

Exactly

Blac Youngsta

Don't ask if I'm pistol packin', exactly, that's automatic (exactly)
Me and gang'nem don't do no lackin', we tote shit like [?] gadget (automatic
)
Don't ask if I'm pistol packin', exactly, that's automatic
Bust on her then cut her off, exactly can't tote no baggage (exactly)
They know I'm a savage (I'm a savage)
Benzo out the factory (out the factory)
I come from the trenches, tryna [?] Kardashian
I'm on the road to riches (road to riches), they tryna fuck up my traction (
traction)
'Member beatin' the block down hard, and wakin' up for that package

I'm taxin', I'm back to my old ways, and I ain't showin' no love (nope)
My shooters on go, and yeah they sober, and they ain't doin no drugs (bow)
Niggas rap on songs 'bout this gangsta shit, and ain't spilled no blood (bit
ch ass)
Soon as I got rich, they say we family, and I don't even know cuz (I don't e
ven know him)
I'm tryna get by, I got a few 'bows in a rental van (rental van)
My opps gotta die, boy I can't wait till I finally see my man (bow, bow, bow
, bow, bow)
I cut my hoes off when we can't come with no bigger plan (fuck that bitch)
She chasin' me but I'm chasin' money, I don't understand (I don't understand
)
You 'posed to fire, but you left your dog, I don't understand (I don't under
stand)
I'm bustin' fire, when I see my opps, hop out and ran (gang gang)
You 'posed to ride, if that's your man, no underhand
Can't let shit slide, we cut your hand, playin with the brand (gang)

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They can't take the shit they said to me back, they can't take it back (ain'
t no lackin')
You gon' take the headshot, one to your face, that's a facial pack (gang)
I dump on you broad day, I don't play games, talkin' Kobe, Shaq (gang gang g
ang gang)
I'm in the back of that Maybach and that bitch came Batman black (gang gang
gang)
He an honorable soldier, we ain't gon' shoot him, hang him by a rope (brrr)
We put that pussy in a finger four, sent him to his folks (sent him home)
I never name drop no dead niggas, I'm respectful, ho (he gone)
Ain't no need to talk when they can't talk back cause they buried, ho (you k
now I'm on)
You gotta be cut just like me, can't be no scary ho (scary)
You gotta be slim and pretty, fine like Halle Berry, ho (Berry)
I went and bought a box of bullets today I'm tryna let it go (hrrr)

Don't ask me if I'm pistol packin', you already know (Bah, bah, bah)

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Shoot you in yo motherfuckin' back, nigga

It's 4-10

Long live Krabby Patty, nigga

Still the same nigga, ain't shit changed, pussy