

Forty five degrees outside in butter leathers
I can't fuck her if her thighs don't rub together
I can't bare bear nothing that's less than a bayonet
I mean, I'm from where your regrets is a clear pitch
Between you and your desires and shooters is for hire
Either that or the wizardry move I'm like Hezekiah
All hail a benevolent beast from the park rails
With the charm to turn over his ex like cartwheels
And we out of lives, hundred thousand and sports cars
Swimming pool full of liquor baby, Hennessy all stars
And they bottle for bottle and hopping out of Rovers
And draped in Nike Tech sweats like I'm supposed to
The low side Kobe 10's feel like they was loafers
You mistook the Nike Tech print and made a poster
God bless, it went from sharpie painting the projects
To spending Labor Day with the Blige's
And that's not a punch line...

Ayo, the Lex Coups, the Bimaz and the Benz
Black will shoot a nigga in the ribs
Sent Ike back for another ten
Keep ya head up
To the hood, Eastside, Westside and that shit
Griselda nigga you can suck a dick
The only thing I'm thinking 'bout is getting rich
The work fish nigga

I manoeuvre through the sewer, the Ruger in the dash
I ain't a computer nigga, I will shoot a nigga fast
Do a nigga bad, made a move to get the bag
I finessed, pulled up on West and threw my nigga half
I'm tryna move jewish with the cash
I moved a lil glass, took a bird and threw it in the bath boy
Lately I've been feeling like Ewing in the draft
You ain't a threat you just another stupid nigga mad boy
I'll have niggas run up on your spot today
Glock to the face of your queen, make her unlock the safe
I got shot but I do not stop, how can I not be great?
Recorded with the shell in my throat and still dropped my tape
Niggas ain't never did nothing but got a lot to say
I red bottom shock 'em rocking my aqua 8's
Me and my niggas on top to stay
I came out the gate, fifty shots to spray
That's how we operate

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