

Riding with death I don't need any friends
None but some killers been boxed in a Benz
All due offense
I'm making money I don't make amends
While you pretend I'm living my nights in the L and I'm droppin
g this L in your hands
Hold that for me let me count a couple grand
Shawty pussy gonna pop while I pop a rubber band
Drop it slow like the hour glass sand
Drop it low like my life till it end
Drop it like you suckas momma dropped them on ya head bitch you
must be stupid if you fucking with my bread
I'm on the edge fuck that way off the edge
Already dead
Ay look in my eyes then you decide
What would I lose now if all of us died
Learned how to make a pipe bomb ay
TEC-9 in my right arm ay
Double barrel in a gucci duffel ay
Couple racks for the ones who love me ay