

I'm leaning and hella shit in this motherfucker
Ayy, where the juice at, nigga?
Ayy, switch that beat, that weak ass shit, fuck is that? Turn that sh
it off, nigga
Stop playing, nigga
Oh, there he go (Get up in that, boy)
Ayy, get up on that though
(Ayy, ayy, check this out, check this out)
(My nigga gio on this beat, bro)

Murder after murder, blood, you know what it is
Fuck the babies, when it comes down to it, they get hit
Smoke the kid, every nigga 'round here got a stick
Ain't have time to buy a cup, boy, I'm sipping out the brick
Chicken strips, baby, you gon' strip or you gon' hoe
Never fold, Southeast, I'm so 21-Double-0
Can't break the code, plenty of niggas did when they told
Just don't choke on the drill, bust the fully 'til its gone
Oh no, me no give you dick if you broke
Sent her home, slapped the bitch for taking pictures in my phone
Like what you on? Fucking up what I got going on
I would risk it but you ain't got no cheese and you a hoe
So he told, feds been tapping the brodie phone
He been tryna smoke a opp, I love the hype that brodie on
Ayy, get him gone, smoke a opp then put it in a song
K's up, Kasino world, free my thugs out the hole
Level IV, had to keep a hundred, free my Crip
Southside, you ain't slide, that's a lie he say he did, he telling my
ths
Bitch, go get a bag, you ain't exempt
Fuck it up, ain't got a job, pussy pops [?] toot it up
I know you like the way I beat it up, baby
Slow it down, shake that shit, speed it up, lady
You said you wanna fuck with a thug, pay me
Don't want my seed if you don't wanna have a thug baby
Do a hundred, smoke something, y'all make a lot of songs
Faceshot, we face opps, blood partners gone
Pop a pill, pop a nigga, now my problems gone
Slid through a nigga residence, now he ain't got a home
Cop a pole, shake something with that shit, nigga
Walk a nigga down, don't disappoint me on this skit, nigga
Rip his chest open, leave his guts in his whip, nigga
Was a stepper, got stepped on and he snitched, nigga
Flip niggas, touch no nerd, clear the top hat
Fresh out, hit Slo-Be like, "Where them Glocks at?"
My gutter boys apply pressure, where the chops at?
You hard body, so is F&N
Satan just knocked at the door, Tootie, let him in
Brains on my white Air Forces, that's a messy skit
Put lil' brodie on the team, I hope he represent
On 21, I'll never switch, nigga