

Ayy, I'm a jack artist  
Yeah, I mean that literally, bitch, I jack artists  
Yeah, I make that chopper sound like a 'Cat started  
I just robbed a nigga for ten 'bows and got a trap started

Just bought a case of green pints off the black market  
Sold my Ram truck the other day, I'm 'bout to Trackhawk it  
He used to have dog shit, now he back walkin'  
Nigga raise his voice, I'ma let the Drakey speak, call that back talkin'

And fuck around and double back, call that backpedal (Yeah)  
I pour up, then take a nap and let the Act' settle (True)  
He talkin' crooked, headshot'll leave his hat level  
I get tired of fuckin' up the chicken, time to stack cheddar

The rap game pay me good, but I'm a crack seller  
Legendary, who else you know made a hundred racks on tether?  
I bust a whole watch down, I ain't half-steppin'  
That Rio piece twelve racks, you can ask Gary

Bitch, I'm really from the 6, yeah, you can ask Terry (6)  
I heard you goin' out of town, I got a bag ready  
Took 75 all the way, ain't gotta ask Siri  
Gotta take a risk to be a champ, these niggas act scary  
They say I'm always leavin' shit like I ran a race  
How you don't never throw no pape', you just stand and hate?  
Pour so much motherfuckin' purple, turn the Fanta grape  
Whole pint of Wocky with the seal look like a can of paint

I made a lot of blues fuckin' with that tan and gray  
Forty-shot clip in the K, got a banana shape  
I put the Quali' over Tris and got a better taste  
Before the rap, we had a dope spot, a hundred grams a day  
Catch a nigga walkin' out the club, threw a party on him  
Catch me walkin' into Golden Sun, thirty thousand on me  
My right wrist was lookin' plain, threw a Carti on it  
Pop a nigga in the strip club, now the party over

White Wraithy, white seats, threw the Forgis on it  
Niggas need they kits tested, put a Maury on 'em (Hah)  
Heard he a sucker for them hoes, threw a Barbie on him  
Goofy nigga thought he was gon' fuck until she called us on him

Shot my bitch in her right leg, pulled a Tory on her  
You could fuck any bitch in Flint if you got forty for her  
I heard your mans snitched, told the whole story to 'em  
On the 6 with Vezz, sellin' hit pints for Robert Horry numbers

Yeah, Ghetto Boyz shit  
IUR shit  
You know what the fuck goin' on