

I had a dub sack in my bucket  
Rolling around like "fuck it"  
Now I got a OZ in this Benz, still rolling around like "fuck it"  
OZ in this Benzo, rolling around like "fuck it"  
Rolling around like "fuck it", rolling around like "fuck it"

That shit weak, your bitch weak that's too bad, my bitch bad  
Smoke weed, I got plenty, take your quarter back like McNabb  
Sip lean, I got plenty, I drop a ace in a liter now I got a quinceañera  
Ever had a chick to do it on the dick to capoeira  
Kick game like Martial Arts kick game like Marshall Law  
On Tekken the homies got weapons Martial Law could happen any second  
Getting money, blowing digits only sexing sexy women  
Only sexin' sexy women only sex is sexy women  
That like to do them nasty things you know I like them nasty things  
Can't fuck with them whips and chains I got a bitch that do, but I ain't got  
no gavel  
Baby wanna know what's under my belt maybe cause I paid so much for the belt  
Call the car service, get your ass home, but just yesterday me and Agent J

What's happenin'? OZ in this Benzo  
OZ in this Benzo  
Just a lil' Carson, nigga  
You're so weak, you don't know me  
Soulo so lowkey in Lord, legends, infinity  
Oh God showed off inventing me  
Me and K with the promoter  
Drop the fo' up in the soder  
I'm unraveling backwoods  
And he's bending corners, just thought I'd warn ya  
Whats happening?  
I've been gone too long, but bitch I'm back again  
Except this time I'm old  
Had that Chevy celebrity the same age as me  
With that gram in the glove-box, that's a 2 for 15  
I mean

You still weak, you last week  
I'm next month, twist the next blunt  
The homie got his chain took at the Mixed Nuts  
Now we blowing big weed, lean mixed up  
Nigga, don't get shit misconstrued  
We gave y'all plenty time to dig our stuff  
Getting women in the mood  
We tell the truth up in the nude  
Breaking news, breaking news  
I'm enlightening like Pikachu  
All I do is what you wouldn't think to do  
Silk, don't you remember that South Pole Jeans, fat laces in all our shoes  
A nigga turned into an oracle  
Treat the damn booth like a urinal  
Smoking a stogie in a terminal  
I had a dub sack in my bucket  
Rolling around like "fuck it"  
Paul Jeremy, Doe and me trying to match a nugget  
Pass the blunt to BC, AR, and AJ  
King Rich, YM, Python P, I put that on me

I had a dub sack in my bucket  
Capital C

I just might be in yo hood  
(Fuck outta here man, you dumb ass niggas!  
You niggas are silly out here tryin' to look cute and shit man)  
I just might be in yo hood  
(Quit playing. This is serious bruh, niggas wanna come talk to me about all  
this dumb shit; a nigga ain't tryna hear that man  
I'ma come clean bruh, go sit down with all that my nigga)  
This shifts over here from the grass... I just might be in yo hood  
(We gon' handle it, how handle it my nigga straight like that, bruh)  
(Eh niggas out here look silly, my nigga  
Like bruh, if you don't know me look at my fucking Twitter, my nigga)  
I just might be in yo hood  
(It's your boy A-Mack out here man, Zanzilla, slapping niggas and bitches fo  
r fun, straight like that)

Niggas chased my uncle there, through God's grace the gun jammed  
I found comfort in this pleasure, meaning I slept the best through gun sound  
s  
These Days it's a little different, between me and my past I put a little di  
stance  
Egyptian cotton, thread count vicious  
Started as a dream, manifested into little Kendrick  
Now everybody feel it, even niggas who didn't know, they try to forget it!  
Selective Amnesia, that's an Oxymoron, These Days  
Niggas ask about pressure I grew up watching free base  
Literally the face of my hood...  
So basically I beat the case  
I vanished but left a trace, just in-case a nigga gotta go back  
Yeah, it's not for games if I say that

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