

Ayy  
Gang shit  
Whole lot of gang shit, you dig?  
You dig?

Bitch, my fuckin' foreign honey mustard  
Feelin' like rider, you's a buster  
You don't get no cash then shut the fuck up  
You ain't get no guap, shut the fuck up

I'm fuckin' on your main, I bet you ain't know  
I'ma make it rain when it fuckin' snow  
.30 on my hip, I'ma fuckin' blow  
Dreadheads with me like Almighty So  
Hella lean with me, I might overdose  
I ain't fuckin' with you lames, bitch I'm goin' ghost  
Ridin' in that foreign, pull off in that ghost  
And I own the fuckin' party like a damn host  
.30 on my hip, I bet it'll make you run  
Tote that bitch for fun, I love totin' guns  
All in the trap and I got that pot  
I love smokin' pot, got the Benz out the lot  
On the block I do everythin'  
.30 on me, I'ma make it bang  
.30 on me, I might make it sing  
.30 with me, it's all in my pants  
I can't rock with new niggas  
Who the fuck is you nigga?  
Bitch, I got 'em new hunnids  
Bitch, I got 'em new figures  
Your bitch call me daddy, that's a shame  
That I can make her happy, and you can't  
I'm ridin' in that caddie with candypaint  
In the kitchen whippin' paddies, dope all in the sink

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