

29, 29, 39
29, 39
29, 29, 39
29, 29
39, 39, 29

29, 29, 39
29, 39
29, 29, 39
29, 29
39, 39, 29

Why you mad? This shit ain't no joke
I cannot go broke, for that coke
I might cut your throat, I cannot go broke
If you sniff, know I got that shit
I can kill your nose for the low
D Sav got that blow, D Sav got that blow
If you snitch, about fuckin' a bitch, then boy you must be gay
Fuck out my face, you just irritate
That chopper spray like mace
Where you at? Boolin' with my folks
I fucked this bitch, went ghost
I'm the shit, don't give a fuck about a bitch, I'm tryna get rich
These hoes want to suck you and fuck you
You do what you want when you up in the bathroom
Sorry that I just finessed you
I got the white like some tissue
You niggas want beef, what's the issue?
Mom and Daddy gonna miss you
Don't got the time
Baby I'm too Ginuwine
29, 39
Gardena is mine
I'm smoking this dope, too high in the clouds I'm flying
Yeah I'm soarin', just got a QP I'm pourin'
You don't smoke no dope, you hit my woods and you choke
Oh that's your hoe? Why D Savage in her throat?
In a rover, riding with my chauffeur
You on the sofa, and you ain't making no bucks
You got no luck, try me you get fucked up
I got that chopper, right under the covers
You need to lay low, bullet shots coming through the window
Boolin' with big bro, I sauced him up like Melo

29, 39
29, 29, 39
Baby I'm too Ginuwine
29, 29
Baby I'm too 39