

Hey
BigWalkDog
(Ayy, Mula, go get 'em, dog)
Ayy, Scoota, turn me up, man
Turn me up, bro
Let's go

You mention me, no discussion
Talk about it or nothin'
We came from nothin' to somethin'
Won't ever go back to nothin'
This for the killers, the hustlers
Real niggas, no suckers
Go-getters, gorillas
Not for pretenders or busters
Say what you know
Jumped off the porch, see, that's the reason I'm thuggin'
You give me three-eight for this 'bow, I might drive way to Kentucky
Walk Kevin Gates, I push the weight, I won't get tired for nothin'
I got the city on my back, I can't retire from hustlin'
He must've ran down on that nigga speakin' foul in public
Ain't no white flag, no referee, can't throw in towels or nothin'
It might get ugly on this side 'cause niggas slide for nothin'
If they put money on my head, I'ma come find the budget
Hit a lick, make it double, go get it back out the struggle
Ain't doin' no wrestlin', no tusslin'
It's hollow tips off the muscle
Fifteen a piece, I'ma bust 'em
Mix rabbit food when I stuff 'em
Might just conversion the cutter
Go through one guy, hit another
Ain't got no reason to love her
Go broke, she leave for another
I mix Wockhardt with the bubble
Shit got me lookin' for covers
Just head, I ain't lookin' for rubber
Minute he switch, I'ma flush him
Can't talk about it, discuss it
Send him to God and the luggage
Say let me ask him a question
Remember back we was dusty?
But now we ball like Mack, Butler
Metric ton load on them busses
I need four thousand to touch it
My next-door neighbor from Russia
He had cocaine in the duffle
I won't get caught in the shuffle
Bitch, I might
Bitch, I might turn up, I been broke like forever
If you get caught runnin' with that work, you better not speak on it never
I might just fuck 'round, drop the beat, and rap this bitch acapella
'Cause I can't fuck around with rats, but I'll beef 'bout this cheddar
We somewhere deep on the schedule
Mind on repeat on the regular
Two-twenty-threes out a Tesla
Contract need commas and decimals
I leveled up, I ain't regular

You come through playin', they steppin' you
Thirty-two hundred Giuseppe shoe
Get it back off the revenue
I know some shit they ain't never know
Did some shit you could never do
Backdoor once, we forever through
Chop hold thirty like Stephen shoot
Come through bottles and models
I went spent racks on this Texas juice
Spent some racks on this necklace too
Reach your hand out, they stretchin' you
Ain't no back and forth flexin', fool
You let police come question you
He a bitch and he tell it too
Just some shit I'll never do
I know niggas who never shoot
Say they steppin' like Deltas do
I like all of my cheddar blue
I need racks to go make a move
Play with us, they gon' make the news
Ain't no pumpin' and fakin' shoot
We gon' jump out and paint the room
Got this Glock I can't wait to use
Mama said she can't wait to move
Thirteen over eighty-two
Now they watchin' like pay-per-view
I need that when my paper due, bitch