

These niggas kill me acting like that they was really out here with us, toti  
n' thrillers

Really play with them chirps, not just on Twitter  
Center stone in the pinky ring look like rhinestone glitter  
My shine's on shimmer, just might bounce out on nine four-wheelers  
Think I'm a lick or somethin', nicknamed my .45 GloRilla  
My chop gon' send him up in flames if this Glock don't seal the deal  
Can't rock with these niggas if V Don don't feel 'em  
Got a pint of VS, so people, this not no liquor  
Was taught to first get the paper, rock on scissor  
Belvey in graves, cradle to the grave, catchin' pops on Spencer  
Say you diggin' graves, who grave you dug? You not no digger  
You not no nigga if your neighborhood don't got no skrilla  
Your pot don't simmer, jumped in the deep, but you not no swimmer  
Who shot your nigga? You ain't cut like that, you not no Skilla  
Ain't got no feelings, my shooter, he just popped four jiggers  
Can say a lot about my gang, can't say we not no killers

Let's get it  
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Real street nigga shit, never eat where you shit  
Never sleep where you trap, seventy for the grit  
Real street nigga shit, twenty-three for the split  
Two-family flat, selling keys of the fent'  
Real street nigga shit, bill me for the hit  
Get a nigga whacked, that's a cease and desist  
Real street nigga shit  
Yeah, real street nigga shit  
Let's get it

Pick of the litter, I ain't got no album fillers  
Black chinchilla, back of the back, burnin' bags of apple fritter  
Basking in the glamour, boy, don't make me double-tap the trigger  
Smash 'em with the hammer, show you why they call Bo Jack the wizard  
When it come to who stood on the biz, I was standin' on the big stilts  
In the city where the French-built kids get killed over spilled milk  
Wrap you up in your silk quilt, strig heavy as an anvil  
Weighin' up on my handheld, in the hood like a fan belt  
Take a nigga face, my stepper got a foot rash  
Was steppin' on the flake like a foot pad, Drac' in the bookbag  
Everything upscale  
Granny like, "You smell that?" I'm like, "What smell?"  
Pops been a cop my whole life, nigga, still, it's fuck 12  
How much you want for the cutie? We dumpin' dumbbells  
But first, I make the work jump Judy and then I jump bail  
Done sold so much blow, think a nigga left a dust trail  
My nigga Luck been locked up for so long, he damn near from jail

Where we at?  
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