

Paupa got beats making history, on God!

Young nigga, Glock on me with my chains on
I could never switch up on my day ones
You can't name one nigga that I changed on
I been gettin' to the bag all day long
I came from poverty, straight out the mud
My niggas ride for me, yeah we some thugs
They on the side of me, strapped with them slugs
It's animosity, they show no love

Big bag, I been getting to the money
I know niggas out here really wish I bummy
Glock twenty-three, tucked by the tummy
Cock it back, pull the trigger nigga please don't be a dummy
We gon' ride around his block and let them shots off
If we catch a op slippin' let them Glock off
All my niggas official and y'all be knock offs
Bitch we do this in loving memory of Popoff, uh
I been gettin' to the bag, put on for my section
I can't really trust a soul so I keep a weapon
Got Balenciaga's on my feet every time I step in
Two fingers with a thumb, you know what I'm reppin'
Young nigga and I gotta get my bang on
Keep a Glock every time I got my chains on
Big choppa enemigos we gon' rain on
Young nigga I'm just tryna put the gang on

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Oouuah
Decades, decades, I been in it for decades (Decades)
Methane, propane, ninety-one oct-in-ane
Cocaine, cocaine comin' outta the gih-name (Gih-name)
Magazine that's the street I clih-zame
Some of my comrades doin' it big, some of my comrades doin' it small
Me personally, I sell music and alcohol
They call me E-40 I'm not a phony (Not a phony)
The soil love me like fried bologna (Fried bologna)
I'm havin' my cheese and grits with my prawns and my fried fish
Back in the glory days, I used to sell hella bricks
Then I went to hibernation and took a vacation
How many years ago? Thirty plus years ago, statute of limitations
When I was flea-flickin', I was servin' the other side (For real?)
But they didn't even know, just me and my guys (The Hills)
The other side can be anywhere in your city (Anywhere)
When there was a drought I was breakin' down zippies (Onions)
Biatch!

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