

'94 Roosevelt copped the green card  
'99 up in the Macy's we the steam squad  
Me libere, weed inside a cigere  
Action Bronson, Bronsoliño, tigere  
Taco truck wrap hotter than Serranos  
You know the motto, dawg, siempre gano  
Mi hermano, got the jugo in the bottle  
En el camino, burning rubber, hit the throttle  
Life in the fast lane, licensed to flash change  
Hyphen the last name, twice when the cash came  
Currently I'm moving forward from some past pain  
Spit the shit that have us hopping out of glass range  
Watch when people get some money how their class change  
Cop a crib right by the lake for twenty [?]  
Carve initials in the grass, Edward Scissorhands the bushes  
Lean on Tempur-Pedic, smoking seven different kushes

Pussy, pussy, pussy  
We have black pussy  
We have smelly pussy  
We have yellow pussy

We back by old timers  
And young up-and-comers  
Plot in the winter then we storming all up in summer  
Fuck the dime piece, I want a deuce or better  
I mean the smoke dimes fine when they give a header  
Gimme a nine or eight, with a cute face  
Appreciate it, shoot game, and roll blue eights  
I'm on the J train, BK hop off at Myrtle  
I'm on one puff away from Dante's Inferno  
But I don't want to burn, unless it's crystalized  
Put one high, smoke the pain away, the morning time  
Only a [?], snapback vintage  
[?] image on the sweater screen-printed  
Same tripping, molly got me seeing visions  
Lifestyle like [?]  
Never slip into your holy superstitions  
[?] wise, if I pull it guarantee I'm a fucking killer