Yellow pints on me

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(You're a genius, June)
Okay (Oh, wow)
Big 14, yeah
Bitch, I'm the G.O.A.T.
Hop out the Lam', then I hop in a Ghost (In a Ghost)
I'm posted up on that block by the store
Hundred round drum on the Glock, let it go (Let it go)
I'm right at granny's, I whip on the stove (Stove)
I put my heart and my soul in the fork (In the bowl)
I keep a fully, no semi-auto
I got them bands, them bands overload % \left( \frac{1}{2}\right) =\frac{1}{2}\left( \frac{1}{2}\right) ^{2}
I keep that water, that shit overflow
If you want beef, then that shit on the floor
If they want heat, then that shit on the floor
If they want beef, then that shit on the floor (Drank God)
I was made for this shit
Parked big Wraith in the 6
Got ice? Then we takin' his shit
Pour an eight in a Twist
I get so high off the mud for no reason, I be wastin' this shit
Niggas hate that we lit
I don't do favors and shit
Want mine? Gotta pay for this shit
Got a K with big clip
Catch a nigga out, we'll spray his whole ride like I'm paintin' and shit
Mix the Louis with the Fendi (Yeah)
I was in Louis with blicky (Yeah)
Got fifty racks in my Dicky (Yeah)
Get a nigga whacked for some Trishy (Trishy)
Stacked up a ticket (What?)
Yeah, I got packs for the fifty
Caught a case for the stick
Got lil' gang in this bitch (Lil' gang)
Play roles, we'll staple your shit
Never hated on shit
Real street nigga, yeah, my name hold weight, they be fakin' this shit, ugh
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If they want heat, then that shit on the floor
If they want beef, then that shit on the floor (Yeah)
So much ice on me
Better think twice 'fore he run up, I got pipe on me
Got spikes, no Lee
Dick a bitch down so good off the lean that she might OD
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Sendin' shit right OT
White sticks like a white whole key
Hundred racks on me
Made four, five hundred thousand last week
I just might blow three
Turn a half to a hundred
Turn a nigga hat to a skully
Fuck around, put bands on your buddy
Got a bag full of money
Just me and cuddy
And we both ten down, so we stand on all twenty
Mag in my denim
Had a weed house in the hood doin' numbers, mixin' fives with the twenties
I be high like a junkie
Rich-ass nigga still hangin' in the slums, did time with the felons

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If they want beef, then that shit on the floor

(June, you're a genius)