

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