

I got a Bentley in that blender, please be gentle with it  
I'm just a young nigga with Chyna White like Russell Simmons  
If I want a hit, I'm payin' a bitch quicker than P. Diddy  
I got a trick who eat the dick like both her teeth missin'  
I'm in a fein rental, nothin' but beans with me  
Why you been callin' for the Woc' like you ain't a green nigga?  
Why you call the police on me soon as shit get real  
Like I won't pay my youngin' ten and get your brother killed?  
I know you said it's over, I mix with bakin' soda

You know it  
Sold so much dope, I'm supposed to been promotin' for Coca-Cola  
What's in my left pocket'll make your old lady say it's over  
Both my relationships with smokers, they ain't change up on me  
After I bust her one time, then I pass her to my homie  
Thought she was my sunshine, made it rain on her  
I'm out in California in the hills full of X pills  
Know I could fuck her if I want her 'cause we text still  
For real, it cost a lil nothin' to hit a famous bitch  
'Less you believe most rappers record deals is really rich

You told that hoe this shit forever, she out here suckin' dick  
First day up out the feds, I bought another switch  
If that's the case, what y'all be doin' lately makin' sense  
'Cause when did robbers start bein' bothered by the bloggers comments?  
Since when we start acceptin' rattin' and called it bein' honest?  
Since when did freak bitches turn into niggas baby mommas?  
Since when did street niggas tweet and Instagram their problems?  
Since when did peace treaty with the opps get honored?  
Aye, soon as we done shakin' hands, I make my niggas drop 'em  
Why the fuck they askin' for prices, they ain't even coppin'?  
And every time they try to short me, I charge an extra thousand  
Might up this blick up in the clinic, bring the bitch up out him  
Cool on hittin' niggas hoes, I'm fuckin' bitches mommas  
Why is we pipin' niggas up who never caught a body?  
Why is we takin' care of bitches we don't even love?  
Why I'm recordin' an album like I don't got the bud?  
I take a bitch you trust and turn her to a slut  
Won't catch me hangin' with a bitch if she ain't tryna fuck  
Can't even answer for Spazz, this shit been gettin' deep  
Just got a lawyer for Apple, I hope he get 'em free  
Tell Merey I'm with him, tell Nell I love him  
Tell dunk I'm sendin', tell Reek it's comin'  
We back trippin' this summer, buy a brick if you love us  
Blow a blick if you thuggin', I can't be fucked with in nothin'

Let's win again, let's spin again, them five racks is ten again  
Who in the ten? Who got the Jays? Who got the dog? Who got the soft?  
Who got the blues? Who got the pints? They gettin' bought, these niggas fakin'  
These niggas crazy, huh? These niggas lazy, huh?  
Niggas ain't tryin' to run up and hit they man, they don't even wanna graze  
'em  
Niggas ain't tryna grind up on no bread, they scam old ladies  
Fuck it, you see him, spank 'em  
City should really thank us, them niggas was out here hatin'