There's two things that every nigga out there should come equip with

You're salty ass giving mortons eye blood Pressure, fresher, yessir Got me hard as Titans saying S words Thats your B word, Super C perb Keep her away from us, freak before we seek her Options knocking, they not popping Bottles, now it's baby looking for adoption Target, quick to, close your lid off Get off two-hundred yards away, shoot your ear off You had to be reminded, huh She like, Choice, time waits for no man Why should I? Umm Cause you not time, bitch, duh! Yeah, you fine, but you got me mixed up with an another one Flipped it hardball, had her pictured in under arm Fuck your vision until you see where I'm coming from Vroom-vroom because a hundred something Boom-boom, I'm bout to come in something Never trust a tongue throught a bitter heart Get it far, tissue scar, hit with hella tips fuck a mini bar My diamond have her clock hoisted in the crowd Just to let these hoes know Choice is in the crowd, huh!

I be with all the shit and all the stuff
I be with all the shit, all the stuff
I be with all the shit and all the stuff
I be with all the shit and all the stuff, all the shit
I be with all the shit and all the stuff
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My top down, nigga, kill me if you gonna Mona Scott got a budget for the drama Moma here's still legal, it ain't standing on no corner No one stealing from the trenches Think they ever want the problem to be honest Niggas don't be the message, they bring it Yeah, getting out, yeah that means Winfield Jackson Was going for the second ring I stabbed a ski mask for the scheming Car hundred going over Clevelands on that Martin Like Teret is got King grievance Step your play up and get defense Get the faint up with the bleachers Step your pay up for the features Nigga mind your shit, or I'll remind your shit Mind don't mind doing sense sentiment with an iPhone 6 Some niggas done died for this shit More niggas done killed for this shit Ran the state, I never fainted I was built for this shit Finna too real for this shit But for that cheque I'ma get empty clip 'till you hit

You gon' drown if you slip You don't get I be with

I be with all the shit and all the stuff I be with all the shit, all the stuff I be with all the shit and all the stuff I be with all the shit and all the stuff, all the shit I be with all the shit and all the stuff I be with all the shit, all the stuff, all the shit I be with all the shit and all the stuff I be with all the shit, all the shit I be with, I be with all the shit and all the stuff I be with, I be with all the shit and all the stuff I be with all the shit and all the stuff I be with all the shit, all the stuff I be with all the shit and all the stuff I be with all the shit and all the stuff, all the shit I be with all the shit and all the stuff I be with all the shit, all the stuff, all the shit I be with all the shit and all the stuff I be with all the shit, all the shit