Look, I got a motherfuckin' choppa like Olajuwon And I spin all day on the block, look You spent all day with the cops I freakin' finesse you right out of your socks My style is P like I came from The LOX I want you diehard trying to be what you not I was like six in the kitchen My uncle and cousin was mixin' they servin' up rock (Aye) Bitch, I am a pit, 'Zel is a rock Wanna fuck with me, come Zelle me a knot Fuck that, open up that, close up shop Might just serve me a nigga straight drop, crack In my hood, the hammer go brratt Every nigga I grew up with 'bout that Fuck all that shit you keep talkin' about Pussy show me where that nigga house, at I'm in that bitch like I housesat That nigga pussy, he house cat I got a trap for a house rat 'Cause I actively ask where the mouse at? Say you gon' touch me, I doubt that Might turn your ass to a loud pack Pull out make that bitch make a crowd scat' Come on, my nigga, you shouldn't be 'round that Hop out and I make a round splat Hop out and make that shit, doot-doo-doo Play with me, I might just shoot it at you Bitch I never back out, do I look like a coupe? These niggas sweet as tiramisu If I up it, he gon' need some therapy too Hold up my nigga, you scarin' me too If a nigga fuck up, he might bury me too Look, pistol keep yellin' out, "Carry me too" I got one on me, might have to carry me two Impossible shooter, shootin' 'em narrowly too And the AR-15 would've married me too Bro off the drink tryna marry the juice And it's fuck ya'll niggas, let's bury the truce Bitches know Biggie, just gimmie the loot 'Cause I'm hangin' with BISHOP, he gave me the juice