Yeah, yeah
It's me, it's me
It's me

Here I am sunk in the Jeep
Windows up, you can't see the boy
'Cause these cowards think it's hunting season
I just press the button and the stuff from the trunk come to the front
Before I throw this pack of dynamite I light the blunt up
Tripping balls
As I drive the Grand Cherokee Laredo through the mall
Like it's Mario Kart
Pop the hood
All chrome with the four turbos
This shit kickin' harder than those four turtles
I'm running backwards just tryna save time

Stage crimes
So we can do crimes at the same time
Tap dancing on the rock for so long I made wine
Just tryna stay low from Shaitan
So I put my shades on
Head to toe suede on
Yeah, looking like Blade 2
Cook up a strange soup
Hand to hand money get exchanged
It's all the same
No motherfucking change, it's the game bitch