

Big Za, yeah, yeah

I'm smoking on big Za, got me moving slow
I blow my right pocket in a Louis store
What you know about the struggle, getting it off the muscle?
Trap phone boomin', trap do numbers
What you know about the struggle, getting it off the muscle?
Trap phone boomin', trap do numbers
Come and get some, I got it for 22
I'll spend your left pocket on some tennis shoes

Real street nigga, hit the trap, get it done
VIP, strip club, I need a thousand ones
T-shirt rule, baby, pockets full of blues, baby
She know I'm that dude, baby, she know that I'm huge, baby
Pussy nigga reach for the chain, he must wanna die
I'll take a nigga bitch, pull up 7-40i
I don't even wanna hit your joint, nigga, I'm smoking Za
I feel like I'm Tyree Hill, ten on me, nine
Treat the pack like a good worker, you ain't gotta help me move
this bitch
I'll move a bitch out the way, I feel like I'm Ludacris, nigga
And I move packs, nigga
I go to the mall, but take me straight to Saks, nigga
I might have the low, you ain't gotta ask no question
I can teach juggling, I can teach finessing
I can teach swerving, I could teach stepping
Look at my diamonds, them bitches wrestling

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