

Uh
Life is good man
Life is good
Yeah
Told you
I told you (I told you niggas)
Can't fuck with me nigga
For real (Brrrr)
Yeah (Brrrr)
Know what the fuck is up nigga?

Seen a fiend fight a vein in her ankle to shoot it
Shot that pussy nigga in his knee like we draining some fluid
Rob a rapper at his own show took his chain and I threw it
Stupid
The renegade you been afraid
Shot penetrated my shoulders and knocked the chip away
My heart only got colder
Yeah cold as Minnesota in October
Yola in the pot swoll up
Stop hold up (Talk to 'em)
They starting to holla what I sing
They following my thing
They gotta acknowledge me as king nigga

This is God level for rah yellow
Biting every switch burn 'em with the stick like marshmellow
You thirty something and broke still driving a bitch car
Talking about you out getting licks off
I was so comfy in the hood I could trap with my kicks off
Now I'm in that black brown interior call it Biscoff
Bitch I'm the big dawg
Draw plays like I'm coach Curry holding the clipboard
I take time out I got Warriors on my bench Chris ball
Whenever I'm triggered my trigger finger itch more
Reach in my pocket I could pull hunnids out by the fist ball
Look
Ain't nobody put me on I think yall took it wrong
Yall better go back do you google research and look some more
Watch them youtube vids about the man with the bullet scars
Westin Brooks will tell you it was the crooked jaw that took us off
Verse was eye popping we sky rocketed

My mind shine like diamonds on one of Westsides watches
Went from buying 62 grams to going inquire shopping
My shooter on tour with me he just was on crime stoppers
(Facts nigga)
They still looking for him
Nigga had a break gave me two thousand to cook it for him
She ain't get a gold niggas hit your top with a bullet for em
I get big money at will when I'm putting letters together I wheel of fortune
I show niggas love somehow I'm still the villan for it
She tryna fuck a rapper so she can feel important
Thats why she tryna be all in my section with liquor pouring

6 in the morning police at my door
Guns by the bed money in the floor

Neighbors looking at me like he got that raw
Fiends know its pure so they keep coming for more
And the plug keep calling tell me up that score
One hand scratch the other one, that's just law
Your bitch looking at me like he got that raw
Fiends know its pure so they keep coming for more

My style is minimalistic, plain Jane simplistic
I'm like Ace and Money Mitch but really on some pimp shit
Fallin' off ain't too realistic, niggas tellin' tales
Could sell you news stories but this crack still sells
Rule number one, never ghost the clientele
Fiends linin' at my door, they need that shit now
Ten Crack Commandments, yo, I knows it too well
This the same dope I'm dishin' out, just on a different scale
Let me break it down if you don't see the vicious steel
You see I got them hooked on the real
I bossed up in and went to Columbia for the deal
Like fuck the "pop a pill" shit, this that pure raw they wanna feel
Scarcity in the market, now I'm spendin' the margin
And it's only a problem if the product ain't' what it's promised
'Cause any competition get demolished
These niggas know my shit hit the hardest, to be honest
Graduated from the school of Hard Rock with my honors
Started on the block and made it to the top from the bottom
Used to cook it at my grandmama spot, we was starvin'
Right or wrong, the truth be timeless
Block away from Marcy Projects, we was prospects
Gainin' knowledge on the different ways to fill our pockets
Tryna make a profit in order to afford every object we desired
Like, one day I'll retire
But for now, I'll be the main supplier of that fuckin' fire

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