

Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt (Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, skrrt)
What? Ayy (Drank God)

Got it on my own, fuck a helping hand (Yeah)
Niggas bless a bitch 'fore they help they mans ('Fore they help
they mans)

F&H tucked in my belt and pants (F&H)

Ghetto Boyz, IUR, bitch, I rep the fam, ayy (Iced Up Records)

I don't want the bitch 'less she stuffin'

Open up that oven, hit his muffin (Woo, woo)

You ain't got no pape', niggas bluffin' (What?)

Got two hoes bitin' down and they cousins (And they cousins)

Still that bag life, R.I.P. Reek (Rest in peace, yeah)

Mix the turtle with a Brisk, that's a green tea, yeah (That's a
tea)

I can never quit, the streets need me (The streets need me, nop
e)

Nigga, I'll pour a four in a Fiji, yeah (In a Fiji)

Water on my neck, this shit leaky

Got a big booty brown bitch, look like Dreezy (Look like Dreezy
)

I was in the feds with the Stones and the GDs (And the GDs)

Let her eat the dick, then I fuck for the freebie, yeah (Skrrt,
skrrt, skrrt)

Catch another charge, I'ma go to trial

One pussy dead, so ain't no pussy in me now

And don't up that lil' thirty, bitch, I got a hundred rounds

Nigga want a verse from me, bitch, I charge a hundred pounds (I
charge a hundred pounds)

Five thousand dollar 'fit, this Revive drip (This Revive, exclu
sive)

Go to war 'bout the nigga I survive with (We survive)

We walk in the jewelry store and just buy shit (We just cash)

My lil' baby IUR cost me five strips (Cost me five racks)

My lil' baby twenty-one just like my wrist (Just like my watch)

Lil' baby thick as hell, but she 5'6" (Woo)

Put a sign on the chop that say fire quick (On the chop)

And Murda Man just came home, he up five hits, nigga (Five hits
)

Iced Up Records

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