

What d'you niggas know about getting money?  
Exactly, you don't know shit  
You've never been outside when it's sunny  
Posted, big forty-five on your hip  
What d'you know about them OT trips?  
Flying up the road, ass crack full of bits  
What d'you know about flying round the ends?  
Xbox up your ass, nearly crash and you still don't get nicked  
We're on shit

I'm the one for copping sticks, bare waps for the guys  
When we slide on these pricks, half a mortgage on my wrist  
My nigga, I'm fucking lit  
Why you talking on my name like I never let it rip?  
Broad day or pitch black, I'll still light up your strip  
It just depends on what time I get the drop from this bitch  
You can go and ask Stizzy, he'll tell you that I'm tapped  
I be rolling with the scorps, tryna turn a nigga pack  
You know I'm pulling up in whips that are mapped  
If you come alongside and try and race, you'll get gapped  
Ask Sav what the whip does, how they gon' grip us?  
It's straight to one-sixty, two-ers on the clock  
And bro it does the whole clock but one-eighty gets risky  
Middle of the day, just nearly crashed into a gypsy  
Dropped it but span like a frisbee  
Got niggas looking at me like I'm tipsy  
Caravan barely missed me  
Just sold some poly, only poly I be smoking  
Big Cali spliff, every pull I be choking  
If it's beef, get the blick, you know I'll smoke him  
Flick on the hip when I'm out, you don't wanna see me poke him  
This lifestyle wicked, gang straight wicked  
Four-four long, kickback hits different  
If it's on, get up close on the one  
Come through, shh slap suttin then I'm gone  
If I slap suttin, I might hit your button  
Let the wap cook these niggas like a pan of curry mutton  
If it's beef, I ain't ducking it, I'm out getting active  
You'll see the whip's stuck in graft mode, I get stuck in  
I need a gaff, four bedrooms to crop in  
I need a whip stash that'll fit a Glock in  
When I catch my opp, it's head shots, yeah that's top bin  
I'm with TY, smell the weed when he hops in

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