

(Rambow)
(In the cut, goin' Full Tac)

Yeah
So much stacks just like Soulja (Stacks)
We them niggas and they told you
We some shooters, poppin' like soda
I got racks, they stretchin' like yoga (Racks)
Big ass Glock, it got a beam
Body drop, it's droppin' like lean
Love that smoke, I am a fiend

Yeah
Talk to racks 'cause they talk back (Turn up)
I got bundles just like Stack's (Stack's)
Ran up a check quick like four flat (Check)
Uh (Whew)
You ain't gang, you get that tax (Tax)
Playin' with squad, you gon' get whacked (Whacked)
On that bullshit, don't know how to act
Yeah, yeah, yeah
It is what it is and it ain't what it ain't (Yeah)
Try me, this chop hit that boy with the bang
Chopper ain't got a heart, give a fuck what you think
Just hit the lick, now I sip drank
Big ass Glock, it make 'em plank (Yeah)
Hammer and that bitch go bang (Bang)
In the field, my nuts, they hang

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(Phew, phew, prrt)
Yeah (Shoot)