do it over, he throw that H still
Why niggas caught so many bodies? I damn near can't chill
Shit, it's war with whoever
I'm like Diesel in '02, I score on whoever
And I wish Dunk could see me now, doggie, I'm lockin' shit
A quarter mill' to get him our lawyer, let's lock it in
Ten million, all cash, what I want to drop again
My assets good, new estate in the woods
Used to have pit bulls, I replaced 'em with wolves
No more chasin' this dream shit, now dreams chase me
Like I ain't sipped in a week, boo, I can't even eat
I done gave niggas songs, niggas gave up on me
Val, you hurt my soul, I don't believe it, come home
It's like I need you more than ever, and since you've been gone
Baby, I'm leanin' more than ever, I tried to keep it together
I know Reece smilin' down on me

My phone number changed, it's hard to know my homies
It's a colder shoulder me, it's not the old me
And I still remember everything you told me
We pickin' up the Richards, puttin' down the Rollies
And no, I'm not the richest, but I'm not the police
I took it on the chin, I ain't have no co-de
Told all my niggas win, they all said, "Show me"
And from that point on, everything on me

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Original deuce chain, just gave that to my brother
Val, I love you, I need you, and I miss you, come see me
If he was still alive, I'll probably be somewhere with Reece
Yo, and Rep followin' behind me in a demon
Gotti finna leave us, so if it's only us, it's for a reason
I ain't pickin' up, don't wanna kick it
Stayin' focused, runnin' up the chicken, Jazzy, what's the ticket?
Doggie, where the bitches?
'Cause niggas ain't playin' with us now, bro, I don't get it
Told you I was finna shut it down and I meant it still
The turntest young nigga in the city

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Original deuce chain, just gave that to my brother
Val, I love you, I need you, and I miss you, where Reece?
We was down, lost a couple rounds, but we still beat 'em
Bitch, we still undefeated, I'm the one and they see it
Nah, for real niggas need us, lost some crack in the cleaners
Double back with the steamer, still got shit up in zeamers
I don't owe 'em, it's sittin', tell that ho to get with me