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Don't get my nigga started, they say we so retarded
See these bricks I be coping, hit the block then I chop it
Can't leave my niggas starving, stuff the pounds and the garbage
They throw it in my closet, I go broke then I'm robbin

If I go broke, just know a nigga robbin 50k up in my robbin bent I don't need no wallet Robbin' me stop it, I pull out and pop it Ben leave a nigga slum and walk off like it's nothing Bitch I'm a fucking monster, bitch I move like a monster Just call me Fredo got it, got a chopper and a party Better leave a nigga sloppin' so act up if you want it Just to put you in the coma, it's all my next persona I be going hard I get them weak I be rollin' off of molly I ain't had no sleep And my money in my mouth isn't what you talk you see Put this 30 where your mouth is, my pistol touch your teeth

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Trouble going broke a rich pussy's nightmare
Thrill nigga shit, I'm checking on no night air
Words to school none of the rounds I'm a violate
And motherfuck one time I'm a cope hate it
UBN we hussle all over the globe
The drop season my reason US smoke pole
They say DTE beat 'em up for a reason
Need no shit, send hits but you know shit
Trouble, trouble they know how I get down
From these pussy ass rappers to these street clowns
Oh you got fitapese in that bag right there
It is red dough

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They trust me in blood money, fuck bitches we ball out Pop pills with Tadoe, my young niggas gon clear that Don't take out we be shy, 50 hundred your life These niggas jacking for phone pausing they murking for ice Man all these industry niggas they for the inner street niggas Just GBE DTE shout outs to them being niggas And my vice lords niggas, and my GD niggas And my moles and fouls, shouts out to dimtoe nigga Always to my zone to the stone chy rack like my second home All them young niggas strapped with them 30's popper Quick shot to your dome And I'm bout the don of 100, and with Trouble 200 My nigga Fredo Santana when you mix all that it's 300

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