

I've been chasing dames, bitch get out my way  
I didn't want the fame, one day you'll know my name  
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Pull up in a two-seater, a two-seater (skrr)  
Homie got a new heater, a new heater  
Yeah, he got aim so watch out what you say  
And my homies ride or die so they do as I say  
Pull up with them all, tell em hit em all  
I ain't gangster, but bitch [?]  
I ain't got time for someone to be street  
If you really want smoke dog, come and get some heat  
Cause I've been so cold, don't know where's my soul  
I've been on the road, did this on my own  
They said I couldn't do it, I went out and proved it  
Now it's game time, my time, dog just watch my highlights

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I've been trippin', sippin', prayin' on the floor  
Prayin' I never die but shit, you never know  
[?] lil bitch, what you stand for  
Even if I left today, I'd probably reach the damn globe  
I don't give a fuck (give a fuck), how you feel about me  
White gold chain with some grills in my teeth  
Like propane, I?  
On sight, road rage, if you wanted some beef  
All I really wanted was to feel accepted  
All through high school I feel neglected  
Now guess who hitting me up?  
The same kids in high school that ain't give a fuck  
But shit, I ain't never really trippin' about me  
G-Star pants, 50K on my feet  
I ain't never really trippin' about me  
G-Star pants, 50K on my feet

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