

Bones bouta get a couple grams up in the Ziplock
Hit me for them features, put they verse up in my inbox
Golden soul, golden vocals and I got a golden wristwatch
Countin' up their time and money, only things you bitch about
You broke, so get fixed
If you poor then try to get rich
That's my issue, tryin' to pick up the pace and get what I can
get
I been brought up in the woods, it's so bad you know what's good
I just sit up on my throne and I'ma smoke up on that kush just
like I should
I ain't gon' lie, breakin' the law like [?]
Everything I do, I be out committing crimes
'Cause fuck these snakes, I'ma live my life
Don't talk to me
I'm [?] like [?]
I'm sparkin' [?] blunts, sippin' the drank, and now I'm committ
ing sorcery
Philosophy is how I speak
What about? You 'bout to see
A motherfucking revolution, infinite, and that's how I be

Got my motherfucking blade, I got that AK-47
And I'm ridin' 'round yo town whippin' that fuckin' MAC-11
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Got my-