

That's what they doin', camera on, they actin' like these singers, man. I ain't goin' to the studio until I got a situation. A subject, I need a beat, I need the producer. Who gonna be on the hook? Man, what is you doin'? Go in the studio with fuckin' clips, clips, ammo!

Brand new Beretta, can't wait to let it go  
Walk up in my label like, where the check though?  
Yeah, I said it, wouldn't dap you with the left ho  
Shut the fuck up, text from a centerfold, I ain't reply  
Let her know I read it though  
Voice mail say she ready though  
Niggas know I'm credible, ain't no pussy on a pedestal  
Got my foot on the 'cedes Benz pedal  
Doin' 90 on the bridge like, "nigga you already know"  
And if you don't know, then now you know, now you know  
Switchin' up the angles  
Now I'm in the Rolls with illuminated angel  
Four or five chains made of gold gettin' tangled  
My nigga Biz said, "the first mill gon' change you"  
Change for the better, hit it then dead her  
That's my vendetta, keep this shit together  
Goddamn, we ain't even gotta scam  
Cocaine coupe, we ain't even got a scale  
Used to flip apps, now that old plug murked  
Ain't a damn thing changed, you can still get the work

Just hold on one moment and someone will be right with you  
(We're sorry, you have reached a number that has been disconnected or is no longer in service)

Yeah, I remember how I went to Louis V with Haf'  
Watched them spread ten thousand dollars on the glass  
I never ever thought I'd see that in my life  
Now I'm in the East cause my boys are gettin' right, man  
I was on TV makin' fifty racks a year  
After helpin' mama out the shit would disappear  
I am not a man, I can't do this on my own  
So I started askin' them if they would put me on  
And they did put me on, yeah, they did put me on  
Now we in the basement and we workin' on the phone  
Now we in the basement and we workin' on the phone, line  
Line blowin' up, workin' on the phones  
Now we in the basement and we workin' on the phones  
But I just couldn't do it, had to leave that shit alone, man

Hear what?  
Yo hear what, tek time  
[Laughing] Ahh, nuh shake  
Yo hear what?  
Wa gwan tek Gill  
Him fried, him fried and a sleep awhile ago inna di van  
You know Drizzy

Blowin' up, line blowin' up, they need the whole thing  
Blowin' up, my niggas really need the whole thing

I do better with the rider in my system

Oh yeah, I'm on deck, when you call me I'll listen  
I listen unless I been mixin', you know when I'm mixin'  
You know when I'm mixin', I smoke when I drink, it's tradition  
Like Zoe mama I go hippy  
Peace sign in the air like I'm Nixon  
I'm mixin', I am not Esco, but it was written  
I knew when they didn't, I been had these visions  
Of the life I'm livin' since I was Jimmy  
All I had to do was just go and get it, and now we..