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Mafia, gang-gang

I done shed so many tears, felt hurt that's unmentioned  
Fear that was heart-stopping, pain that was gut-wrenching (Yeah)  
Get uglier than sin way this bloody money spin (Uh-huh)  
Head over heels, all for the love of drug dealings (Blockworks)  
Back when Tay and Frank were skippin' classes up and servin' (Bro-bro)  
He taught me how to crank, that shit lasted an eternity  
Bag full of goodies, stomach fatter than maternity (Uh-huh)  
Mag in my hoodie, left his ass in the infirmary (Brrt), ayy (Ayy)  
'Cause all's well that ends well, free my pen pal (Free the guys)  
Snitches makin' up after they kiss, kiss and then tell (Gutter mafia)  
Too many hormones  
I'd rather be a warrior in a garden than a gardener in a warzone (That's the worst feeling)  
Live at the Roxy with them 'codones and 'morphones (Ayy)  
Brick of Fetty Wap, still in the spot with Diors on (Trappin')  
With two pots, rollin' three spots with four phones (Yeah)  
Mr. Ice Cream Man, turn butter pecan to a snow cone

Wrist frosty as an ice-cold Bahama Breeze (Iced out)  
Slap spot crunchin' like Sunday dinner at Mama D's (Big Mamas)  
Half brick of Kelly Tripucka, hurry up, cop and leave (Hurry up)  
Thirty in my ruler with one up top so the Glock can breathe (Doo-doo-doo)  
Like even though I'm a shooter, I'm all about my cheese (Yeah)  
Provolone, Gouda, like Hov and Future, I got the keys (I got the keys)  
Niggas too easily impressed, I am not appeased (No)  
Catch that nigga Dex and we gon' cross his I's and dot his T's (Grrt)

I mean we gon' cross his T's and dot his I's (Yeah)  
Glock came with a switch, but the beam, I got it modified (Did it all)  
Too lazy to go get a job, married to the mob  
Don't get caught on Curtis 'bout a Jackson, I know how to rob (Yes, sir)  
Me and DV, we really devious, it's tedious (Yeah)  
The way I beat the dog when that bitch was disobedient (I had to tell it)  
Tell myself when I got rich, I'm never sippin' lean again (Nah)  
I got the pink slips to every whip you ever seen me in (Skrrt, skrrt)  
Tee me up, got jumped in the gang and had to V me in (I did)  
Me and Nub, we one and the same, that's my evil twin (Nub)  
This shit'll get ridiculous, ain't talkin' Steelo Grim  
Cheddy on my head, we double down the money he gon' spend (Hold up)  
Hope you got it with you, servin' slabs and them kilograms (Grrt)  
Brodie, he gon' chip you, turn your ass into the Cheeto man (Doo-doo-doo)  
Hope you brought your pistol, servin' slabs of that Peter Pan (Grrt)  
Brodie, he gon' chip you, turn your ass into the Cheeto man (Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo)

Wrist frosty as an ice-cold Bahama Breeze  
Slap spot crunchin' like Sunday dinner at Mama D's (Servin' easy)  
Half brick of Kelly Tripucka, hurry up, cop and leave  
Thirty in my ruler with one up top so the Glock can breathe (Game time)  
Like even though I'm a shooter, I'm all about my cheese (For real)  
Provolone, Gouda, like Hov and Future, I got the keys (I got the ickies)  
Niggas too easily impressed, I am not appeased (At all)  
Catch that nigga Dex and we gon' cross his I's and dot his T's (Grrt)

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