

(King)
(Tired, is that you?)
Yeah, mhm, hrr, hrr, hrr, hrr, hm, young nigga-, hm, hm

Whole gang locked up, young nigga trappin'
Yo Gotti, I won't hit no lick with that gat
Wasabi, we flip that boy, pop at his back
Young nigga pop out with "Grr", it aim at his "Grr"
Fuck mobbin' nigga, he talkin' 'bout "What's good?"
I fucked her and did her bad just like I should
I'd hitman to get his ass back but he would
Talkin' crazy on the 'Gram, flatjack the whole hood
Oh shit, you told me, "Don't take him off", man, I misunderstood
If I could just fuck for one night then break that ho off, man, I would
100 bands in the safe, let's go hit the juug
Kay caught another K
We need to mask the fuck up
I'll let that sticky finger shit, nigga, you need to back the fuck up
That bitch said she love me, ha-ha-ha, that shit made me crack the fuck up
I'ma just sip on that Wock' and run the dope up
Slime that boy bad, you could just call a Cobra
I'm twice, but diss on the mob, I'm on one
Me and Velly take him through the swamp just like a ogre
For my gang, I'm going out all in, ain't talkin' poker
Hm, caught that boy and did a double homicide
Nigga, you scared
I know that you ain't gon' ride
Yo' ass believe in the fairies, you got the wrong guy
I get the [?], you know I'm on nine
"Why them black bitches on my video? ", you know they both mine
I turn on that switch just like a light bulb, I pull out that Glock, he get blind
76, mob shit, until a Glock die
White bitch from Alpharetta gon' set yo ass up, all that ho want is a line
I hit a lick on the eastside way before I shot the vid' with 2wo2imes
She said make time for her, bih' got me fucked up 'cause I can't even really make mine
Huh, I ain't got time for no bitch
I only got time for makin' money and hit licks
I do not got time, you gon' had fuck with me, the fuck my clique
I only got time for puttin' B'Rolls in my pocket
And nigga, you say you caught me outside with no fye, nigga, stop it
Don't think about pullin' that shit, shawty, drop it
We smokin' Tavon 'til I'm higher than rocket
You flex with that gun on the 'Gram, but you will not pop it
Huh, I talked to Phat the other day, he like, "What the fuck poppin'?"
Pulled out the Glock the other day on a fuck nigga drivin'
She tried to fuck the whole damn gang, that lil' ho [?]
When I swing that dope, you know I'ma let that stick hang
Me and Kay don't really do talkin'
We at the High Table with no motherfuckin' office
She said she don't wanna fuck because I'm cocky
You ain't good for none', bitch, but that sloppy topsey
You ain't gon' pull out that stick for none', why you gon' post it?, just po p it
You niggas be workin' with twelve, heard that walkie-talkie
Paranoid as the fuck, can't go nowhere without my Glocky