

Love my friends  
It's been a hell of a journey  
Cause on the beat  
As I'm lookin' at this pile of cash, I recognize it could come back and bite  
you in the ass  
If just one of 'em slip up

This is the RICO  
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They say that every single man's created equal  
Every single dollar that I touch is illegal  
They comin' for my people  
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First Red got caught up, then Jimmy got caught up  
[?] got his face all shot up  
I was layin' low with product try'na be lowkey but I can't  
I'm paranoid, trippin' out, I pray to God he don't hit the stands  
I'm in my backyard diggin' in the sand, pullin' out boxes full of fifty grand  
Where we landin D.E.A. waitin' on us, not again  
They have pictures of my homeboy's girl in the bank droppin' me some ends  
I used to pull out nine grand everyday  
Bought a farm in Monterrey  
Built a crib in Hanalei  
Keep that bullshit away  
You know the RICO is comin' for us soon  
So I'm ridin' with the dirty Desert Eagle  
Out in Arizona drippin' with my homeboys sippin'  
Waitin' on another shipment, yeah, we move a little different  
We don't rap about it, yeah, we really get down  
Yeah, these sharks in these waters, while I float, I watch 'em drown  
Make a T-Bone steak, cold Patrón to wash it down  
Yeah, I'm flexin' out in Humboldt, got the hardest spot around  
And we lookin' at the choppers when the harvest come around  
Take our throw away phones out the window, toss 'em out  
You see Ray get busy, Ezell get busy  
But if they go to jail then they come and they get me  
It's the RICO Act, look it up  
If they grab one of us then we're fucked

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Why they take Phil from us and leave him in the Bentley?  
When they took Jack from us, I felt empty  
Got a house full of cash, need to wash every penny  
Got the I.R.S. on my phone talkin' 'bout a levy  
The Devil's try'na tempt me  
They need trucks sent to Virginia but I'm up in the mornin' with my children  
thinkin' different  
Like, 'fuck the game!'  
I don't need it, I'mma step away  
If they catch the homies they gon' grab me up anyway  
Phone calls from inside they say they need me  
And them summers in the sunset, they sure weren't easy  
[?] photos, got my full name in it  
I'm duckin' all these cases but I still stay in it  
When you make twenty mil', you look at the game different  
And all you think about all day is lane switchin'  
Yeah, I wanna be legit but my past still haunt me  
Drug deals in [?], diggin' holes for dead bodies  
Yeah, I'm choppin' game in follies, rollin' up a scottie  
I been waitin' all week with this hundred pack on me (hurry up)  
Money trails got me losin' sleep lately  
If I send it and they get it, they gon' fuck around and raid me  
If I drop it in the bank, it's less than two-K daily  
I been waitin' all month for this fool to come pay me  
When he showed up, I felt somethin' funny 'bout his vibe  
I felt it in my stomach when I looked in his eyes

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