

Yeah

Yo, yo

I'm in the hood smoking sticks with the squad
The mac in the bushes and the stick in the yard
Fredo going to get the Henny, grab a fifth and cigars
out a half a zip to smoke, and I'm twisting it all
Niggas drunk, slapboxing in the street, doing pull-ups on the tree
My nigga, Killa Tone, pulled up in a V
Pulled over, he just got off parole, so we hit the weed
I said, "we need a lick to hit", he said "I got what we need
'Member that fat nigga, Ronnie, from Riverside with all the blocks?
Had the G Wagon, used to be with Twon and got shot?
I was leaving his bitch house, just finished getting some top
Riding down his block, seen his G Wagon parked at the spot
So I laid on the nigga and watched
I seen his kids and his baby mama, he thought he was low, but now we got the
drop
That nigga pussy, we probably won't have to clap him
We gon' take the ratchet anyway in case that's how it got to happen
So is you down or what?" my face frowning up
Brown in my cup like "what you mean 'am I down or what?"
We laying this nigga down or what?", he said "I'ma bang your jack"
Gave my nigga a dap, he slid, I told Pat, "take me back to the crib"
I couldn't sleep, thinking 'bout it all night
That nigga got cake, we all gon' be straight, and Killa, right?
I've seen his wrist full of ice, that nigga neck was like one of the Migos
This lick should be easy as a free throw
But I got this rap shit popping and I just signed a deal
But they ain't putting out no music, it's hard to pay my bills
Fuck it, Killa texted and said, "it's time to move
Let's catch him when he come back from taking his daughter to school
Nobody else should be home, so everything should go smooth
We gon' leave with a couple hundred thousand and some jewels
Heard he keep his money stashed behind his picture in the wall"
"Copy", he think he low 'cause he live in Niagara Falls?
We gon' get that nigga and then I'm back on track
Hope I don't have to, but any funny shit, he getting clapped
Now we riding down in 190 over that bridge
Black Nike techs, ski mask so he don't know who we is
Killa on the walkie talkie said, "he pulled in the driveway"
I already climbed in the window like Smokey on Friday
Soon as he put his key in and turned the lock
Opened the door, he heard my burner cock ("Where it's at, nigga")
Took me to the stash, he had 300 racks and 30 blocks
Gave him a leg shot and fled the spot ("Hold that, pussy")
Jumped back in the whip, I said, "we're straight, we're good"
We jumped back on the 190 and went straight to the hood
Next thing you know, police was on us with sirens on
Killa said, "I just got off parole, they're getting fired on
Fuck that, I ain't going back
Just hit the gas if he pull his Glock out, that'll give us time to hop out"
He mashed the gas and we , "pull over over there
I'ma hop out first and go and hide in that abandoned church"
Be safe, nigga, hit me when you're at the crib"
Then he slid