

Ooh, it's Wavy808
Yeah
Yeah
'Ight, do what we gon' do (What it is?)
I know this, like, I feel—
Sixth time tryna' kill this nigga Foolio, but look (What's up?)
He got a green Dodge Durango and a black SRT (Yeah?)
Who got the drop on him, man? (Let's do it)
Let's go
That's him backin' out right there (Let's go, man, let's go)
Shoot, nigga, shoot
Damn, you killed him? (Check the news)
I know that nigga dead (What the fuck? That nigga still livin', man, damn)

I saw death like five, six times, like I'm a Super Saiyan
I can't die, so my opps thinkin' that I'm Superman
Told lil' bro, "Go flip they block," that's just the mood I'm in
Still in my city, on my head, like a hunnid' bands
So I'ma buy a hunnid' choppas and some stolen cars
October 7th, them boys tried to kill a superstar
I'm still standin', poppin' Percocets and xanny bars
Survived death so many times like I'm a demigod
We on the road, just left Miami, brudda crackin' cars
My bitch just made another 100k off doin' fraud
At Green Acres, finna' buy my Glock some body parts
Right now, I wanna kill my cousin, I don't got no heart
Bro, don't come through 6 Block fishin', you ain't got no rod
At Green Acres, finna' buy my Glock some body parts
He gave my drop, how I let a snake get in my yard?
Survived death so many times, I'm a demigod
'Posed to be chillin', way in Cali', tryna' ship them chickens
I want all them niggas dead, that's why I'm in my feelin's
My foot healin', with these crutches, I still stand on business
I need 'em dead before my flight land back in the city
High speed chases, brand new Glock, refuse to throw my glizzy
Smoke got heavy, I ain't runnin', I ain't leave my city
Wit' this Glock, .357, bitch, I feel like Bibby
Way in Pittsburgh, 14 on me like I'm George Pickens
In New York City talkin' business, just like Russel Simmons
Rest in the trenches, holidays, shit was gettin' vicious
Public housin', fuck Christmas, we ain't have no chimney
This shit just hit me, broke my heart, Bangman keep on stealin'
Promote the violence, but stay in school to all the children
Rule number one, you [?] but trust these bitches
Rule number two, you need money to war wit' the city
Rule number three, police grab you, ain't no fuckin' snitchin'
Rule number four, pray to God for this life we livin'
'Cause any day, you could die or go to penitentiary

Damn
Swear to God
Shit real life