

I'm really 9 and 0
Youngin catch my drift
Opps wanna score so bad
They probably stretched my bitch

I'm like please, please
Rich or rollies, Patek Phillippes
Still whip stoves, still gun shit down
Club off the chain
Fuck around and get fined

Main bitch a ten still
If I don't wanna fuck her my man's will

Light on the covers and the hood now
Free dem boys, I'm good now

I'm like please, she's obsessed
Run off with a quarter, get stretched
I bought lawyers for all my niggas
Even tho I'm rich ain't payin' no tickets
Chase that bag, I'ma chase that check
Get my last bro who had that witness
Still drive fast, I'ma stand on that
Hundred grams put a hundred grand on that
Jumped in the bird my fans OD
Probably on Dre if it ain't on me

Young nigga got hurt, shit can't be taught
So I roll with them young niggas y'all can't teach

Duck, shoot, fuck school
Still get 46 for my blues
Twenty-one years nigga, when I zoom
Twenty-one track nigga, when I skrrt
Still sell crack nigga, not percs
Fifteen racks youngin' on go

Probably made fifty thousand on weed
Ain't no jokin' around
Selling like dope

Before I pour out
Drink flavored lime then slow down
She love Chanel with her toes out
Before wastin' time we on out

I'm like please please
Mike get \$48 for these jeans
Keep in contact with the fiends
This crack been goin up like lean
Yeah I miss woo nigga I miss reese
I miss Neff nigga, I miss Skeet

But it's killed Lou, damn near killed me
I can't even go out talk to his son
Life been hard ain't been no fun

Caught 2 k still blow my gun

Hundred and race
After that I quit
Coke smell all on my bitch
Quarter million these niggas ask about me
If I ain't had weed then I had them house
Check that couch

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Light on the covers in the hood now
Free dem boys, I'm good now