

Like the letter after your ass failed, bitch, we G'ed up  
Talkin' about me a cover-up, they tryna be us  
Candy paint was bubblegum, but I spit pollaseeds  
Bitch, I'm from the West Coast, you know it's fuck your policy  
Baby, I ain't politicking, I seen a lot of things  
Floodin' the section, as I look 'round, I see a lot of fees  
Braggin' 'bout his weapon, lil' nigga, we got a lot of these  
Four-five Desert Eagle, ah, tuck that bitch in Lotto jeans

Fuck you mean? Game of laser tag, we brought a lot of beams  
Fuck you mean? Good girls goin' bad, I see 'em switchin' teams  
Fuck you mean? I don't get no peace, so fuck the birds and bees  
Yellin' in my face make me just wanna hear a chopper scream, ah  
Fuck it, let it breathe  
That's the repercussions for niggas that's tryna turn on me  
Opposite of bleak, turnt up through the roof just like a leak  
Rainin' down on bitches, tryna see who gon' grow my papa seeds

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You mad  
You can't get a bag  
She throwin' all that ass  
So I buy her a bag  
So she can put in work

Off of two cups of that D'USSE, at 2 we gettin' stupid  
She keep grabbin' at my dick, sayin', "Daddy, show me how you use it"  
I'm slidin', she squirtin', I'm slidin', she squirtin'  
I just turnt up to the max, after I slap, I hit my dirty (Okay)

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