

Packs that I sold (Yeah)  
And I got it for the low (Yeah)  
Whip, when I whip on the stove (Woah)  
Whip, then I let that go (Yeah)  
Man, I'm used to them bowls  
'Round here, anything goes (Yeah)  
Done did 'em and throws (Woah)  
Know it's Link and my niggas and Moe's  
Yeah, yeah, packs that I sold, yeah, uh  
Got it for the low, yeah  
I whip, then I whip on the stove, yeah  
Whip, then I let that go, yeah  
Man, I'm used to the bowls  
'Round here, anything goes, yeah  
Done did 'em and throws  
Know it's Luke and my niggas and Moe's

Right for the bro, go, uh, put it in a chokehold, uh  
Met a lil' crazy bitch, uh, crazy what I like, though  
3-D print truck, yeah, 3-D Benz truck, yeah  
When I really wanna rap-rap, I'ma really run 'em up, uh  
Take the whole rap ting, take da whole wap ching  
I put the rap game on the ropes and really make my ting, huh  
I'm a lil' willy, big stunt, all I need a black girl, big butt  
I could give a fuck or two fucks, what? What?

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I'm too big for the rap shit, really  
Had no take but the pop too silly  
But one take and the world start geekin'  
Still in the hood ridin' 'round with the demons  
Me and Big Ray, we was out in palace  
I was nineteen and I lost my balance  
I was still askin', "Like, who these niggas?"  
Rap game easy, still no challenge  
Dunya lit, I think the blue group crazy  
Streets left on, nigga, beat that payment  
Few of them boys woulda beat them cases  
I was like, "Haha," then I had a baby  
Then I got bigger and the bag got long  
Like long, like me, ballplayers on the small play

I was like, "Let's go," we was in beast mode  
God really chose us, niggas so special  
Rick Owens skate shoes, mixed wit da real Walt  
Real rap, real talk, meet Bill, I walk  
I float on beats, I don't need no gas-up  
This my belt for whoopings  
Might just cop you a cushion  
Invite my girl to the Dunya  
D.D might use some bonsom  
That bitch crazy, like, uh

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