

Fa Fa Fa

EST Gee

Aye who dat... Johngotitt

Trap beat still doing numbers
Big Gotti still got runners
Twenty years straight no fumbles
Wild life nigga from the jungle
Niggas too small to be cocky
And I'm too big to be humble

Yeah and I was okay, rich selling thunder
Too much can't tuck it I'm punching
I ain't get no game from my uncles
So I ain't show em' no love on the numbers (fuck em)
Shit they hated my pops
They act like it's love cause I'm up but it's not
First in the city put switch on a glock
First nigga paid five figures a drop
Keep it a good grip when you hitting it's hot
Put one on top and then hop out the car wit dat
Fa fa fa fa
Fa fa fa fa

More than twin flames hitting that car
I'll make a nigga call for allah
I'ma trap nigga baby I'm a star
When I say go bar for bar
See that's a hunnid thousand Xanax bars
But I could buy it on a amex card
Ain't no receipt on a pack
Ain't no bringing this shit back
Fuck around and get flapped (nigga)
Fa fa fa fa
Fa fa fa fa

I got these sticks in the rental
This bitch in the car she too sentimental
I got my dawg in my car and he fuck with the opps he playing the middle
Oh he thinking he slime I'm three steps ahead he don't even know it
I told him I need some gas, I get out then pump it they pull up and blow it
I was chilling in turks my nigga on percs he talking bout killing
I'm tryna exit up the streets this shit gotta ceiling I'm thinking bout bill
ions
I just talked to drew finland they finna free doggy you don't know the feeli
ng
Yeah you don't know the feeling they lock up ya partner you running up milli
ons
Yeah I just jumped off the island I'm back on a tour jump off the tour and I
'm back in the trap
Jump out the trap and go up to the office put down the strap go through some
offers
Pick up my strap and I'm back at the door
Phone on private ain't dropping my lo
Calling the label they late on our paper we treating this shit like we still
selling dope
Brand new Ferrari I ordered it (skrrrt)
Asian masseuse imported it
I'm on the side with my niggas tho so If he get on yo ass I'm supporting it

I'm too big for the bullshit I already know it (I know it)
I know better but I ignore it
I'm not a rapper I'm a poet, street nigga, drug lord
Let the beat breathe
Aye let the beat breathe on these pussies
Just vibe out flex know wat I'm saying
First hunnid k I remember
First 7 figures I remember
First AK I remember
It was cold day in December
First nigga felt it first nigga felt that fa
First nigga
First nigga ya'll let die (pussies)