

Me and my dogs comin' through like, "woof, woof"
Rollin' in the new coupe with no roof
Been gettin' money twenty years, it's so true
You wanna know this game? I could coach you
Nothing but that classic shit, work shop original
I ain't rockin' skinny jeans, but y'all don't hear me though
I roll with the killers that's quicker than [?] blow
Niggas [?] ho
I'm a wicket boy, I'm a wicket wicket boy
Got the hundred mile an hour speed ticket boy
People come from all around to see me kick it, boy
I ain't got it, boy, watch me get it, boy
My car need a green card, 'cause it's foreign
Your girl need a new man 'cause you borin'
I hit you with some sleeping pills and leave you snorin'
Blood starts squirtin' out your head, it was pourin'
I'm runnin' from the police in the Corvette

Grand theft automatic flow when I spit
The grossest thing you gon' get, the black magic
Blood from a lamb, Esham not e-sham
Yeah I'm going ham, but I don't give a damn
Don't be a victim of the rap game scam
Venus Flytrap house a thousand grams
This lifestyle illegal, and you should know that
Wipe that down for fingerprints before you throw that
Pepper pick your own poison before you [?]
You can't take the charge, you shouldn't hold that

As far back as I can remember, I always wanted to be a gangster
I know I'd go from rags to riches
If you would only s-