

In the back of the Benzarelli with a drum and a Drac'
You can't slide on this skit if you ain't got what it takes
We make the chop sing, I'm lovin' the sound that it make
I got tired of bein' broke, I got on somethin'
Nigga can't hop in the whip, ain't got your own gun
I don't get up in my feelings, I get loaded
Get off your ass, get a bag, get some motion
Only thing I trust is my pistol and a Trojan

Only thing I trust is my pistol and a condom
Put that boy on the news like Obama
We was gang thick slidin' in a Honda
Poke the window, hop the fence, we crept through the back
Them boys still got my phone, I don't want it back
Me and the homie spot got hot like a thermostat
He said, "Come to Frisbee Park," I never heard of that
We gon' hit him in his heart where his burner at
Hmm, I just poured a four of the Wockiesha
I choose the money over the pussy, I do not need it
She said she wanna give me her pussy, but I might bleed it
Send that nigga up to heaven, you gon' need Jesus

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Get off your ass and get a bag, I know you broke as hell
If I ever go broke, I'll send a package through the mail
What's your bank account? I know you want that BBL
We slid down on they block for all that Insta' cappin'
Free AG up out that block, we know what really happened
Ever time we sendin' shots, you niggas never active
But wanna post on Instagram like y'all 'bout that action
Nigga, that's a ghost slide, this an automatic
So tell me really what y'all tryna do
I'm in a Benz and Beezy got a bazooka, really tryna shoot
We with Mack too, he brung a Drac', I think he lost a screw
If we see the jakes in this coupe, then we gettin' loose
I got tired of bein' broke, so I went and pulled a skit
He seen a beam with the scope and was like, "Holy shit"
How you a fiend for the ho? Bitch, I'ma need the chip
Your mans was all up in them comments, now he gettin' zipped

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