(Mace Mula)
You feel me knocking?
I think it made the news
You feel me knocking? Then let me in
Yeah, [?]
Mace, what it do, nigga?
Aye, aye

I'm just saying shit get ugly if you want it to
It's a fifty on this GLOCK and I ain't scared to shoot
I got bitches shaking ass like I'm Uncle Luke
Act up, Rich, show him what the Drakey do
Last time something got hit I think it made the news
All they heard was rrah, [?] rip through homes
Niggas took my brother from me, it's forever funk
If you my brother then I'm tripping if you right or wrong

If it's up then it's stuck, nigga, say no more
That's your shooter, niggas ducking, tell him bust his pole
We don't do the Internet, man, what these niggas on?
Brodie asked him where it's at, lil bro, it's on the floor
Goddamn, suckers slid but ain't hit shit
Freak bitch, she gon' ride it like a RipStik
I'm outside, don't slide through 'cause we flip shit
I'm bouncing out and walking up, I won't miss shit
I'm that nigga and your bitch know it
We keep poles, niggas know, I ain't gotta show it
They pull us over, I ain't gotta throw it
We gon' take 'em on one and these niggas know it

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Fuck it up, she bend it over like she dropped something, the bitch ain't eve n drop nothing

40 with a fifty, hear the shh when the GLOCK humming Aye, double back, I'm tryna see if I can score this time She getting lazy in the trap, bitch, snort a line But I don't fuck with bitches that don't pay niggas You be giving free dick, my bitches pay pimping Fuck it, take a pic, I'm tryna see his brains on the floor My first skit I slapped my hoodie on and popped the door You ain't got no cho plus your partners broke My standards kinda high, you bitches gotta go If you could pay me, cook and clean then you don't gotta hoe We just scored but don't say too much Bend the block, if it's funky I'ma shake it up Brodie tryna play ball, where you tryna shoot? That nigga called me 'bout a bitch like what you tryna do? I told that nigga shit get ugly if you want it to

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