

Counting money while my bitch sleep  
Counting money til my niggas eat  
I ain't fucking with that Bentley Jeep  
I'm a lil nigga so my wraith big as a truck to me  
I tried to tell them lil boys not to fuck with me  
But sometimes you gotta let 'em see  
See me on the beach in SD and my homie riding '63  
When you got home I was all on your TV  
Smoking weed where you never be  
Nigga where you can't go  
You couldn't see me with yo telescope  
Testarossas on the coast parked it right next to the post  
Spitta coped another whip, Aw no, Aw no

More dope for your ears to smoke  
More dope for your ears to smoke  
More dope for your ears to smoke  
Fucking with the audio narcos

Put some respect on it, before we check on it  
Haters will piss on your grave  
I'm just gone park my corvette on it  
Sparking in the dark, thinking of more art  
Stupid intelligence, I'm dumb smart  
I'm all heart, that's why you lost before you start  
I scratched off in my Ferrari underneath them stars  
I forget I got them cars, I be to busy grinding for 'em  
That's that money on the line baby I can't ignore it, hold on

More dope for your ears to smoke  
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The original audio narcos