

Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, hey

Who that over there? Bitch, we shoot, don't lay-up
My last bitch double back, told that bitch, "I don't care"
And if that nigga copy my swag, then I'm pullin' on his bitch hair
And I walk 'round with my flag, and I dump shots everywhere
And they want all what I have, so I walk 'round with my K, yeah
Can't lie, this bitch so bad, on gang, I might just lay her down

She get slayed, yeah, I get paid, yeah
And I could fuck her good, but I can't be your savior
Nigga lurkin' 'round in my hood, he gon' meet his maker
I'ma real deal slime-ass nigga, might just betray you
Have my shooter hidin' in the cut
Is you down with me or what?
I don't like her, I just wanna nut
And these niggas just talk for the net
You say I'm gon' die with 'em then bet
Countin' money, I'm not tryna flex
Said I'm bitch, say that shit with your chest
(With your chest, nigga)
And I hate to see it pan out this way
And I hate to see us fall out 'bout a bitch, ayy
And I can't believe how fast these niggas switch, ayy
But I ain't with none of the games, nah
You wastin' time worrying 'bout me, you could be stackin' up pape, yeah
And I thought we was family, but most these niggas be fake, yeah
Niggas be fake

That shit foul
Can't believe they turned around and ran they mouths
Shit went south
I'm posted up with them killers on the Southside

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Down
I don't even know what the fuck these niggas talkin' 'bout
I'm just kickin' shit
I'm just kickin' shit by my damn self, by my doly, nigga
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