

Every card don't get dealt, nigga

Aight, you wanna try a real nigga?
Aight, I'm a show you how we deal with ya
Aight, she wanna fuck a dope dealer
Aight, or keep fuckin' with them broke niggas
Aight, aight, aight, aight, aight
I'm gettin' money, if you hating
Aight, aight, aight, aight, aight
I'm gettin' stripes if you hate on me, always aight

Big, big bully, lockjaw
Big, fully off in my top draw
Big bullets, big topped off
Pussy nigga knocked off
Living legend, Silver Seven
Beef for dinner, pill for breakfast
Head trigger, no rogaïne
Gripping oakgrain with some stolen cocaine
Triple crosser, pistol tosser
Foreign car crasher, just a flosser
She want a thug nigga, she a little choosey
Beat a life sentence, feel like Lil' Boosie

I'm a straight stunna, take hunna
Was a broke nigga, one they used to make fun of
MMG, self made pay one up
I'm that motherfuckin' nigga they don't want none of
Born shooter, Porsche tooter
Throwing jabs like four Zab Judah's
Bitch I'm reckless, so damn foolish
Slanging more stones than them damn jewelers
Don Logan, talkin' vulgar
Traphouse, no A.C, torn sofa
You niggas know my mothafuckin' pedigree
I'm Gunplay, I'm everything I said I'd be

You pulled a gun on my homie you better have one for me
Ain't no running up on me, my new Versace fatigue
Boobie got with the work what Dre just got for his Beats
I expect for these songs to keep me hot with the seats
All I want is the money, the masterkey to these riches
These pussies keep hating, I'm a hit you with inches
Get my nigga a kite, told my warden we did it
Put these stacks on these books 'cause I'm too busy to finish
Now back to these guns, my nigga Gun got my back
He went on trial for his life, many don't come out on that
If you as real as they come and it's live for you nigga
Now hold up your guns and when you pull back the trigger