

Get your lips straight, bitch, Dipset  
We gone aim this fucking clip at you (bang)  
We gone blow this fucking clip (bang bang)  
At your shoulders and your hip (doo doo)  
Dipset, Dipset  
Bitch, Dipset  
Goin' crazy, Dipset  
Killa season, Dipset

Put them Killa Cam's on them, I'm flexing real hard  
Put them bandanas on them, guess I think I'm Juelz  
Where my jewels? bitch they shining, look at all these diamonds  
Bitch I got it off of grinding  
Shaun white, Snowboarding  
Oh boy  
I'ma old boy  
Matter of fact, bitch I'ma Glo boy  
You ain't making no noise  
Pull on your block, gratata, this a [?] boy

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I'm at it again, got a necklace again  
Got weapons again, and we blast them again  
He did it again, oh shit he ducked them again  
He shitted again, pulled up in Beamers and Bentleys  
Oh yes, wait a minute Mr. Postman  
I got some guns, go and send them to Glo nem  
Cause I can't trust foe nem  
They think I'm flexing, I'ma have to show them  
I need a McLaren sitting on 4's  
I need [?] and Lambos  
Niggas sneak dissing on the Glo  
I tell my nina "get them girl" like Cam do