

Ayy, grrah, burr

TEC shoot any nigga on some lame shit  
Niggas tough until they mama with the gang, bitch  
You got shooters, they ain't shooting with the A team  
He a clown, paint his face like some Maybelline  
Bitch lied to me twice, she got two shots  
Diddy Bop a nigga bitch up out her Reeboks  
187 slidin', listening to Key Glock  
Take your bullets and grab a chopper, winter stay hot  
Fresh as fuck, I'm by myself, my gang can't leave the state  
I eat beats, he eat my pussy like some Frito-Lay  
Courtney called me, asked to send a bird, A-okay  
Dancing with these bands, feel like Ayo and TK

One young nigga, he gon' creep, don't make a sound  
Two young niggas posted with two hundred rounds  
Three young niggas catch you and they running down  
Four gang members sliding, that's a murder, beatin' the trial

I play for the wealth, you'd rather set your partner up (Bitch)  
Moving like a sniper, who be lacking? Never us  
Told me everything about your man so I don't trust  
Bitches wanna be down, they cross you over petty stuff  
This that shit that my young bitches gon' get wild to  
This that shit, I'm in my zone, bitch, you a cow, move  
Facing court, 'cause that lil' bitch ain't have her mouth mute  
I got condos, different cities, with a pink room  
I'm a threat to all these bitches 'cause I'm getting riches  
Switched my flow, I switched my image, bitch, it's tailor-  
rented  
With no makeup I'm the shiznit, I'm the youngest in it  
At the free throw, shooters spinning, balling start to finish

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