

How I feel? Ain't nobody got my back for real
I'm out juggin', I ain't thinking bout no fucking deal
Everytime I feel down I pour up for real
My mama cussed me out when she found my stash of pills
Ain't no flockin' over here, you'll get killed for real
I can't have no hoe, I'm fucking nigga's bitches still
I get chills in my body when I rip that seal
I need some M's out this shit, I just wanna live
Put a 50 on that bitch, watch me spin the wheel
Ain't no hoe in my blood I don't know how that feel
I'm putting my mama in a mansion 'fore I get a deal
Don't you see how niggas living? Yeah the punches real
We hit the mall high as hell just to fuck it up
I lost my brother & sister before 21
If I couldn't talk to y'all I'd be fucked up
Stay out my way, I'm tryna rap don't get fucked up
Send some slim.223's at yo' putt putt
Cute bitch, nice titties, with a lil butt
I seen a nigga write something & take the whole team
My young dawg keyed some drank, but never sold lean
This F&N'll shut you down & clear the whole scene
All my niggas striking shit like a bowling team
I'm a thousand miles from home tryna live my dream
My nigga I'll meet you there as long as it's green

Had to give that bitch some space, she got too attached
Shit, I feel like Otto Porter, he know where it's at
Do you wanna make some money with no strings attached?
And it's really haunting me, my AMG abstract
I'm getting rich out this booth, I'ma stand on that
And I don't listen to y'all niggas, I don't believe them raps
I'ma pitch you a bitch I can't breathe with that
My nigga O was getting scripts like he needed help

Aye, when you was down was them hoes around?
I just loaded up this clip before I left the house
Since this bitch talk so much she can use her mouth
On the back road, doing numbers in the South
If I told you everything, you'd be heading out
Bitch we in this shit forever, we gone work it out
High as hell, rolling up got me ripping stouts
I heard yo nigga pouring green, tell him wash his mouth
I'm in this shit by myself, I had to figure out
Just me & Kane in my 7 bedroom house
You wanna verse from me, nigga I need a half pound
You'll catch a bullet to yo' head tryna take my crown

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