

More Steroids nigga  
You know what's up nigga  
That's more drums for these fuck niggas

Look, look  
50 shots sticks lift 'em where he stand  
I promise nigga, I'm dumping all 50 when I blam  
On the strip pitching grams see the pigs and then we scam  
Throwing yayo in the bushes like 50 on the 'Gram  
It was a void in grimy rap I had to take control  
See yo' favorite rapper out and break his nose  
My shooters sniffed the yay and froze  
Then he start letting the bullets and his K explode  
Niggas can't fuck with my toast game  
The flow so propane  
I'm Jon Bones Jones on the cocaine  
Y'all better get low when the toast aim  
Send a package in the mail  
I'm Demarcus Cousins with the postgame  
Nigga we don't flow the same  
I was fucking these hoes with no chain  
I keep it a hunnid, no change  
Nigga, I don't follow a trend, I wrote pain  
Still neck his windpipe from his throat hang  
Clapping with the ninas, Raf Simons Adidas  
As far as rap go, go and ask if I'm the meanest  
These niggas on pills these rap niggas is leaning  
Rap circles round niggas, this MAC-10 it'll lean 'em  
Youngin wanna wack niggas he askin for a reason  
Like "please big bro lemme clap niggas I'm fiending"  
He want another body, he dumping with a shottie  
Go 'head say something it'll be a motherfucking homi, nigga