My clique stay up
Your bitch stay down
I smoke that gas, yeah
I run ya town
Now what you mean
I'm 'bout my cheese
I just want a Bentley, Beamer, and a beam
Ok I'm running through these bands and now my pockets looking f
at
I'm counting fetty, pourin' Henny while I'm rollin' up the pack
I said I'm smoking, popped a pill, and now my mind is running l
aps
I'm from the nitty gritty city so you know just where I'm at

I'm smoking dope, I want that Ghost
I want that Ghost and just go ghost, I'm with your ho
I heard you fed, that shit is dead
Boy that lawyer eatin' all my cousin's bread (fuck you)
I got a bitch that spit and swallow, follow all the shit that I 'm on
Yeah I'm from the dirty dirty where they sling that shit like C hapo
Yeah you might just fucking hate me
Faking, but it's fuck you pay me
Get them racks and just go crazy
Maybe just go cop that 'Cedes

Ok my bitch cold like Alaska, told me I'm a walking legend Got Colombia on my stomach, got your main bitch acting reckless Man this shit is only practice, I ain't even started flexing I can fuck your ho while broke, 'cause I know she know that I'm handsome

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