

(Hunter, turn it up)

Uh-huh, uh-

huh, sellin' cut rocks everyday, nigga, I'm in the... uh

(Damn, Yak)

Look

Uh-huh, servin' cut rocks every day, nigga, I'm in the PJs

Pour-ass jit, I ain't have nothin', I was just a PJ

Every day I'm thumbin' through that cake like it's my fuckin' Z-Day

Early in the mornin', I was servin' dope in my fuckin' PJs

Clean up, I was just locked in the feds, I was eatin' PJ

The way I came through on the track, they thought I was a DJ

The way I'm ballin' on these niggas, you can call it EA

Got a trap full of everything, one-star, eBay

Uh, trap full of everything, one-star, eBay

I sell dope, what you expect? Crackers in front of PJ

I'm in the door, pedal to the metal, pockets full of cheesecake

I'm on these Perkies, I'm in traffic speedin' down the E-way

Tablecloth money, nigga, I'm eatin' like a fuckin' entree

I'ma trap 'til I die, nigga, I feel like Jeezy

Just signed a deal with 300, I ain't talkin' Andre

Got a trap full of everything, one-star, eBay

Snappo took off like a pilot, he won't never land

Tried to take my kindness for weakness, nigga, I ain't playin'

Six wicks in my head, nigga, I went Super Saiyan

Found out how my mama's oldest son became a man

Every day I put that shit on like I'm Dapper Dan

My block nineteen hundred degrees, you gon' need a fan

All that ice around my neck, it start a avalanche

I did four-and-a-half years when I was in the feds

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