All my Detroit niggas!
All my L.A. niggas, where ya at? Throw your hood up
All my N.O. niggas!
All my BNo niggas, where ya at? Throw your hood up
All my N.Y. niggas!
All my ChiTown niggas, where ya at? Throw your hood up
All my G.A. niggas! Hol' up
All my Bay niggas, where ya at? Throw your hood up

Everybody got problems!

Everybody got shirts cause they nigga got murked

Everybody got issues!

Everybody walk around with a big ass pistol

I'm relaxing, getting high Niggas ain't shit, I'm just rapping on the side Told 'em pussy, paper, passion and some pride I got everything a nigga ever wanted 'fore I died Uh, two Rolexes that I don't ever wear A big gold chain I ain't seen in a year Leimert Park nigga looking clean in the mirror Your girl want me, I could see it from here Yeah, try and make money and friends is mo' plans You lil niggas is hiding, there's no chance Two step, my niggas just don't dance If you ever say my name, nigga, we throw hands Told him Pushaz Ink the program, we hold bands On that OpM shit, you know we in this With the extra, extra, talk all reckless Bitch in real life, yeah, that's what I expected, nigga

Not a rapper, way too street with it All I did was take my life and put a Mustard beat with it I'm D with it, believe in it, I speak it if I did that I "Doo doo!" "Hello?" and have them niggas where you live at Tuesdays and thursdays, them white people jumping out Problems on my dick, have your girlfriend suck it out A born sinner, but live killers die winners I'll cook my momma dope before I cook a bitch dinner (Ol' pussy ass niggas) I smell placenta Dressed sharper than the mind of a Seven Percenter Think about robbin' me, take your brain off She only wanna cut cause she chain saw With the bopper as my sword and that Ruger as my shield Bitch, my move around too real, Oxycontin, pop the blue pills It's a cold life, my favorite numbers is 4-5Donald Sterling, clip a nigga I don't like

Uh, it ain't where ya from but it's where ya at I'm down to load a drum quicker than ya app Lil nigga tryna ball, set a screen for me Birds of a feather waiting on a wing for me And I'll never let a nigga think for me I just need the suicides with the seats bloody Look, I'll trade a morc like a logo For any real nigga ever put up on a Polo Oh no, now it go, those niggas

Whole shows, both coasts so I throw no feelings
No chillin', got a chopper and a chicken
Where you from? I threw mines to the ceiling
Pull a foreign off the lot, just got deported
And a quarter for the watch, getting extorted
Lil niggas want war but can't afford it
Put ya life on the line, now bitches snort it, huh