

Yeah, yeah  
(FOREVEROLLING)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Shoot up niggas' right hand mans and make them change their routines (Make them change they routines)  
Niggas talk that shit, they gon' get hit as soon their car leave  
Dead broke in the projects, that's that typa shit that makes dreams  
My black bitch help me line up niggas perfect, call her Bae Jean  
Linda Blinda bricks are China white I call it Maylene  
Last few days I ice skate with two plays and ran through APs  
EST the waterboys, rock bust down rollies, APs  
Percocets [?] filled the tips with 30s and some tight jeans  
I soaked up the game without my lane and then went far with it  
55 we made men ABM FAO con livin'  
Niggas tried to kill Gee in his hood like he ain't God in it  
We seen him double tapped on all them triggers like a far picture  
Ran through so much gas up east they hung up me and Rob Pitcher  
I think you police just speak on beef and ain't involved with it  
Niggas tryna [?] me like they background ain't got flaw in it  
Hungry dog with teeth and claws, it's raw I put my paws in it  
Head throb on my meat so hard like she tryna break her jaw with it  
They love us, 55 made me and ABM con livin'