

Okay, okay, yeah
SRB separation confirmed
Coming up on staging the burn out of these twin solid rocket boosters at two minutes, five seconds
Yeah, yo

Memoirs of a trafficker
Who's trappier? Money hidden in Africa
Rap game getting scattier
Plus the trap game, so we just move like Mafia
Eight bands drip on me
They just angry cah these cases, they won't stick on me
They think I got a brick on me
Ain't seen one of those for like twenty months
I remember times when they was lining for twenty large, yeah
Or should I say allegedly
Little disclaimer for niggas that's getting bread with me
Paper coming in steadily, gotta hide it so cleverly
Trapped on my plug, that nigga fuck with me heavily
So many rumours on my name and ain't none of them facts
If a nigga took my kettle, put five in his back
How to survive in the trap, I mean we literally used to record this shit live in the trap

And I don't listen to these niggas, ain't true anymore
How these fake niggas get in and ruin it for?
It's like nuttin' ain't new anymore
They're just catching up to shit we don't do anymore
And you won't ever catching me looking off brand, never
One mans trash is another mans treasure
Christian on the leather, Saint Laurent any weather
I took a break to let 'em get it together
And now the release of the tape is a little nearer
The difference between real and fake is a little clearer
What's the difference with this flake? It's a little dearer
Yeah, they say 'you get what you pay for'
Yeah, you gotta pay more if you want that yay raw
International meetings, I say I was on a yay tour
And I can get a dozen out by day four
Strictly for my juggers and trappers is what it's made for