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I don't fuck around
Better ask about me
Never dumb it down
No one runnin' laps around me
If you wanna shoot your shot and get up in my way
You gon' have a fuckin' bad day
Thats a promise homie
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From the bottom of nothin' (Bottom of nothin')
I got it from hustlin' (I got it from trappin')
Now I got these bands on me (Now I got these bands)
A lot of percussion (A lot of percussion)
Stick out the drum on it (Yeah, Drum)
Beat I go dumb on it (Welcome)
Wrist blew a dub on it
She wanna rub on it
Yeah, wait
They not gon' touch me (No)
You can trust me
They be so hateful
I'm livin' lovely (Facts)
I'm servin' custie's
Haters disgust me
I know they pussy, they bleed on 'em monthly
I'm with the funds, we thumbin' through blue bands
Swerve in the blue Benz
I don't do new friends (Facts)
Hop in the coupe and I do like two-ten (Woah, yeah)
I was like wait, ten
I pop up with Webby
Glock with a dezzy
Aim at your brain and turn to confetti
I feel like Tony E and spaghetti (Tony)
Shooters like Pauly, all of 'em deadly
Truck got a [?]
Ain't no [?]
All of this ice, she callin' me Gretzky
She wanna sext me
Wet like a jet ski (Jet ski)
She wet like a jet ski (Aye)
Banco Bronco (Yeah)
I just cashed a big check
Fuck my P.O. i ain't takin' no more piss tests (I ain't doin' that no more)
Yeah I just did like ten shows out in the Midwest (Chicago)
I know it hurt to see me blow
I know they big stezz (Yeah)
Fuck it I'm runnin' to town
Chasin' my goals, runnin' 'em down
Countin' this money, a wonderful sound
They hate that I'm up
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No wonder they down
Yeah, fuck it I'm runnin' to town
Chasin' my goals, runnin' 'em down
The blick of the beat, I'm gunnin' 'em down
Woo, woo, aye!

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Yeah, I'm not the type to try to start a problem (Nah) Just the type to molly-whop 'em when it's on and poppin' (Bow) Karate choppin' your noggin' Feel like a bomb is droppin' I'm catchin' bodies like Gotti I need a Johnny Cochran (Woo) Aquitted easily, see me just walkin' freely Out the court while the prosecutor swearin' he should beat me (Haha) 'Cause if it's war time ain't no need for no peace treaty I'll kill your career Ask Lil Xan if you don't believe me I mean it Seen my [?] and scenic I crash and burn in the ashes daily and rise like the Phoenix This life of luxury cost me And now this money I'm seein' is nothin' but them big M's Yeah the ones with the prenups I got a couple of demons and they on both of my shoulders Pushin' with they pitchforks down the road of a soldier Heart as cold as the polar And still I shoulder these boulders All while I hold my composure and never fold 'til it's over Yeah, yeah, yeah Listen, I'll show y'all somethin' Pen hit the pad, I know y'all runnin' Step in the booth like Omar comin' So if y'all come for the phone, y'all buggin' Yeah, I'm just a regular guy Here for my piece of American pie Crazy but really my therapist tried I don't fuck around

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Yeah, yeah

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That's a promise homie [x8]