

Uh-huh, yeah, hmm
Yeah, uh-huh, yeah
Well damn

Lets start it over
Eye of Jehovah
Come take a look at my city and its culture
City full of vultures, city full of zoes
City full of gangsters that's sticking to the code
Everybody thinking that they know me for real
'Cause they only seen me on the poster for real
Don't test my dawg, they got holsters for real
Fuck a Pop-Tart, we carry toasters for real
Aim, cock back, shoot at lames
Name unknown, we are not the same
Shame on a brtt tryna run game
We was able to sell it, now my city serve 'caine

Don't start none, won't be none
Don't speak, don't hear, and don't see none
Only fear one, but now I fear none
And if you ain't got will I don't give a fuck (No)
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Huh (Maybach Music)
Living on a limb and I'm blowing hemp (Boss)
You see the limo tinted, never know it's him (Woo)
Cocaine wraps in the Cadillac (Okay)
I got lil' homie with me, city on our backs (Denzel)
Always been a loner 'cause I'm so rebellious (What?)
Pulling on a bong, it make me feel angelic (M-M-M)
Penning a memoir, I pray I live to tell it (Huh)
Never will I tell it, that's considered careless (Woo)
Vroom, vroom, vroom, bitch, we on a move (Vroom)
Snort a line of this, I bet you clean your room (Haha)
Mansions in Atlanta, trophy on the mantle (I got 'em)
Long live my nigga Nipsey, light another candle (Boss, Maybach Music)

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Butterfly doors keep the birds chirpin' (Oh)
Big top back like I'm in a circus (Yeah)
Pray I keep it all, like the Sunday Service, uh
My pastor making dollars like he Erick Sermon
Lord forgive me for my tendencies, yeah
Got an evil plan for my mini-mes, yeah
See business gotta grow, time to plant a seed, yeah

Its time to make compost of my enemies, yeah
My city full of palm trees and bad bitches
You see? If your dawg green, its bad business
You see? If it's all greed, they all switching
We lost, and by all means, we all missing

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