

Spam the Drac', let it hit
Know I'm in the Whip
Double cup, sip
Brothers in that trench
Sprite and tris, I mix
Hoes in my vicinity, diamonds on my wrist, ha
And we taking risks, and we take ya' bitch
She just want some dick, whatever that I pick
Bad bitches, come around, I'm gettin' what I get
My cousins, they know Lil' Glokk been doin' this since a jit

Locked up in the chain, knew I was getting out on the sixth
50's hand, it's blues pink, nigga ain't get no tip
This a throwaway, I'm finna shoot him with this Schmittty
7.62, it hit his back, know it fuck up his kidney

Girl-Girl I got that Plan B, I brought your ass a present
Yeah, you know that good weed, it that smell good, yeah it's scented
\$15,000 on clothes today, ranch dressin'
Snatch off in that cat, I'm already gone, they can't catch me
Trackhawk, this bitch slidin', make this bitch Matte black
Your nigga know what's going, I put a 30 in my gat
Locked up in Rice Street, \$35 sack
Call me on my jack, Glock gon' have my back

Stick gon' have my front, roll him in my blunt
Blitz, this a hunt, Truck in the front
Standing clip on this, man, this a 15 in the gun
I had won that trophy, I had sold it, it was bronze
Whoa

Boy, I see my opp, this on god, dunk him like LeBron
This bitch go for anything, I'm putting drugs on her tongue
This bitch got that Bronco truck, okay, we finna have fun
B-Whoa drop that ticket on them niggas, they had spun

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