

I learned from niggas with large afros and small guns
Concealed in their clothes big 1's was in the trunk
Like Big Worm "boy what the fuck you Want?"
Chumps get beat the fuck up better not be no one
Hopped out that drive [I ride?] looking like my pops
Two [?] chains, a gold watch, rubber bands on my notts
I got partners watching out on you fools who thought
Parked outside your house playing connect the dots
Eliminatin' ops so I continue the killin' [?]
I never [?]
Bitches thirsty for clout
You can have a couple drops

Take two teaspoons and be cool
Don't OD off high the G's mood
Outcha so rough, so tough, I stay smooth
Make going hard look easy to do
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It's the hot scammer
And the hot Spitta
From the bay to down there
Live my best life, even after I die, I probably fly
Keep my neck right, but no suit and no tie
From the westside, but I know what the woods, in other lives
[?] in the light
I got hands for the niggas who doubt my Bruce Lee technique
I blackout like a geek freak week
My old bitch she child my young ho senile
My flow like missile, so my bars heat seak
[?] do features where's the button on us?
Got my business right like I put me a button on up
I mean a button up on, I just be running my guns
Like I'm Genghis, I give my [?], yeah running along
Yeah

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