

(Keep that shit low-key, Tae)
(DJ G got a hit)

Yeah, Baby, yeah, you did this one
Bro got twenty pounds through the mail, yeah, with no issue
We don't get caught up with the feds 'cause we move different
Stop tellin' me it's hard to get the bag, I was in school with
it
In school with some shit on you, you don't know the feeling
Ask the teacher to go to the bathroom, put it in the ceiling
That was just some little petty shit, now I really live it
Granny asked me what's some sucker pills? I told her amoxicilli
n
Bitch, I got medicine
40 on me now, come take it off my skeleton
Caught a nigga slippin' at the light, Thomas Edison
Take the body, feed it to the dogs, get rid of evidence
I'm arrogant, I can take your bitch for the hell of it
You ain't never upped no pole, nigga, you too hesitant
You ain't never upped no roll, nigga, where your present is?
Old as hell, needin' gas rides, you embarrassing
Gotta learn how to invest your money, can't be scared to spend
it
Granny said she gon' pray for me, but I'ma keep on sinning
Nigga, this a 40, not a 9, it's a big difference
You already gon' know what it mean if my dreads missing
You already gon' know what it mean when the feds listen
You gon' see this beam on your jeans, now the Craigs missin'
Niggas tryna take my plays, but fuckin' up they transmission
If I tell a story about my life, it'd be nonfiction