

I got a man tryna chase me a milly
I ain't happy with a hundred quiddy
Free all my lurky riders, sliders
All of them used to get drilly
Notorious like Biggie
Tryna do a one-shot kill like Wiggy
Beat that ting like Pebe or Scrilly
LMB like Herb and Diddy
Free the mandem though, two trap giddy
Resupports the headline for city, silly
Still got faith in this blicky, flicky
Like my girlfriend it's pretty
You want money like me, I want money like Diddy
Free Spazz, you're gonna leave him red like Trippie
Two .44's on the way to...
Flames couldn't even take it to...

Forget all the fake Y stuff
They know who been playin' rough
Matter of fact, we ain't playin' at all
Matter of fact, we've been breakin' rules
Man still in the field like Sunday football
Bros on peds still attemptin' kills
And babe said "be careful"
I'm doin' Schumacher up behind that wheel
Cookie spliff on my blade blade still
Yes, few Ks man's hard to kill
All sounds good, man's out 'ere still
Bet you didn't know that the mandem did that
.44 bounce him, big man dig that
17, I was out there on the ridgeback
Numerous through to then came a big MAC

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Main road or back, don't flex my chargie
We got artillery like the Army
The gangdem smoky like Bob Marley
Can't really slide on the A
Too tough cah the man there fuck with the rallis
When the feds try meet me and ask me
Questions come on the phone to a barbie

(Bark it barbie, dum lil' Mali)
Still rise that wap for bro like Stacy
Skengs on peds from kway back
I ain't tryna swing I'm gettin' lazy
How can dem man say the gangdem ain't on piss
When your bro's been fried like chips?
Free lil' bro he left my bitch

Lil' bro got toasted, and floated
Pass the rizz then we roll him
Say that smoking kills
So it's evident we're still smokin'
It's bait, I keep me a ching and that's four of them
My bro still brought smoke in
Kway back it was two packs on the M-way
Now I'm gettin' these bands on the mopeds
He got shot, and now he's on the net bein' stupid
Seem him again we gon' shoot him
I get guap, I ain't goin' broke, are you stupid?
If it's not makin' money I remove it
In skengs we trust, it's serious
Waps on deck on my daughter's birthday
Free all my lurky riders, sliders
On the landin' for some birthdays

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