

Intro

FBG Duck

Like, I'm not even 'bout to play with these niggas
(Ayy, Ewell, I don't want no autotune)
(No, no, no, fuck all that shit)
This How I'm Coming the fucking mixtape
(Fuck it, this how they want me to come)
(Gang-gang, woo)
(\$B)

Like, I'm not gon' let up, bro (Th-This what they want me to do?)
Like, this is not the breaking point (Like, they got me back on that fuck sh
it)
It only gets better
Gang-gang, turn up

Ever since I been on a paper chase (Money), I been playin' with rolls (Rolls
)
Thirteen years old (Woah), I was playin' with poles (Huh?)
I was told chase after my dreams and never chase these hoes
I tell a bitch she can't suck my dick if she don't take my soul
Don't get exposed (What else?), I done seen the toughest niggas fold (Pussy)
You want advice? (What else?) I ain't got no advice but bulletholes (Brirt-'r
rah, shit)
And I hate playful hoes, bitch, why you tryna play that role? (Lil' bitch)
Got me standin' there, waitin' on you to knock me down like dominoes (Woo)
I remember years ago, we was in front of that store (St. Lawrence, 63rd)
Hell nah we wasn't lacking, lil' bro had that pole (We was by that curb)
If a nigga tried to pull up, then lil' bro gon' blow (Them niggas had the ne
rve)
They ain't never got the chance to let down their window (No, skrirt)
I wish folks 'nem could see me give these rappers hell (My niggas)
My shooter say he tryna give these rappers shells (Pussy)
I was on some funny shit, was gon' pull up and watch these rappers bail (Pus
sy)
But nowadays, you catch 'em, you gotta whack 'em 'cause these rappers tell,
on folks 'nem
(Period, on foe 'nem grave)

If we catch him, we smoke him (I'm serious)
Got a bankroll, we poke him (Nigga)
Why the fuck is he over here and we don't know him?
(Like, seriously, like, why the fuck is he over here? Y'all know this rules)
Gang-gang (Woo)
Turn up

Nigga, you ain't never been to no jungle (Never)
Don't you hate when niggas say they was in the field when they wasn't? (Woah
)
Called all my shooters like, "Fuck bein' humble" (Fuck it)
On that disrespectful shit, fuck Lil Durk cousin (Nuski)
Niggas know I'm bussin' off that yopper (I'm rollin')
Rollin' 'round the city with my chopper (I'm clutchin')
Please don't make me pull up and blook-blocka (Brirt-'rrah)
Pull up with them hands and clook-cloock ya (Okay)
Nah, let me stop playin', I'm off two yoppers (I play too much)
Thirty in this handgun, that's two doctors (You're not safe)
No, thirty in this handgun, that's a few doctors, ayy (Get out my way)
Bitch, I'm 'bout my green like cucumbers, ayy (Okay, Money)
Bitch, I'm from that block where it's violence and murder (St. Lawrence)

If you ain't from that block, don't try to slide 'cause you'll get murdered
(St. Lawrence)

Who the fuck is y'all? A bunch of niggas we ain't heard of (Goofy)

Can't be around fake shit because it make me nervous (Goofy)

I killed this shit on purpose (Money)

"Intro"

Hahahahaha (Woo)

Like, this what they want me to do, right?

Well, This How I'm Coming the mixtape (Oh, yeah, oh, yeah, oh, yeah)

Gang-gang

Hahahahaha

Like, free all my niggas, R.I.P. all my niggas

I got Dooski in the booth, I got Rooga in the booth

I got Ewell goin' ones or twos

Just a whole lotta gang shit