Fuck boy said he want beef, slide
His ass gon be traumatized
I'm a be feeling sorry momma wise
Cause I can't trust niggas, I got a lot of eyes
Gun go bang bang, money machine go beep
Car go skr skr, cock go skeet skeet
Credit card go swipe swipe, watch my watch bling bling
On that road runner shit, meep meep

You ain't smoking dope, your weed got plenty seeds in it I'm rolling around the town with this and glizzy meeting Glo Gang bitch, you know that we go plenty weed men Fifteen thots in this car like I got plenty seats in Fourteen hundred for this belt, fuck with no more damn Fendi be atings

And I don't have any reasons

Seventeen shots in this 45, 50 in the Glock, hundred in the cho p

Let's see how many kills we can get, Black Ops Bitch I'm so dope that I'm gon kill that shit, crack rock Niggas stay sneak dissing, we gon start throwing bullets like rocks

I ain't shit when I ain't have shit, couple grand on some kicks Never touched fifty thousand dollars before that's why I'm play ing with it Bang