

All our shit knock, all our shit knock  
All our shit knock, all our shit knock  
Every time that we drop, all our shit hot  
All our shit knock, all our shit knock

All stand in the driveway  
From my blue six-tre  
Low rider problems them bitches break every day  
If you really bout it you gotta pay to play  
Cost to be the boss, ain't that what they say?  
Diamonds, Voss water, gloss, candy paint  
Sweet tooth you get cavities from my Chevrolet  
14 karat gold Rollie, skates on the Wraith  
Motherfucker I don't play  
Never did any day, more cake on the way  
Nigga paper plates or fine China  
It don't matter it don't make me, no never mind bruh  
We gon' turn the whole industry into a diner

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It ain't no motherfucking question, you see it know it's P  
All of our shit knock, all of our shit clean  
Got the whole parking lot candy and on D's  
Mine triple gold and only plays Underground Kings  
Getting mainstream dough off these underground rhymes  
Still busting O's down got a couple on me now  
20 for the wipe down got me feeling like I'm Boosie  
Gas tank on E but my pockets hella Blueski's  
Brought not built, if I buy it I rebuild  
Know it dropped this year and I copped this year  
Got the 96 tucked, might pull out this year  
Been broke, came up shit I outlived my fears  
Like if its there cheap what's gon' take to get it here  
That bitch know I'ma cheat so she can miss me with them tears  
I'm tryna come through foreign then pull up and disappear  
Like first class alright, but ain't nothing like them Lear's

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