

Poppin my P's all over poppers, never stop my propers
Dollar days flip on my profits, shaking the coppers
Follow protocol when you from the ghetto stand tall
Some got a job, some hustle, ball, and end it all
Some of these rappers gonna give it to you fake
But me? Imma give it to you straight
Mama and daddy divorced when I was eight
Walking on thin ice, hoping that it don't break
Now I'm over here on the hillside of the V
Re-established ourselves, me and D
Shot sugar T and Mug Z
Thinkin how can we beat the streets, and get up on our feet?
Even though my wisdom tooth pulled out I still got my wisdom
Know when the bitch choosing and when to spit my ism
Vallejo boy got hella kin folk in Richmond
If you a sucker, you probably don't want to listen

We out here programmin
(Niggas scrabbling shit can handle gang gallens, no famine)
We out here programmin
(Suckers sham and I got the cannon I'm a handle it, niggas ain't understand it)
We out here programmin
(Operatin and orchestratin and I could care less about your jealousy or your hatin)
We out here programmin
(So you better get with it bout to show that I'm forever sick with it)

Pat yourself on the back congratulate you
For being solid to the streets and loyal to your crew
Put the good lord first and never lose your faith
Bless your food always say your grace
It's the way I was taught when I was a little boy
Cutting the grass ain't no time to play with toys
Clowning in class me and my nigga Bubba
Try to make a little cash starting selling hubba's
When you ballin, when you shoot the ball shoot your best shot
When you fallin, and you finna get caught, snitch you better not
That's gravel rule number 1
If you ain't intending on using it, never pull a gun
The more I learn the more I lose my learn
Thinkin about growin back my perm
When I was skinny out there looking shady
I'll pistol whip you with my .380

Making monumntal moves with monumental dudes
Far from a square I'm not a pack of cools
Puffin on my Vape pen blowing grass
Residue from the hit, concentrated hash
Cross-examine that ho before you decide to stay with her
Use a rubber, or you gonna need a babysitter
This my advice to my little nigga
These bitches brains getting smaller but they ass getting bigger
I don't sign bubblegum rap in my boat (nope)
I listen to 40 cause he a voice of hope (yep)
Free all of my people in Acerd, getting them home
Programmin, never told or sold they soul

We out here putting it together like a Lego
Just got back from San Diego
Landed in the town touch down east bound phone rang soon as I hit the ground
Biatch!

[Chorus]