

All I need is my family and dividends
Stick with what I got, don't need no new friends
Because the truth of the matter, now that I think about it
People that I thought was solid turned out to be salad
Tipsy while I'm servin', smokin' urban
Sippin' Kuiper Belt, that's E-40's new bourbon
I'm whiskied, I'm burnt, and I don't care
Everybody on the soil know I ain't all the way there
I like to hear myself talk, no shuttin' up
Triple fit the triple shots in my cup
Ready to squabble and knuckle up
Prepare for altercations when confrontations 'bout to erupt
Anybody can get it, ain't nothin' changed
All it take is some little itty-bitty chump change
It's triflin', it's scandalous, shit can get sour
At 4 a.m. in the morning, the murder hours

Go, run (Run)
Go, run (Run)
Go, run (Run)
Go, run (Run)

Do the crime, do the time like I never left
Back me up in the corner, never confess
I like to drink like the midget from Game of Thrones
Gamble for push-ups when I slap bones
Wrist full of VVS's, them certified stones
Never know who been listening when you talkin' on them phones
Gotta stay polished and crispy and buttoned-up
Keep a 1911 Kimber Michael nine on the tuck
Gotta watch your whereabouts, be on the hush
They'll sneak you, they'll dirt you, shoot up your truck
Laptop thieves, grab-and-go theft
Church burnings and vandalism
It come with the package, it's not an option
Sucker shit is in the air like a toxin
I'm havin' chalupa, gettin' my gouda
You don't want smoke, you not a hookah

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(Droop-E on the beat)