

On Me

FBG Duck

Heh?

Let's get it, free Dutchie

FBG shit, FBG, bitch

Heh? Let's get it

I got a word niggas sneak dissin' on me
Well, niggas probably been doin' that low key
That dope got me feelin' like I'm sleep
Niggas plottin', so I gotta keep that on me

On me (On me), on me (On me)
On me (On me), on me (On me, heh?)
I'm St. Lawrence and that's 063
On me (On me) (Let's get it), on me (On me)
On me (On me) (It's Young), on me (On me, heh?)
I'm Fly Boy Gang and that's FBG
(Number 1 by the way, hah)

I heard they sneak dissin', say they gon' shoot me
Well, good luck 'cause like fashion, it's on me
My hitters with me, so lackin', that's Odee
Saranara, R.I.P., DOA, you gon' D-I-E
CashOut, that's brodie and we steady addin' them G's
Niggas act like females and my hitters they too G
Double-G, that's Gucci, and you know that hold the toolie
Billionaire, up the pump, probably knock off his kufi (Boom, boom, boom, boom)
I came back on some cash shit, I can't be a has-been
No lackin', that's the anthem, so I'm strapped like Magnums
Ain't with all the tantrum, I'll start a riot
I don't cease fire, come through and niggas dyin'
Diesel, that's my people, got them guns by the crate
On the trey with them apes, I'm so separated from fake
And I'm all about them Benji's, money bags, I need pronto
If you ain't talkin' Benji's, then you can't get a convo, gang

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On me (On me), on me (On me)
On me (On me), on me (On me, heh?)
I'm St. Lawrence and that's 063 (FBG shit)
On me (On me), on me (On me)
On me (On me), on me (On me, heh?)
(FBG, bitch)
I'm Fly Boy Gang and that's FBG (Gang, gang, gang, free Dutchie)

I heard they say I fell off, fuck wrong with these assholes?
I got way better, they still can't fuck with my last flow
I'm a money fiend, so I'm goin' everywhere that cash go
Nigga, I'm the shit like what I take when I use the bathroom
Fuck all of these hatin' niggas, I mean that in the worst way
A lot of motherfuckers just playin' crazy, don't make this black hearse day
They cannot fuck with me even on my worst day
And I'm flyer than these motherfuckers even on their birthday

I'm so in love with money, so when I leave, I'ma die trappin'
I'm swagged up while makin' this song, bitch, I call that fly rappin'
If a nigga thinkin' I'ma joke, then his ass can die laughin'
And my money stackin' like books now, I came a long way from the last chapter

Lot of niggas be flexin' like they really 'bout that life

They ain't with it, the only thing these niggas probably shot was dice

They ain't ready, niggas scary, and the metal I'm totin' heavy

It's nightmare on St. Lawrence street and I'm Freddy