

Yeah
Motherfuckers already at the door
Get the loot and out the floor we gotta roll
Shit cold, it's just audio dope being sold
How many more times motherfuckers gotta be told
But they want us to fold, shop close
Relocate, we just opened one more
Left the majors alone
Made that same paper on my own
Reciting Comega lyrics through a megaphone
Or jamming Raekwon purple tape in my lavender Wraith
Moet bottles, champagne showers
Bitches in Gucci ski goggles, Instagram models
Following everybody but God
I'm a sinner though I talk to the lord often
Living large and dealing with temptation is hard
I smashed her in the Sprinter in the parking lot
After awards, I never made it in
Fuck it, who would have ever noticed if I even did
Low as I is
Smoked out at the crib or lowriding with Wiz
Scooped him from the airport like fool get in
2009 anniversary ten would be in 2019
So dropping it then just makes sense
This a holdover to the real stones
Which one of you got a lighter you can loan me
Rolling up another zone on my lonely
Eastside to my motherfucking homies