

(Lorenz, don't stop)
(FBE shit)

I had to toss another Glock, the boys steady tryna get me
I'm out here ridin' with plan B, that mean I'm ridin' 'round with fifty
She text me out the blue she hate me, so I'm knowin' that she miss me
I put my bitch in new designer, she don't own a pair of Miss Mes
I'm in this shit by myself, I don't need a whole committee
MVP of this bitch, I feel like Frank Nitty
You ain't even got no clothes, why you tryna throw a fit with me?
You ain't never been on the road, why you tryna go on a trip with me?
Me and Will on Hill Road, no, you can't get filled for free
Shout out to the hoes who never chose, they fucked him and me
If somebody try to do you bold, that's your enemy
I can't let 'em catch me with no pole, that's the end of me
You must've heard we catch up with niggas
I got a freaky-ass chop, it like touchin' niggas
This bitch done fucked the whole block, now she cuffin' niggas
I'll never wait in line, I like cuttin' niggas
Bitch, I'll never drink off you, you catch nut for niggas
Bitch, why the fuck would I trust you and I don't trust my niggas?
When I pull up outside, I get to rushin' bitches
We be outside in E West with them Russian bitches
Why you tryna bring a cum rag to the riches?
Why this bitch outside poppin' bottles and she ain't do the dishes?
Starks for president, bitch, I'm still the leading politician
The only way you talkin' to me if you got a proposition

I just seen me and Starks in here, it ain't no competition
No playin' both sides, you either with us or you the opposition
All chops got a drum on it, but the Glock extended
Bullets hit his head so fast, he can't comprehend it
You wanna fuck in them pretty panties, then pull 'em to the side
Make another five, then put it to the side
If them boys hand me that bag, then tell them niggas slide
You niggas can't move how I move, but you can go and try
Yeah, I ain't playin' in this bitch
I done fucked her so good, I got her friends on my dick
Niggas talkin' crazy in the party like what you sayin' in this bitch?
If I ain't got my Glock on me, then I'm throwin' hands in this bitch
But that'll never happen
Man, I always got my pole, bitch, I'm never lackin'
Anybody can fall from the top, that's why I'm never braggin'
If you don't know me by now, nigga, then you better ask me
Hit him with an old-school chop, this bitch a lever action
Boy, you not cut, you just a wannabe
When I'm outside, you see them killers right in front of me
Money on my left side and on my right is where my gun'd be
When I was young, I ain't really had no pape', they made fun of me
Now look, now they can't fuck with me
I'm in the stu' runnin' shit, I'm with FBE
Fast dudes slidin' back-to-back, we in an SRT
Bitch, I don't care if you just clocked out, I'm finna work your knees, nigg
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