

(Big Drice on the beat, yeah)
Ayy, what if I do a whole eight without fuckin' up?
I'm hard?
Yeah
It's with an X, nigga
Fxce

Gave the bitch good fuckin' D, put the rose back
That shit gon' go over they head
Couldn't slide, give her fuckin' dick because the roads bad
Naw, for real
I'm tired of pourin' twos up, where the fours at?
Where they at? Where they at, nigga?
This a nine milli' SIG Sauer with the four strapped
Alright, talk to them niggas, E
This a K, SLR kit, this a long strap
Every bitch want a relationship, where the hoes at?
You only made a hundred off the 'bow, where the pros at?
Throw your cell in the microwave because your phone tapped
Big chop hit him in his leg and make his bone crack
Talkin' 'bout them Scats over the phone, I don't condone that
That's some dumb shit (What?)
If I see him, I'ma squeeze it 'til the gun click (Boom)
You can't keep a bag 'cause you smokin' on some flunk shit (Dum
bass)
"What made you call me all the sudden?" 'Cause I'm drunk, bitch
(Hello?)
We done made a hundred off that one shit
Really, it's a hundred-plus
I been runnin' money up
Glock 43, this bitch a tummy tuck
TRX truck, this bitch a one-of-one
Slide on us, you better have a hundred guns
Police took my heat, but I got more than one
Stop askin' can you stop suckin' my meat? Bitch, you ain't neve
r done
Talkin' all that shit up on the 'net, don't even got a gun
Blow a nigga temple, walk away, don't even gotta run
Yeah, hit his ass six ways
Gang walk him down, hit his ass with six K's
Unfold the brace off the Drac', man, this bitch a switchblade
Hit him with 456, look like dog off Squid Game

(Ayo, Drice, run that shit back)