

I call up Jugg and we make it double
I do not love her but I'm still gon' fuck her
Grape Street nigga with a hundred in the duffel
I ain't have shit, I was used to doin' hustles
Damn, it's cold outside man
Somebody get that warmth bruh, woo
Word word word word

My wrist is yellow like Pikachu
You showin' your money, I'm lookin' fool
I need a mil before I hit twenty-two
I'm crippin' so I got that grape juice
Grape to the C bitch, I got a play or two
You snitchin' and shit, that's a hater move
I let that forty freeze 'em, igloo
Bullets they size him up, Apu
I'm smoking OG, that's the best
Say you're sauced up boy, you is a hot mess
Bet a nigga smack your ass with an object
BlocBoy JB, number one prospect (that's on my mama)
Bullshit, I don't want nothing to do with that
Fuck on your bitch then I tell her I'm through with that
These niggas pussy, think they related to cats
Fuck on your bitch, pull her hair from the back

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Grape Street nigga with a hundred in the duffel
I ain't have shit, I was used to doin' hustles
Transform a nigga like I'm Optimus Prime
Tied in fourth quarter, man that sound like overtime
I keep them sticks on the forties and the TEC-9's
I'd rather die 'fore I let a nigga take mine
Shine in the dark, make it look like the daytime
Bitches hit me up, gettin' mad 'cause I don't make time
Opps talkin' shit, guess it's load and go spray time
Leave a nigga holy like it's time to go pray time
Whole bunch of hitters, they throwin' up signs
You dissin' on Twitter, we pullin' up straight firin'
Say you got more hoes than me then you lyin'
Talking to a bitch, gettin' head on Facetime

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Bitch, coke clean like a wash machine
Fuck wrong with you ho
No dish detergent bitch
You gotta come clean like Mr. Clean
We got New Jack City in this bitch