

(You aren't even a cool breeze for my man Taz)  
Uh-uh-uh, uh-uh-uh, uh-uh-uh (Yeah)  
Yeah, alright (The realest)  
Alright (Brrt), huh (Brrt)

Do somethin' for your hood, that's a real flex (No rap)  
Huh, he got sat out more times than a pill press (Some bitch shit)  
Niggas used to hate on me, I bet they still mad (They pissed)  
So when I pop my shit, bro, I don't feel bad (Fuck 'em)  
But now I can put some money on your head real bad (Yeah)  
I spent some money on her hair, then she was real bad  
Hittin' her from the back, I made her numb, she want her feel back  
Chain a hundred plus, so the receipt look like some real stats  
I just flipped that (Brrt), Lamb' truck, killed that (Killed)  
I just did some hard shit on live, somebody clip that (Get that)  
Finna cop a watch and get my wrist back (Come on)  
She can't get on top because we might just have a mishap  
I don't wear a lot of PINK, but I sip that  
If it's a Jet2 holiday, I'ma go and skip that (Ha)  
He only shoot his gun on holidays, that boy is big cap (Bap)  
Knew papa sellin' dope because his other phone was flipped back (You know?)

Yeah, Hellcat, I drift that  
Pack your shit and come lay up with me with your thick ass (Come here, bae)  
I ain't even gon' bap to y'all, been in my trick bag (Huh)  
And what's so crazy, I been havin' bitches that trick back (Alright)  
The shit I drive'll make you sit back (Frrt)  
I don't want no bitch back, fuck you, kiss that (Bitch)  
This shit ain't out the bank, that's why it's mix-match (You know?)  
Can teach you 'bout some drank, just come to sip class  
Ha, went broke, fixed that (Yeah)  
Told lil' mama did she like that rope, she said, "I'm with that" (Come on)  
Nigga said he knew I had the pole, he seen my hips sag (Brrt, brrt)  
Gang for life, nigga, just like my flow, bro, I can't switch that (You preac  
h? You hear?)  
Yeah, alright (You know?)

Somethin' gon' happen if you touch my green, this shit like poison ivy (You  
hear me?)  
The Glockies got no box, but they don't do no fightin' (Glrrd)  
But they do got somethin' in common, 'cause they spit like Tyson (Uh-huh)  
When I rap, I punch in, I don't do no writin'  
If you ain't got the bread to get you off the jam, don't do nothin' violent  
(Nothin')  
Bae, I'd rather FaceTime you, I ain't good at typin'  
Seen her cross the club and shot my shot, I should have been a sniper  
Do this shit, I ain't tryin', pole on me, I ain't blind  
Come on, let's go and drop two fours, low like Kobe Bryant (I been)  
I can't find nothing about this hoe, but I just know she lyin'  
Yeah, I know that gold worth way more, but I still wanted diamonds (I'm know  
in')

Like, I'm on my young nigga shit right now  
I'm just poppin' it  
You know? The realest