

Where is the guillotine?
Let 'em eat yellow cake
Shooter with a nuclear family of killers
Willing to juice the concentrate
Fool it's a sauna, light a fire under your honor
They're talking life to a lifer, I'm liking the odds
Gimme the water
Give her the pill
Give 'em the needle
Beetle Baileys of this world all getting killed someday
Say partner, say dog
Say what, say what's going on?
Pause

This is a stickup
Stuckup motherfucker come get some
Jet some, he floss some flotsam
Boss, um, they got salads to toss, um
Crosses to burn, um, losses to learn from
Collars to turn up
A tear the club up thug
A juicy-jay on a motherfucker, they cuttin a rug up
A cut up motherfucker looking like lady luck
So buck up young buck we got bucks like hoes got fucks to give
She don't give a fuck, shit, you better not

Heads high kill em with the kill em with the filament
You feeling it? A filibuster filling bust and feeling bust
You feel like busting out
Bedside manner with some dead eye-candy
Apple-red dye fanny-pack, a sack of baby fat'd better back it up
Where the titties at? Show that kitty cat
Better getting milky with the silky weave
Sweating on the satin sheets
Rap about it
Be about it, be about it
Beat it up, the beef is in the freezer
But he keep that heater creepin up
Shorty boo, baby momma, make it clap
Give it up, drop it low
Push it, spread it, bite it, kill it, get it get it
Throwing paper for the coochie
Slapping gucci, rockin gucci
Give her gucci, get's the pussy
Redder in the bed or in the car
Whippin a rolls, rollin a blunt
Dick in a ho, making it bump
Faking the funk, seizin
Partner it's too seasoned
Fuck with a Pimp-C walk, with a little bit of mouth
Please turn em out, preach on a soapbox
Botox, cold hot, ho watch it

Who gonna fuck with the trillest?
The building they building down there
On the block got no windows up in it
Back like it's crack for the roaches and rats

Giving daps to the dividends, backhand a bitch in the car
Stars are for rappers, the televised trappers
This shit is the realest, that's how come he feel it
So hard he will knock it while driving to work
And he work on the first and the fifteenth
When Knox got the check in they pockets
He pick it, she lock it, she roll it and drop it
The acid is burning the weed
Smoke it out, high as a bird from the trees
Cali dro, Cali go cataracts, freeze
Hands in the sky
Dive in and driving the lambo
And crying from coming down hard
Pulling the card, carrying hood motherfucker, my lord
Balls of the word, scriptures is semen, they seeming disturbed
Flipping the bird, kicked to the curb
Ya hunger with yams to be served