

It ain't no sense in making diss songs, that shit ain't really gangsta  
When we put your face up on the news, nigga that's gon' make you famous  
Told my choppa Imma get it a record deal 'cuz it be singin'  
Told my momma, "nigga play with me in that field and I'm gon spank 'em"  
I smoke weed everywhere I go, just like a Jamacian  
White bitch askin' for this anaconda, you know I ain't racist  
Tell that hoe go 'head and bend it over, you know I ain't fakin'  
When you runnin' up your money, pussy niggas gon' keep hatin'  
I stick to the code

Trap house with the hunnids on the floor, nigga we on go  
Bitch think Ima trick out for my dough, she must be on coke  
I can't turn you into no housewife, 'cuz I know you a hoe  
[?], bitch I love you, I know you'll blow  
Hit the club and grab some bad bitches, I need three or more  
And I'm not stickin' 'round to pop no bottles, I'll take 'em to go  
I keep it official like a ref with a whistle, fasho  
AR15 and I'm gon' blow

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And all these niggas, they be fakin'  
Pull up on you with this wopstick, then hop out and get to blazin'  
I ain't from New York City but this bitch here gon' have you Harlem Shakin'  
On a perc 30, this hoe hopped on the dick, then went crazy  
Nah your jewelry ain't no water nigga, that shit look fugaze  
Why you put shit on your momma nigga? That's who the fuck made me  
Fuck a bitch without no condom, I do that, I'd be crazy  
Say she pregnant, I'm like Michael Jackson, no that ain't my baby  
All this pressure got my eyes low, I feel like I'm an Asian  
Nigga make a diss, you know when we catch 'em we gon' paint 'em  
Show ya, let's go to the bank, I think I got another banger  
That's on everything  
(This that shit that make you flip an opp)

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