

Coolin' with my youngins  
Coolin' with my youngins  
Still...  
Coolin' with my youngins  
I'm still coolin' with my  
Still coolin' with my  
Almighty, coolin' with my  
Coolin' with my  
Coolin' with my

I'm still coolin' with my youngins  
It's still 300 on them motherfuckers  
Still got 300 guns  
I'm still coolin' with my youngins  
They still beat like some drums  
Still tote 30 poppers  
Shooting every block up

I'm boolin' with my youngins  
Bitch, coolin' with my youngins  
Smoking tutu with my youngins  
I still pull up in that Audi  
You still pull up in that Honda  
I'm still smoking marijuana  
What the judge told me not to  
Got a 100 thou in my pocket  
50 in one and 50 in the other  
They say that he gon' rob me  
But Almighty know he wasn't  
'Cause you know about us  
We gon' cause a massacre  
Got Glocks, FNs, and choppers  
We gon' come through, damage ya

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All I hang with is killers  
We don't snitch  
We just come through killing niggas  
We don't bitch  
Smoking on this '93 fuel, bitch  
Me and my youngins fuck you and your crew, bitch  
Pistols aimed at you, bitch

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