

Them niggas talk shit behind keyboards, don't even come outside  
Drako come with torch by the handle, gon' get your ass fried  
I got both in high 32 and below 25  
Don't believe in drive-by, I walk up and let you see the thing  
Truck out with a 50, you know how we slide  
Exotic Glock came with the pot, the bill hold fifty-five  
I scrap the show, try me, get shot, we left off in the crowd  
We gotta know this hollow hot, and my young nigga wild

We got a man, he ain't shoot it, I told you to take the shot  
You know me, I'm too official, I'm riding with you, ride or not  
In the Hellcat smashing out the traffic with the latest thot  
Goofy bitch in my inbox, trap house, shoot out your latest drop  
Now with two inches up on they mission, I left on my watch  
Cartier ain't my diamond, keep on glistening when I chase the G  
lock  
Yeah, he was my day one, but they know he turned into cop  
No beef in the street, these niggas would rather see me dead, s  
o fuck 'em