

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Ahh, yeah  
Whoa, damn, woo, yeah, yeah, okay  
Yeah, yeah

Shooting niggas when I'm twenty-two  
Palmolive keep my hands clean, ooh  
PalmPilot, color Crippy blue  
Ain't no telling what they do to you  
I don't give 'em orders  
I just tell 'em, "Shoot the first nigga that look just like you"  
I don't give a fuck about the rules  
Even if I made 'em, I'ma break the rules

Big mood, I wear big shoes, keep a bad bitch with some big boobs  
I don't act up, I don't back up, if a nigga talkin' crazy, slapped up  
Then wrapped up in the back trunk  
Ain't it funny-funny that I talk this crazy?  
Hang with Ricky like I'm in the '80s, Freeway down the freeway  
Bumpin' old Nipsey off the replay, fat blunt (Woah), ass lumps (Woah)  
Oslo (Woah), wife goal (Woah), white girl (Yeah), small waist (Damn)  
Black girl (Wow), tight face (Woah), Hollywood, Inglewood  
Keep it hood, hood bitch look like Meagan Good  
Keep the wood ready so we hoppin' to it

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I don't get attention, no, I don't get attention  
I don't need your trippin', you always think I'm trippin', yah  
I don't give a fuck about you, I just wanna lay you down  
I don't wanna take you to the sofa, wanna love you down  
I don't wanna take you down, baby girl is trippin', bruh  
I don't want attention, mane, I don't want attention, but  
I just want that Gucci Mane, I don't need no attention bae  
And I'm just supportin' mane, I don't want attention mane  
Baby girl thinkin' but haters start shakin', uh  
Haters start shakin', dawg, I don't need no attention, uh  
He don't got no patience now, he just get them racing 'round  
I don't have the patience and drug compliments it  
Yah, yah, yah (Yah, yah)