

I'm pulling up with' the ratchet, boy
Put them bullets through your jacket, boy
Mister never-snitchin', don't bother asking, boy
Bad Shit with Lil Germ, we pullin' cappers, boy
Dirty kitchen whippin', trap house my fall back position
Only visit when I'm fiendin' or itching
They call me "Mister fix-it"
My ambitions as a rider, it's the Cracker Pac
Serving rocks out my sock, gotta keep the block hot

Uh
(Too bad you're a fuckin hater!)
Mutt the fuckin' nut, breathin' marijuana
Katana swingin', splittin' hunnid dollar cuts
I got a fuckin' razor, rusty blade-ah
Stuffin' guts and fucking bitches up
And now my blunt about to bust
I got a bunch of craters in my fucking brain
When I arrive, I'm leaving plenty stains behind
I'll see you later, gorilla mask
I'll cross the line, banana clips
I'll rip out your spine, after I fuck an alligator

(Bad shit! Bootleg nigga, I don't-aye)
I don't like the look that's on your face when I walk in the place
I'm with these savages
Shoot you in your face
Fuckin' round
Lit my cig with a pad and pen
Better bet I'm ballin'
Roster full of scholars
Nigga, don't play no games
Nigga run up on you cocked
Aim for that brain
Secure the bag bitch I need all change
Yung nigga faded
Please stay out my lane
Blue hundon
Bet your bitch know my name
Ridin'
Providin' way for the sheep
Thumper tucked by my sack while I sleep
Give no fucks
Couple hoes in my Bronco truck
Beer Can Dan don't need no luck