

Pockets fat, Rasputia  
Can't fuck with niggas, they back-do you (Bitch!)  
Pull up on you, then I might put this TEC to you  
I ain't got no respect for you (Yeah)  
Hop off the jet, and you came with a neck warmer  
Ice on, had to flex on 'em  
I don't drink liquor, I pour up the Tech on him  
Bet one of my guys got a TEC on him  
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But you know me, I just ride with the XD  
It's all I need to protect me  
Kept talkin' shit, so I blew off his left knee  
Boy, these niggas don't respect me  
Achoo, bless me  
Lord, why you let 'em stress me?  
Doctor told me I was born with anxiety  
Pop at a nigga for eyein' me

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