

## Explanation

Giggs

Living in a cracked-out environment  
Where niggas moving packs in varieties  
Whatever I ask papi for  
He knows he's gotta match my requirements  
Straps will be firing  
Next thing you'll hear batches of sirens  
Every little nigga wants to rush  
Get their stash out and buy a ting  
Been in some fucked up predicaments  
Where some particulars had me up on some vigilance  
These niggas went and fucked with originals  
I draw for the strap and left them fucked up ridiculous  
These niggas ain't seen what I have and  
Nearly lost their life on the field 'cause their gat jammed  
Clapped man, shit got hectic and I backed man  
Fucked up life that I'm living as a black man  
Everybody rates Giggs  
I could focus on rap but everybody makes hits  
Nowadays everbody takes sniff  
I want my stack tight like the dad from Everybody Hates Chris  
Even though I'm from the flipping ghetto  
When I go shopping I'm a picky fellow  
That's why the stitching in the AJ's are flipping yellow  
Then I go home, kick back  
Blow dro, sip 'yac  
Zone out, script wrap  
Make a phone call, then I strip yats  
And I ain't talking bout  
I'm talking 'bout some look-a-like Halle Berry's  
Plus a cognac's already ready  
Fling a porno on the screen of my heavy telly

Christ

What kinda mixtape is this  
I know bare niggas out there chatting shit  
Like they're on man's level on this rap ting  
But obviously, man ain't making mixtapes like this  
Where you don't have to skip shit, you get me  
I listen to these othese mixtapes out there, bare skippage  
1 to 7 to 16! Trust me fam  
But this is pure quality  
Hollowman, Blade, we do this ting  
Mixtapes in 2 weeks it's nothing  
Cut that Saj