

So when I blast you and your additional stress will be gone
Then I sprinkle just a little bit of salt on your plans
And watch your shit shrivel up right in the palm of my hands
I ain't afraid of ya
But I thank all of my niggas for saving ya
I was about to take you back
To when your mother was making ya
Clapping you up
Slapping you up
Trapping you up
Holding you hostage
Duck taping and Saran wrapping you up
Yo
First she was sober
I smell aroma
Put you in a Trans
And slip into an irreversible coma
Fuck y'all cubic zirconium niggas it's over
Closing in on all y'all niggas
While we're moving in a little closer
Then I evaluate and elaborate
Confiscate your shit and dare your ass to retaliate
That's when I ask

What the fuck nigga what you want
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What the fuck nigga
(2x)