

Where we at?

Virginia was hot, Wisconsin was fuego, Canada dry, Kentucky was a-okay
Ohio the worst but Iowa turnt, takin' my time when I ride with the work
Ringer cut off on my burnout, thinkin' 'bout all the turnpikes that I burned
up
Leanin' off the dirty Sprite, it's my third cup, switched up my rental to Mi
nno
Big gun like Desperado, got flicked twice comin' through Colorado
On my way to Nevada to shop, we tag 'em and bag 'em right after the swap
Flew to Cali', made music with Ali and Rich while I wait for this package to
drop
While you wait on your album to flop, I'ma breakdance the whole bag at the s
pot
Carolina was catchin' 'em pops, under the table, was stackin' 'em tops
Nah, these ain't no Apple Jacks in this box, they call me LEGO for trafficki
n' blocks
Of that one shit go up top, flicked the one switch, hundred shots
That's just one clip, tote the stock on the drum stick, no, we not for the f
uck shit
Catch a nigga reachin' (Brrt), he gon' get the whole motherfuckin' drum set
Your best bet is to run next, spin this bitch back around, I ain't done yet
Can't relate to me? Get a blood test, never really see me get upset
Eatin' with the killers and cut-
necks, either you a victim or suspect (What else?)

Leanin' off a three of the techno, bitch tried to fuck fast, I'ma fuck slow
Turned one into two like Presto, it's a blue-light special
Gesundheit, achoo, God bless you, all you niggas preachin' the Creflo
In my city, you one of two things - it's either you the dealer or custo
Either you the dealer or custo, nigga gon' respect me with the utmost
Squeeze the Sig, left the scene full of gun smoke, he say he wanna see the h
it up close
Tweakin' with the drillers and cut-
throats, lil' bro turn the beef to a rump roast
All my niggas grew up to be Creatures where either you the dealer or custo

Gotta keep it key like Destro, duckin' DPD in the metro-
-Politan area, bodies they carry, your life beat, to live and die in America
Plus a two for the Glock that you carry, them crackers got my neck in a noos
e
They get mad when I'm stressin' my truth, had it bad 'fore I stepped in the
booth
Fled the murder scene in the 'jects, brodie pled the first degree in the fed
s
After that, it was murder she wrote, girlie blessed me, courtesy of the chef
Still get thirty a key for the Fent' and a extra service free for the prep
Lil' nigga ain't street, he a pest, free that nigga HNIC Pesh
227, that's a whole lot of pape', seven to three, that's a full-body stretch
Tell 'em niggas it ain't nobody safe, we them niggas that can't nobody press
Judgin' off by the looks of things, first you see me in it, so ain't nobody
fresh
Givenchy tennis with the Goyard sweats, if you ask me, shit, can't nobody dr
ess
If we beefin', ain't no sleepin', wake the whole ghetto up, shit, can't nobo
dy rest
Heavy metal shake the soul out his chest, catch him and kill him, make your

mama stressed

Lil' folks that's just laid to rest, youngin caught him lackin', left his pole by the steps

He can't even go to the store by his self, I pray that my brodie catch your body next

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