

Intro

Fat Trel

I got my eye on the score, my new bitch a whore
I swear I just met her, she say she fucked me before
Nigga, I shoot up your Bimmer then hopped in a Porsche
We been here before, I got money galore
And I pride myself, this nine on my belt
Play with your health then take on a shelf
Bang, I smoke like an elf
I'm rich by myself
Yo bitch with my guys we bout to take out cirocs
I load up my chopper, I'm finna go slide
You know I'm a killer, just look in my eyes
I shoot at his base, he acting surprised
I told you we're crazy, don't play
Cause I hate the job

My new bitch a geeko a thirty manino
I fuck her then leave her
Her pussy pop through my speaker
They white like Selena, a packed out arena
My Rolex is cleaner
My white bitch a diva
Her daddy a lawyer
We both know I need her
But when I beat this case I swear this
God I'm a leave her
Bring this back to my city
Georgetown with my niggas
Made it East with my junkie
Stadium with my strippers
You PT with my migo
This is multi kilo
I got coke out for dealo
Then gon' fuck in my be yo
Nigga, middle finger to see yo
Vegas to Rino
Run them high out to Mali
I see them marrow and Cleo
I got bangers and nervers
I see police I'm swerving
Got my wife in the town
My bitch behind her I'm scourging
I know I'm young I deserve it
Money splurging on purpose
I bought the slutty boys a house
Bitch get the fuck out bitch
Out bitch

Should be sucking dick
You run your mouth bitch
I can make the money flip but I can't buy no house fit
Dog, bitch he from outta town he buy the counterfeit
Set him up, take him down
Then evac, know who I found him with
Sound kick, 50 clip
Hunnid round chopper kit
I'm a be at hunnid East staking shrimp with chopsticks
Clean shit, shopping chopper blocks what you got kid

Dimple hit a nigga in the chest like a drop kick
Oh shit Feds haunting, sleeping with my old bitch
I fuck with her, she likes to keep the stove lit
Africans and Mexicans, goony town all kinda bad
Shooter from Afghanistan, here's to shit you never had
Young Mo, five thou, Chris Bo, side South
Dough low, young and throwing bullets like he romo
Oh no I just caught the yabba for the low low
FUcking with the cash black body bag polo
Niggas say he want the B, caught him at the go go
Ask him what he get from me
This murder shit don't work for free
Play with me, you pay a fee
Snitches stay away from me
These bitches lay with me, they wanna make a way for me
Hustling no chasing me, I'm bout the paper basically
Never sleep, A to Z, I turn the ones and twos to three
Lots of killers under me, right here where I wanna be
I don't fuck with pussy niggas, Them niggas not one of me
Forty four to thirty three, my father sells anything
But he don't know the drama that this semi brings
I run my own shit I got my own thing
What you mean? Slutty boys over everything
What you mean? Slutty boys over everything
I'm 500 thousand up on you niggas
And I come from North East niga
Ain't got shit to say
Georgetown nigga, Georgetown nigga
Let's get that money