

Ay, ay, ay, ay

My pockets fat, they say I still ain't changed  
I'm smokin' gas, I'm smokin' flavor gang  
They be like, "What you do? ", I be like, "Juggin', mane"  
Fell in love with' cake, I swear I went insane  
Posted with' the gang, you was never gang  
Your hoe, she ride the wave, I'm in the fast lane  
I ran up them racks, now she want my last name  
Never chased a hoe, that's why them racks came  
Nigga think he gangster, pull his damn card  
Just like my stick, don't got no damn heart  
Yeah, nigga get to poppin' just like Pop-Tart

Yeah, all my niggas on go just like go-kart  
Yeah, a lot of these niggas pussy, ain't got no heart  
Yeah, fuck nigga know what's up with' me, what's happenin'  
Yeah, come around with' that bullshit, get to blammin'  
Yeah, these niggas so pussy, don't make no damn sense  
Yeah, turnin' a nigga to past tense  
Fuck nigga gotta go  
Niggas hate, wanna hate me some more  
I'm on that fuck shit, better lay low  
When you havin' power, you have say, so

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