

Hmm

Yeah, aight

Hmm

Bitch, I need the chip, I'm a five-star flocker  
She callin' me daddy, but she know I'm not a father  
Smokin' good Cook', this that fire, Betty Crocker  
We cannot kick it, no karate or soccer  
I'll kick a door before I ever be a doctor  
Chili bandit, I was up at school crackin' lockers  
Never been broke, I hit the road, I had to run it up  
Hundred after hundred, blue strips, better sum it up  
Christian Louboutins, I bleed the scene, I'm finna fuck 'em up  
I just bopped for twenty, bitch, you know I'm finna double up  
Them niggas can't fuck with us, fuck a sucker, shoot 'em up  
I ain't runnin' fades, I'm off the juice, you know I'm sippin'  
mud  
Off the Wockeisha, I can feel it in my lungs  
If I see the jakes, I ain't stoppin', I'ma run  
He don't shoot shit, but spent a thousand on that gun  
She mad I'm always in the field, I told her go fuck with a bum  
Before I hop inside my feelings, I'ma hop inside a bag  
Always turned nothin' into somethin', so they mad  
I send my white boy on a skit, that's my young nigga Chad  
Bitch, my Glock replace the muscle and my pockets stay fat  
Bitch, do you wanna fuck? I don't got time for the foolery  
I'll lose my life before I let 'em touch my jewelry  
That nigga sound dumb if he ever think he shootin' me  
I keep it on me, mama not gon' cry, she ain't losin' me  
I know I could work a job, I hit the road, that's who I choose  
to be  
I'm mixin' Cookie with the bread inside the grabba loose leaf