

Good part about it is that we get to show the human side of the cops doing what they do 'cause there's always [...] that cops are just [...]... Good and the bad. Just like I believe that gangbangers on the street are good and bad. Like police officers. They got stress, they got character flaws that come from their lifestyles. I could be the best actor anybody ever seen given the chance, the opportunity, and the experience [?]

Money all in my vision
Bitches all in my hit-list
Got these bitches up on my dick
All these bitches up on that bitch shit
All these bitches got me fucked up
All these bitches tryna get quick, quick
All these bitches tryna get it quick
But your boy just tryna get rich

Hunnids on hunnids, I'm blowin' it all on myself, I love
Paper on me, got your baby on me
Yeah, I'm gettin' mad dubs
Livin' lavish, I ain't ever pass it when they give me that blunt
1990s when I bump and I roll down your street sayin' "Fuck"
Gotta keep that weapon tucked if they start to bring them [?]
Dudes I grew up with don't fuck with me 'cause I'm gettin' checks
Dudes I grew up with say they family but ain't correct
Dudes I grew up with hate up on me 'cause I do it best

Bitch, you a pussy, that's why I be countin' up
All by myself while you doubt it 'cause
You got a problem with me 'cause I'm 'bout it, bruh
Stick to the bags of the powder but I'm smokin' up on that sack of the sour
Hours upon hours
All of these [...] so happy they found us
Now these hoes tryna clown us
Bitch, get from 'round us
My bud smellin' like some flowers
Your bud smellin' like some trousers
Ass in your blunt while I'm smokin' on power
While I step on these cowards
With my Vans, goddamn, I crush 'em like powder
[?] like I'm Bowser
Bitch, get from 'round us
Here the pressure surround us (Yuh)

But I'm on my grind like I'm Tony Hawk
Wrote out these [...] 'cause I work a lot faster
I stay on that shit trying to get my cash up
But you don't know what it's like to be like us
[?] don't got guns 'cause I prolly would bust given the opportunity
Stress be consuming me
They sayin' "Who is he?"
Bitch, it's Yung Rust (Yung Death!)
Yung Death, the killer that swing at yo' neck
Death Mane gonna kill if you fuck with the set
Ain't tellin' no lies, bitch you can go check
Been workin' so hard you'd think I was a vet
I'm coming up quick, people tell me I'm next

Bitch, I'm goin' up 'til I've lost my whole set
I'm jettin' on strangers so you cannot flex
Go hard but I never bust back
Bitch [?] so sorry if I brag
No, pussy, I don't give a fuck, got it from my daddy
If ever given the torch I'd turn that shit to ashes, that's real
Make yo' set for some mo'fuckin' money
I go onstage and they gimme that money
I don't do it for you, bitch, I just do it for the loot
Don't me or my crew wanna fuck witchu and that's real

I do this shit to get myself out of this wasteland
I do this shit so I can get away from hate and
All these pussies tryna act like I'm something I ain't
I'm chillin', maxing out and smokin' weed and getting paid, man