

Yeah  
Uh-huh  
Where we at with it?  
Yeah

I don't know how to feel  
Bases loaded, tryna steal one, niggas never had a real run  
Twist up another blill, when my niggas roll blunts  
It only go around once, we got real lungs  
My Achilles' heel, a hundred shots in this steel drum (Grtr)  
For all the pain I'll never heal from  
I don't got no chill (Yeah), I don't wanna- (Ayy)  
Don't know how to- (Nah), I don't wanna feel

Still numb from all the pill-runnin'  
A couple days before the first, you know them bills comin'  
Bust-diddy big Cubana off the ice goggles  
Type of nigga take my problems out on all the pint bottles  
Off-White Mike and Ikes but the pipe fully  
Dolce Gabbana twelve hundred, this ain't no Nike hoodie  
Dirty Sprite full of Quaid, Louis Vuitton suede  
Shakin' back from a accident worser than Kanye's  
Dropped out in ninth grade, had my mind made  
Time to get paid, ever since, been on a crime wave  
All for the love of drug dealin', sellin' drugs  
I lost everything I ever loved

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A fed case, they tryna build one  
Got real opps, and you ain't gang until you kill one  
Ain't got no feelings for no nigga that be Johnny Gillin'  
Possibly could die or go to prison, that's just how we livin'  
Untie the ribbon in your sky, you weren't here to wait  
Thought he was the G.O.A.T. but now that nigga donkey of the day  
A hundred thou', that ain't no money, what's a hundred K?  
Hundred thousand dollars in a day, hundred in my K  
Just had a convo with Alejandro  
He know my niggas really workin', trabajando  
It's crazy what niggas'll do  
For the power of that almighty dollar bill

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