

Uh  
It's that time  
Yeah  
Uh-huh

Uh, bro you got your strap, I got mines  
We 'bout to spin on them niggas, it's that time (Gonna get them  
niggas tonight)  
I ain't goin' for shit, nigga (Nothin' at all)  
Fuck around, get a hole in your shit, nigga (Boom, brrrt)  
Fuck around and get a hole in your shit, nigga (Brrrt)  
And the bitches know I'm the shit, nigga (Ha)  
They look at my neck, they know I'm a rich nigga (You see the b  
ags)  
Uh, plain-Jane Richard on the wrist, nigga (Uh-huh)  
A half a ticket for the whip, nigga (Most these niggas can't co  
mpete)  
I lose it all, I'll get it back with my wrist, shit (With what)  
But goin' broke, that thought don't even exist in my mind (Nah)  
I'ma get it with the stove, I'ma split it with the bros  
Y'all get a bag and spend it with the hoes (Bitch ass niggas)  
They thought they had the drop, but a nigga on his toes  
Got switches on the Glock, bro gon' hit em with the pole

Another the backwood so I can take the pain away  
I see you niggas over there hatin', pussy, better stay in your  
lane (Your lane, your lane)  
Roll another the backwood so I can take the pain away (Roll up)  
I hear you niggas over there mumblin', nigga, stay in your lane  
(Your lane)  
Your lane (Your lane)  
My nigga