

They love that shit  
They love the street shit  
Fuck niggas talkin' 'bout, nigga?  
Gang shit, nigga  
They really love when you living too, though, gang  
(Iced Up Records)

Yeah  
Pop a Xanny bar, get to actin' wild  
Cappin' ass nigga need a cap and gown  
Fuck a pussy, tell 'em real niggas back in style  
Smoke shit like a black and mild  
Bitch, I rap and ride  
Fifty-thousand off that fatty, this a bank drop  
Put a dukey in my pop, yeah, this straight drop  
I'll turn a nigga tee into a tank top  
I'm the type of nigga catch a body, I'm on every block  
Get 'em whacked for 700 like Yeezy sneaks  
I heard all your opps pussy, that's a easy beef  
Pull up, shoot him in his shit, then we flee the scene  
And I never let a nigga Young Jeezy me  
I won't smoke with whoever, I'll smoke whoever  
Got lil gang up in this bitch, I put 'em on whoever  
I've been present for a minute, got foot on the pedal  
Realist nigga in this shit, I need to own a medal  
Got better jewelry than the rappers, ain't went gold or platinum  
Got a two-tone Audermur, yeah, this bitch gold or platinum  
I heard they hating with their eyes keep shit [?]  
I made fifty-thousand in Atlanta, I'ma blow at Magic

Yeah  
Bitch, I made fifty-thousand in Atlanta, I might blow at Magic  
Nigga, what?  
Bitch, I made fifty-thousand in Atlanta, I might-  
Man fuck that

I made fifty in Detroit, I might just blow at Truth  
Or I'll slide up in Mustangs, we finna throw a coupe  
Bitch, I ain't talking 'bout the cops, but we them boys in blue  
Yeah, told my niggas set the play and I'ma throw the oop  
Told that bitch she set a play and she might lose her life  
It's six o'clock and I can get a nigga blew tonight  
If you got rats up in your circle, you might lose a stripe  
They like, "Why you hang with all the robbers?"  
I'm the shooting type  
Niggas always switching teams they got forty jerseys  
I ain't really got no friends, niggas know I'm scurvy  
Yeah, put that thirty on that boy 'cause I know he Curry  
I'll up a Rol' on your bitch, yeah, I know she thirsty  
She ain't never had no bag or no ice for real  
You a lame and your ice ain't real  
I can tell you ain't no plug 'cause your price ain't real  
I'm the type of nigga cut the lean and up price on seals  
Nigga

What we on gang?  
Still Robbin Season, bitch

You know how we coming, man  
Know how I'm rockin'  
Big 6 nigga, Drank God  
Yeah (Iced Out Records)  
We really on that