

Yeah, let's go... yo
Aiiyyo I put it to you so raw, you probably OD on the floor
That's what you get for disagreein with God
The LeBron James Bond, my aim with the arm is so long
that I can tag along with SOCOM
I spit to the beat, flip like Swizz did to the Beat
At sunrise, I spit to the East
Niggaz talk shit in the streets, when they 'bout to get release
d
They ain't got no lip for the beast
Make you strip like police, I point the heat
From the hip to get leverage if you more than four deep
Got a pistol grip hawk with a chrome beat, shit is so deep
I check to make sure it's no leaks
Lookin like Jada in a black Jig-ari
Half Jag, half Ferrari, the valet saw me
Shorty wanna know how the flesh work, what's under my sweatshir
t
That's why I hit the gym 'til my chest hurt
Next year or summer I'ma kill the conjecture
For now I'm just a hustler tryin to give you my best work