

Big rubber bands, I be poppin'  
I up this fucking pistol then I cock it, I pop it  
I talk all this shit cause I'm bout it  
You want beef? I got Criscos, we can get it poppin'  
Call me baghead Milonakis  
All I get is bags, all I get is money  
Smoking big Backwoods of that funky  
I pull up, get that money then I'm bouncin

I pull up hop out, I don't pop out  
I got the cops out, it's hot out, I got Glockes out  
I up this 40 Mayweather, it's a damn knock out  
[Mumbles] I ain't make it in school, Chief So was a drop out  
Something something something, I forgot now  
I was thinking about the guap then put my guap out  
I'm Sosa Ray Charles, you can still get knocked down  
It's a parade here, all you see is Glock shells  
I dress myself, bitch I don't need a stylist  
I got my pistol just in case the violence  
I think my chopper gay, I pulled him out the closet  
I call my chopper Ye' cause' he half went to college  
I call my desert eagle "Desert Storm cause we be warrin'  
I think my Mac wanna be a rapper, we be touring  
Like Kobe, Shaq, D.Rose and Butler, we be ballin'  
If you talking bout some millions, we be on it

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I pull up, get that check then I'm in to win  
I got two Glock forties, them be twenty twins  
Don't wanna fuck your bitch, she got a shitty wig  
Shot four out the thirty, we got twenty-six  
Pulled up swagging, know you seeing this  
Bitch came to my crib, you know she eatin' this  
She can't have her phone, hoes be leaking shit  
I'm an anti-ass nigga, I don't speak for shit  
Chief So got over totin' llamas  
I got a HK caliber, Da Forty  
I wasn't good in science but I knew my numbers  
I'm ballin'  
Ring ring, tell your bitch stop callin'

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