

Ayy-ayy-ayy-ayy, ayy, that's probably Tago  
Pipe that shit up, TnT  
Yo, pass that lighter real quick  
Pass that yack too

I ain't get a hit yet  
I ain't buy my mom a crib yet  
I spent my whole advance on my neck  
Now I'm back out in the field with a TEC  
I'm stressed, they keep sayin' I'm blessed  
Nigga, I'm stressed, they keep sayin' I'm blessed

I'm takin' pain meds, I swallow these until I feel brain dead  
Layin' in my couch in house in my Ray Bands  
Feelin' like Gotti with a shottie, I'm a made man  
Fuck, I robbed my man for a couple pounds  
'Cause he was up, I'm down  
And there was nothin' 'round  
Shit, I'm takin' uppers now  
'Cause he tryna hunt me down, so I gotta keep a gun around  
Just in case I gotta gun him down  
Damn, this the life of a crook  
Think set it off if my life was a book  
Ain't no bitch in my but I'm in a bank with a wig and a cig  
Gotta get it how I live  
Jazzy, you my rib, had me stressed out on my bid  
I know if I die or live you gon' take care of the kids  
Brash, when the feds was tailin' you  
You ain't tell on me and I ain't tell on you

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Don't wanna talk about spinnin' blocks or drillin' opps  
Look how they did that nigga Pop, man, I'm still in shock  
How they don't care if you a kid or not? If you live or not?  
I'm just glad we went to that dinner spot so we could chop it up  
Rappers is the ones they killin' and lockin' up  
All up on ya dick when you lit and you heatin' up  
But start to move slick when they think you ain't lit enough  
Wild as fuck, right?  
I say "Grace," I strap the .40 to my waist, I can't afford another case  
But run up on me, I'ma shoot you in the face (Boo-boo-boom)

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