

Now this one's for my goons, yeah, the ones in the room  
You assume are a problem, when we just trying to live  
Vibing to a tune of our own, you don't know  
Never knew how we function, so baby, what's the deal?  
Hit them with the Boomshakalaka, have them running to the chopper  
Get the tools out the locker if you will  
Got you breathing fumes that'll take you to the moon  
Got you and the whole platoon proper buzzing, how you feel?

How you feel about it, baby?  
All the shit that we calling common, that's the shit you calling crazy  
Ooh, got them shook  
That's the shit we deal with daily  
Pay the price of how we living, it don't matter what they pay me  
War time ready, it get heavy  
And it's with a heavy heart that we pull up with machetes  
Had to cut some fools off when they talking like they get it  
How we get it, you don't get it, fuck aesthetics to a real life menace

See, I come from the land where the rich and the poor  
Got the largest abyss that's between themselves  
So we learn to go hard even if we don't got nothing on us  
Or the world gone to shit, give them hell

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Maxo, Maxo, Maxo, Maxo, Maxo  
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Trigger Maxo Wacka Flacka, Chrome Heart Junky  
Busdown cuban, lick that chunky  
Dirty clip dropped out like flunkys  
I'm big bossin', we done got some, only discussion is money  
We press Xanax, X and Percocets and serve them to a dummy  
Lambo' truck is bulletproof, shoot choppers through the roof  
VVS is diamond necklace Johnny Danh bust down my tooth  
We go to jail and tell him lies, you drop a dime and tell the truth  
Big persona, new Death Row, we bang it out like Suge and Snoop  
We put pigeons in defenders, Maybach Benz a pigeon coop  
Niggas signing million-dollar deals they labels can't recoup  
Wish you first on every shoot back, always got the ups on you  
And if it's up there, then it's stuck there like a dildo in prostitutes

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This that super fly, this that get them hype  
Watch them bodies drop, still, we on the rise  
This that fuck them up, this that battle cry  
My shit super ill, your shit ill advised  
Yeah, that's fucking right, wild out through the night  
Wild out through the day, what's the difference? I  
Do not give a damn, you just give me time  
We gon' let them know, start a fucking riot