

Yeah (Brr)
Uh (Brr)
Uh (Brr)
Yeah

Got twenty pointers on my neck (Uh huh)
Got the Rollie face flooded with baguettes (Cap)
All VS bust down, bitch, my wrist is wet (Woo)
My bro just touched down with a brick of Fent' (Fentanyl)
Huh, we don't tolerate no disrespect (Not at all)
Shoot up your mama love house with this baby TEC (Brr)
I see you niggas' jewelry and I ain't impressed
Coke resi' on my stove, I just made a mess (Whip it up)
I always knew that we would take it far (Cap)
It's like the streets, how we take your corner and make it ours (Cap)
I see a pussy nigga, I'ma spray his car
Pass the gun to bro, he Draymond Green, he gon' take the charge (Woo)
Mayweather take his ratchet when he play the yard (Uh huh)
Behind the wall, he see an opp and leave his face with scars (All that, nigga)
You see my driveway, it's full of racin' cars
And a Wraith with stars in the roof, boy, my paper large (Talk to 'em)
Go ask your favorite rappers what's in they garage (What you got, nigga?)
I got more money than the CEO and A&R
I take the raw, put it in the pot, and I make it hard
Youngin holdin' that chopper like he play guitar (Hahahaha)
Nigga get out of pocket, I'ma break his jaw (Uh huh)
I like a rap nigga chain, I make him take it off (Run that shit, pussy)
I whip the yayo in the mayo jar (Cap)
Fronted my man a thirty-
one on Thanksgiving, that's what he thankful for (Hah)
I text Flee Lord top of the top (What up, nigga?)
I was up early with a block and a pot (Whippin')
Look how I bounced back after gettin' shot in my top
Now I'm hoppin' in drops, bitch with me with a Glock on her crotch (She got my shit, nigga)
Used to play the block with a knot in my socks (Uh huh)
Went to the box, hit a nigga with a lock in the sock (Cap)
Yeah, forty pointers what I got in the watch
We runnin' shit and we not finna stop, ah (Brr, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)
Yeah

You niggas need an OG, nigga
So I'm OG-in' this shit whether you like it or not
Based on a motherfuckin' true story, nigga
That's what the fuck it is
You got to understand that
If you involve yourself with certain things
You need to have that shit surrounded
You don't find birds and fuckin' fish together
So you can't be a gangbang motherfucker
And have a motherfuckin' schoolboy with you
You don't need no schoolboy type of motherfucker
That's what ends up and make these punk, pussy ass niggas turn rat on you niggas