

(Quake)
Woah
(Ayo, BandPlay)
Frozone

Woah, twenty-three shots like I'm Micheal Jordan
Choke slam the pack like I'm Randy Orton
Get to the bread, give a fuck what you niggas doin'
Break on a bitch, leave her feelings
The way that I walk on the beat can't nobody do it
Birkin my bitch, change her attitude
Strapped up during a show, better think 'fore you try to do it
Buss down the plain, that's an alley-oop
Switch up his gun, now he gotta eat camel soup
No cap on the beat, this shit factual
I put the gang on the map, now we national
If you ain't from my side, then I'm taxin' you
My bitch, she bad, got a body like Betty Boop
Can't save her name, that's my lil' whoopty-whoop
She hate when I be telling lies 'cause she know the truth

Still'll pop out like I'm bulletproof
AMG Benz, Cartier hangin' out the roof
Nine on my side, not a twenty-two
Step on a opp in some Prada designer shoes
Hoes on my dick, that's what money do
I'm with your bitch tryna see what that honey do
Sent out for a low, pray he make it through
Phone ringing now, no, I can't wait a day or two
Wockhardt got me feelin' sensational
You say this your bitch, but to me she look takeable
She say that I look like a snack
Told her meet in the back, ate the dick like a edible
After this I can't chill or relax
Gotta get to the bag, let me check out my schedule
Too much ice on my neck change the weather up
So Icy Gang, nobody big as us, gang

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Uh, fresh to death when I walk in the folks room
I'm high off the meds, bitch, don't think it ain't on me
In the club with this Glock in my undies

You make the wrong move, you get sent with your homie
When we in the club, they can tell we them niggas and gettin' us a whole lot
ta money
I counted this paper, this shit'll keep comin'
You know that I'm thumbin' and thumbin'
Steady poppin' my shit on these niggas
I know that they hated, I'm just being honest
Had to get off my ass and go get me a bag
Bitch, I ran up a check with no honors
They better free Trill out the feds, if they don't let him out, then we gon'
kill your honor
Pull up on the scene and we blackout the whip, presidential like we was Obam
a, gang

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