I'm trying to put him in a body box
I buy hand tings and I'm a dotty shot
I'm with my bitch, we taking shots up in Novikov
And if you talking ass my bitch has got a lot
And free my nigga Melo cause he got a lot
And if you talking straight raw I got a box
They day they free my brothers I'm a happy man
Rich by 25 my nigga, that the plan
I'm smoking out the half, my nigga that's a gram
Catch me in the dessert dressed like Taliban
My bitch wants to go out to Hakkasan
I'll get her food and all she want to give me back is hat

Whipping whipping whipping in the kitchen
I told my little nigga that he really got to listen
I don't wanna see you back in prison
Plus my new TrapSpot yeah it's kicking
Yeah it's kicking
They just breathing but we living
I told you that my life is kind of different
And free my fucking brothers cause I miss 'em
One minute they was here, now they missing

Bro I'm about to and about to kill it
Is best you pour some Yack and then you bill it
Sitting in the trap with 9 and a midget
Going to press it first then I'm going to whip it
Hold on, wait a minute
I'm about to flip it
I was chilling in the trap I had to pivot
I heard a knock at the door, it was suspicious
I got more work in the house then the Mrs.
Every other day I do the dishes
I put it in the microwave for a minute
Then I bring it out and all I see is fishes
I send my jail G's P's, I go on visits

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