

I be the snow on the street
I went right back to the brink, oh
When we first started to think
When we first started to think, oh
[?] the game start to change
Ain't no more change when I [?], though
Everything I got on me
All of that came from the heat
Nobody gon' fuck with the team
Do it with ease like a free-throw
Some people call me the king
Death got them drugs, he gon' speak slow
He don't give a fuck who you be
Death Mane got the shit that you need, oh
All of these weapons on me
All of these weapons I keep, oh
Comin' with that static, I call you out, where you at
Come in with that track and I play through just like the rest

I see murder and death
And Death is comin'
There's blood on the floor
He gon' bring me the check
I do some shit [?]