

Yeah

Turn this bitch up, I ain't even try (It's too easy)  
Half purple, half red, let it even out (Let it even out)  
Stars in the ceiling, I can see the sky (Bitch)  
My oldhead made a fifty, he can't read or write (Iced Up Records)  
Had to earn my respect, fuck who showin' love  
Got more money every nigga in the whole club  
Hit the road by myself, got my own plug  
I brought lean to the city, niggas owe up, nigga  
I wear Saint Laurent, we don't drip the same  
This a thousand dollar pot, we don't sip the same  
Ask them hoes how I play, we don't tip the same  
Yeah, pop an RP 'fore I hit the stage

I can see them niggas hatin' from a far distance  
You can see this jewelry shakin' from a far distance  
When that pape' get low, niggas start snitchin'  
You ain't a ghetto superstar, you a star witness

Learned the game from myself, I'm my own student  
Why he got a record deal makin' road music?  
Hot nigga movin' solo with a whole movement  
We don't do that pillow talkin', let them hoes do it  
Your favorite rapper know I'm him, better ask them niggas  
I was barely even runnin' and passed them niggas  
Same nigga off the horn from rags to riches  
I got hitters down on Mack up to Cadieux, nigga  
Put my trust in nobody, niggas too iffy  
Glock 19 pokin' out the blue hoody  
Love every nigga in my crew, let 'em move with me  
Real nigga, keep it hundred like two fifties  
Had a meeting with the mayor while on fed papers  
I turned shooters into bosses, now they bread chasers  
Get any bitch in the city, that's a dead lay-up  
Hit the pussy in the morning, get the head later  
I'm back hangin' with the gang 'cause I'm hungry again  
I see the hate in niggas' face, they don't want me to win  
Go 'head and book me for a show, I'ma throw 'bout a ten  
In the middle of the summer, let it blow like the wind  
Fuck squashin' beef, I ain't sparin' these niggas  
Put a ten on his head, go and bury these niggas  
I'm out in Cali with the Bloods, me and Perry, we Crippin'  
Young niggas got it out the mud, now we buried in Fendi, ugh

Drank God  
Ayy, Gucci  
Be right there, what's happenin'? Yeah

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