

Yeah, Legend of Zelda
Big Creature
Uh-huh, where we at?
Ay

Look at my wrist, still ain't got time today
Too much designer swag, had to run it up, andalé
Serving out of that gray Honda, I was selling on Rhonda, yeah
Niggas thought that they knew me my whole life
Never knew where my mama stay
So it's hard to put down the play
Send my young niggas down the way
Release the ether, black tar with the creamer
Showed 'em how to turn brown to gray
Left with a brick and a half, came back with a hundred and ninety K
I can get all designer drugs depending on how much niggas tryna pay
Every day a holiday, 'nother hustle, dollar day
"All he care about is the money", shit my baby mama's saying
Loafin' at the hideaway, brick of Billie Holiday
Realest nigga in this shit 'cause I'm the one that got away

I'm in the Drug Zone on Warwick
Watch that car up the street and that truck on the corner
Keep a tuck on that Taurus, serving clucks off of Forrer
We got Glocks, we got FNs, ten mils and Sig Sauers
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Gerber bottles for the Redman, saran wrap for the Method
Certified, tested and approved, land contracts, I'm invested
Made man, quadruple OG, I've been handcuffed and arrested
All these Band-Aids, got 'em on me like my hand cut ain't infected
Sliding in a 'mote controller car
Hopping hardware, betting on a bar
Pint of Wock' in a four part
Got the block slapping off the ozone bar
In the trap, you a co-star, Bo Jack, I'm a pro star
Big pole on me like a crowbar, hundred fifty racks in my Goyard
Amiri denim with the clip hanging
See the strap pokin' in my Chrome Heart
Break bread, ribs, hundred dollar bills
Not too much different from a loan shark
Me and Guap still locked in, still push a Benz like a go-kart
Inbox got a nigga boxed in, streets left a nigga with a cold heart

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