

Phew, phew, phew
We gone, uh
(Damn, Tae, this how you comin'?)
Uh

Cut a ho off 'fore she fail me
I'm so dope, might as well gon' and scale me
Know I'm the shit 'round this bitch, they can smell me
I'm a trill young nigga out of Texas like Pimp C
Watch where you step in the street, it get slippery
Know them slippers can, I slid with that fourteen
Four niggas with guns, get to singin' like Blackstreet
Like a group of white boys, get 'em left on a backstreet
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Call up on Summer
H2O, Donald stuff loads in the Hummer
Me, Ro and old boy, we like Dumb and Dumber
Playin' games in the jungle, it feel like Jumanji
On my feet every day, fuck around, get a bunion
Cali' prices on lows, I'm the one makin' function
Head first for that money, fuck 'round, get concession
Head shot, look like that boy had wasted a slushie
They was playin' catch-up, I was spillin' the mustard
I don't be fuckin' with niggas, like David, them boys get you busted
I told X if the rap don't work, then I'm right back to hustlin'
When he gave me my chain, I just counted six hundred
We ain't rentin' no movies, got a block and I bust it
Put the dick in the glick, make this bitch get to nuttin'
They wouldn't even believe it, I came up from nothin'
That drank look like champagne on the ice, see the bubbles
Four pockets like Baby, I'm up all a sudden
Like a donut shop, open early, sellin' shit by the dozen
Me and Ro keep sharin' 'cause ho really thought we was cousins
Put the knife on the chop, hit your block like a Russian
Need to grief for them packs 'cause them motherfuckers musty
Give a fuck 'bout no fam' long as I got big cousin
Put my faith in the plug, that don't mean that I trust him
Tryna run from that switch, get your pussy-ass dusty
Ran up my cheese, seen them niggas was rats like Chuck E
Big dog in my hood, why my pockets so hustlin'
Took a Perc' on a 'shroom, they talkin' 'bout I'm a druggie
Real nawf baby, fuck on yo' bitch, hit that ho with the dougie
Used to work on them streets like I'm doin' construction
I'm still plugged with them drugs if the rap don't do nothin'
El Chapo my hood, movin' things in a tunnel

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In the stu' with my migos, rap shit, 'bout to take off (Take off)
Sold a box of white boy, name is Jake Paul
In the field catchin' plays, pitchin' prices like baseball
My young nigga, he a hitter like Adolf (Boom)
Stepped on the work, in two weeks, we done laid off (We through)
Mask on, head shot, took his face off (Boom)
Box heavy, twenty-four inches with white walls (Skrtrt)
Left wrist with the weather, no iceball
Ice, ice, baby, my necklace flavor vanilla (Oh)
The coupe guts peanut butter, my pockets inside relish (Relish)
I'm sellin' all of this mayo, so tell these niggas to catch up (Ugh)
Complements for my condiments, confidence on the way up (Let's go)
I was young in the hood 'fore I knew I was Hoover (That's crazy)
At ten, throwin' sevens, gettin' groovy
These niggas been pussy, they went out to coochie (That's cool?)
I'm the shit, should've came out the booty (Booty)
These niggas play gangster, but really be hoes though (They hoes)
Sold street, I could live with the hobo (What though?)
Flash from the glick, look like I'm takin' photos (Shh)
On my high horse, should be sponsored by Polo (Oh)
Uh (Yeah), yeah (Uh)
Should've knew what it was
Before twenty-one, I was already savage
Way before niggas could get in the club (Twenty-one, twenty-one)
Yeah (Yeah), uh (Uh)
Nigga don't give a fuck (He don't)
50 Cent taught me to rob, Lloyd Banks had guns for sale just for a young buck
But I still

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