

Flu!

Yeh, Chevy's on switches

Smokin' weed in it, ho, don't post me in yo' pictures
(Huh)

It's a certain type of freak that I keep
You can tell the Chevy mines 'cause it's sittin' on D's
I'ma be the same type of nigga til I leave
I looked her in the eyes, and the girl couldn't breath
Gotta recognize it's a real OG
Some of these niggas just old, baby
Every Eastside nigga go crazy
I got the V12 engine in my Mercedes
I pulled up, hopped out, smoked somethin'
When I pull off, put my Chevrolet on the bumper
Keep the E in it, Popeye spinach, strong
Real life, nigga, no gimmicks
No fake gimmicks, just Jet livin'
It's a certain type of chick that I keep
You can tell the Chevy mines 'cause it's sittin' on D's
I'ma be the same type of nigga til I leave
I look her in her eyes and the girl couldn't breath
Gotta recognize this a real OG
Said some of these niggas just old, baby
Yeah, every Eastside nigga go crazy
Got the V12

Calaforina livin' still winnin', no gimmicks
Standin' on all business, real player in the game
Long way from the scrimmage
Got not time for you minor league niggas, moneybag sitch'
Eastside crippin', blue rag to the left
LBC, nigga, reppin' for my whole city
Undisputed, yeah, I put on
Hundred million dollar run is what I been on, don't do no bluffin'
I pump fake, and I get right to it, came back home
Straight to the money, I got eight to it
You internet or you in the streets?
In her neck and I'm in the sheets
We been gon' 'bout a week, Sunday fun day—
Is when we pull the riders out
Real ones know exactly what we talkin' 'bout
From Broadway to the lake front, still pickin' up bags
[?] Jets, another one

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