

We just young rich wild and stupid
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Wonder why I move like 1 2
You got a bad bitch with ya? I got 1 2
I work the fock with the left, lean the pot with the right
Forgiato's on the Coupe when I come through
I might wipe a nigga nose on GP
Plain Jane, no stones in the AP
Free kick good, ball man screap raid me
Young Rich Nigga, men would prolly wanna hate me
I'm rollin' like a polo through the city out
My niggas scrub like police
Come and get it, fuck around and make me lose it
If she gimme that mouth, I'm gon' abuse it
When I hate this game, I luv the music
When my bitch look black tryna use a cubic
Cause she like hoes too, she so confused
New sick 4-5 hard top I'm cruising
Good game bitches in the kitchen cookin' fishies
Water whippin', doin' dishes, man some balla callin' mane
Ready fo' whateva cause behind the 40 bezel
Hoe dig me like a chef, I got her made in shape
Kitchen on the south side, 45 old Drive
Turn white T burger need no road tie
Bought the white spinach from my nigga
Just to fuck a bunch of bitches
Do em bad, kick em out, call em hoe ride
I ain't take these bitches seriously
And I don't fuck with these niggas like a hoe on a period
I been live my life and I ain't live it bad
Bitch, I'm playin' fo the head, no screens attached
And I don't want yo pussy, you can get it back
I'm just tryna catch a jug like a runner back
In the 7, maiden bitch and I'm a runner back
Used to find me in the street cause I'm all bout that

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This is the pressure of go in first
So I go ahead, put these hoes to work
So much pace in the beat make ya go berserk
Young cousin crazy, Demerick, so I jumped out when I graduated
But Jesus saw genes when I was created
The police seen niggas when I was a baby
And I can't escape it, control, ALT delete,
You got beats, I'll replace them
I'm facin' a dog feature with a flashlight
Dad, only signs in my past life
Just shitty beats so I add rice

What a piece of cake, it's the fast lice
So I can grate the fakers
Shakin' hands in the shizz, they didn't make us
Stay out my buss' if you ain't make it
No brake, you just margarine and papers
So I blow my mind, I see the laser
My enemies shocked, they see the taser
I keep my motor rollin' like a razor
I ain't broke, I just can't afford the patience
Speed up, I just can't ignore the racin'
Switch lanes, I just can't afford the traffic
Make it to my tower, I ain't trade in
Lord knows I'm a train wreck in the training
Went and spoke too much, look how quiet my day is
Spree Will, I don't think they'll fuckin' make em
Oh, forget it, I wa' forgettin' what I was sayin'
Don't say too much, a-much a-wastin'
You ain't eva gave a fuck, it's a fuck yo face in
Now you got shit to lose and aspirations
So much shit up in my face, even ask fo' haters
Go fuck it all, take the medication
Peace!

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I feel like fuck these crooked ass police
Hangin' out the window, showin' all my gold teeth
You ain't gettin' no peace, all we get is more grief
Body bags, body bags, more sheets
I look out the window, all I see is dope fiends
I go beast mode, you go lean
Pistol on my pillow, I don't get no sleep
So high, fucked around and called the nose police
Smellin' like weed and wisdom
Know how much weed is in my system
But I do know bitches be trippin' so hard they need perdiem
And she still gon need the dean
Her legs spread like TV antennas
And if a nigga want beef, I'll bring the whole muthafuckin' team to dinner
Like bow yo heads and pass the biscuits
As we get to crackin' shit like mathematicians
Uncle Sam can nab yo ass and snatch yo Mac
After figurin' mathematical algorithms out
Activists all come out missin'
I sever dead bodies, I'm suspicious
Now all this money won't bring my temper down
I remember bein' kicked while I was down
Young and rich, beyond this shit
It's yo bitch with the wise silence
Young and rich, beyond this shit
I've been the shit since my baby shower

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