

Intro

El Snappo

(Good luck at the game, Swish)

Product of my environment, they tell me not to promote violence
You could take me out the hood, can't take that thug shit out of me

Motherfuck a record deal, leave me in the trenches where you would me

I'm a real street nigga, I don't need a rap nigga to cosign me
I'm thuggin' forever, forever mafia family

When the feds indicted me, you know I kept my mouth silent

You fake-ass steppers, real niggas don't speak on bodies

I feel like Master P in the '90s, I'm 'bout it, 'bout it

I'm a paper chaser, I got my block on fire

Remainin' a G until the moment I expire

Fuck nigga, don't get bitch-slapped, then hog-tied

I'm screamin' 1900, you is not one of the guys

Like a nigga shirt wrinkled, I'll hit him with that iron

Interstate 95, got the pedal to the ground

I don't want you crab, leechin'-ass niggas nowhere 'round

Nigga, this the intro, it's up there, ain't comin' down

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