

Open up the case on 'em
Set his own pace, peeped the rats, wasn't racing with 'em
Made it out the maze, haze with the stanky odor
Simmer down my brain when I can't control it
Nigga, where your chips? You should bet 'em on him
Call the vet he barking, hear him and the mess he started
Nigga, they keep a eye on me, I am not a child artist
I raised the bar and hit a chin-up for a while on it
Life a long ride, my niggas up for it
My bitches down for me cause I stay a buck-fifty
Angel City drought time, why the fuck I'm up fifty
Playing like I'm down five? They can't really fuck with me
Let a nigga sizzle in the pan if he wanna
Los Angeles area annual summer, we burning under it
Learned from taking chances and fumbling
Nigga I was taught to take your rations and guzzle 'em, bitch