

(Pnutt, why you flexin'?)

Uh-huh

Uh, uh, uh-huh

Hmm, hmm

If I don't get rich off rappin', nigga, it's back to servin'

Huh-huh

Uh, if I don't get rich off rappin', nigga, it's back to servin'

Back to pullin' all-nighters in traffic, get my phone chirpin'

Baking soda, yola, Pyrex pot, add a lil' dish detergent

Can't forget the fork 'cause when you whip it, you gon' hear it skrrt, skrrt

Trappin'-ass lil' nigga, the Shallow made me

Bitch, I'm standin' on that business like I'm JAY-Z

I'm hard to kill, they tried to blackball me out the industry

If rap don't work, I'm right back in trap servin' everything

Standin' on that business like I'm JAY-Z

If rap don't work, I'm right back in trap servin' dope fiends

Convicted felon, ain't got no license, ridin' 'round chasin' cheese

Glizzy in arm reach, ain't worried bout nan' nigga tryinna harm me

Houston, Texas, underground king, feel like Pimp C

But I'm from Broward, nigga, ask about me, I know you heard of me

Shallowside Slim, can't let 'em murder me

I'm hard to kill, they tried to blackball me out the industry

Livin' fast, won't never change until I D-I-E

I rip the mic, go tell your label come and see 'bout me

If I don't get rich off rappin', nigga, it's back to servin'

I'ma get rich or die tryin', nigga, I feel like Curtis

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Know what I'm sayin'? It's goin' right back in the trap, nigga

If this shit don't work out, what do you label me, man?

If I don't get a major deal, man

Just know I'm goin' major in the trap, man, the largest, man

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Huh-huh

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