This is quiet money fo life, understand huh This is quiet money fo life, TBS huh Get it right, huh

This another one street stressing
Keep pressing, he's guessing
Please I'm in the cut wit a bottle she's blessing
Where I been that's the key question?

Niggas yelling keep repping I must to left some kind of deep impression, peep the essence I speak in lesson if you seeking reference Never leave ya weapon

See me if you need connections we insessing Built aggression only brief accession I mean my niggas filled wit flexions So believe he's resting, leave the message

Fuck wit me niggas would be you breathless, leave you naked I keep it gully like the Visa Question we perfect this That's probation got us extra hating
No explanation for the murders just rap-a-lations recreations

This rap shit got us celebrating Like we saving, we in hell with satan Jails are waiting smell probation, serve time got us telemaking

Yo, at fourteen my hot ass was chasing bitches At fifteen my brother told me get them digits Told me every penny count nigga hit them trinches Don't floss to hard don't burn no riches

Don't trust no bitch if ya doe is heavy
And don't smoke with her if the blunt rolled already
No ass betting if you show it you betta blast it
Math class on the corner yeah I past it

Die right now take twenty from you bastards Fuck it throw a fifth of Henny in my casket Never got my ass kicked, never had a pitbull I just went to high school with the clip full

First nigga act get a clip full
Mama raised me but the streets made me
Rum got me hazy chasing this cream
Fuck a dollar in a dream hundred grams and a thro team

And I'm gone make the block work
So's reing me up got the hood on clockwork
Bedstuy nigga you know it's on
Gotta flow so strong, you could put it in a bomb

When I die, I'm gone go in fashion, guns blasting Cash inside coffins, memories get lost when you die The legacy is eye for an eye But overall I will survive nigga When I die, I'm gone go in fashion, guns blasting Cash inside coffins, memories get lost when you die The legacy is eye for an eye But overall I will survive nigga

Jump out the drop top
Catch you why you copping at that weed spot
Speak not you know them bitches be your weak spot
I'm in the trinches that's where y'all niggas scared to come at

Where all the guns at
Where my shorties flip them ones at
That's where my son's at
You speak of war but you don't want that

I blew the timbs out and blow the GS wit the rims out  $% \left( 1\right) =\left( 1\right) \left( 1\right)$ 

- I air your bens out baby moms and her friend's out
- I knock a lens out, I bring the boys and the mens out
- I leave you lace up, you paralyzed from the waste up

I'll fuck your face up, when I finish tossing cakes up I'm eating the kris up, I iced the finger, neck and wrist up If it's a mix up, look at all the ones that I fix up I mean, I fucked up, fuck around you getting stuck up

Press ya luck up, back this motherfucking truck up
I'm 'bout to black out, it's up to me to close this track out
I pull the mack out, I blow your chest and your back out
And knock the glock out, air this whole fucking block out

I knock a cop out, fuck a high school drop out
Attempt murders, two to sixty on a cop out
I'm fucking with my nigga's up north on a lockout
The M A S A, you run your mouth we smack the tast out
We blow your face out, pay the judge to throw the case out

Check the game and the cats that play in it Quiet money youngest lieutenant Yeah world it's been a minute, I'm in it To my heart stop or blood touch the concrete

Beyond deep, these streets got me gripping my heat Losing sleep, breaking day sling crack to fiends W.D. forty to sixty having backwards dreams The cash the cream from the cradle to the casket green

Got the game tied up we the nasties team
We flash we steam if it's on then we mash your beam
Yellow tape the sidewalk and leave a nasty scene
Your back is spling ya brain, face and chest get sprayed

The desert the miss the spot when it bust your way
We touch we lay in the streets it's a must we play
We cook, we chop bust pots down and clust the way
From light to day it's only right that we cock and spray

We speeding on could spot a snake from a block away I told you a what the game need is a change of speed Visualize the realism I'm a dangerous speed

When I die, I'm gone go in fashion, guns blasting

Cash inside coffins, memories get lost when you die The legacy is eye for an eye But overall I will survive nigga

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