

(It's a Wayne beat)
That intro long as fuck, nigga
What?
That motherfucker ain't never droppin' in the world, is it?
Yeah

Bitch, I'm on forex
Hit him with an F&N like a short text
Fuck a bitch all night, ain't no short sex
Chopper knock a nigga whole house off his porch steps

Shot dog so many times, put him in a vortex
Never without my gun, so why would I do raw sex?
That's only five hundred eighteen dollars, don't flaunt that
You shot a nigga, but ain't kill him, you can't count that

Phone ring, I made thirty sales, that was nine this morning
White boy came three hundred miles just to grab a quarter
Give me two or three months, I might cash a foreign
Plug said the price is real cheap if you pass the border
Came to the hood and got his ass extorted
Fuck a different bitch every night, this shit getting boring
Four of Tris in this double cup, that's a couple Jordans

You lyin', E, this ain't mouthwash, this a six of Mortons
E tired as hell, it's time to split a sale, he said sixty-forty
I'll drink a whole pint of Wock' and get higher than Rick and Morty
Me and E split a pint and poured 9 in it sixty-forty
Sold me one ounce of Act', I drunk it in quarters

Fuck, Kidd talkin' 'bout his streams again
This batch bad, I done got into it with my fiend again
Think I'm finna try to OD off lean again
Fuck around, the corner of the bed, got it leaning in
Hit him with the Narcan, he OD'ing again
I can't get high off the Percs, I'm on E's again
Take it back to when we sold dope and rocked Sprees again
I just bought a lil' six, now I need a ten
Nigga, that's a whole pint, we gon' pour it up
Had to rerock the sale when I wrote him up
Spent a nigga whole advance up at Golden Sun
Fuck around and run off with the work, I don't owe the plug

Bitch cut me in with the stealers, I been acting dumb
Three thousand for the buffies, touch 'em and I'll fuck you up
I'm on papers, I'm not even supposed to be touchin' stuff
Shot a fan, boom, I thought he was runnin' up

Boom, we came out of nowhere, now we blowin' up
It goin' off, boom, scoot, shh, ahh
Damn, I can't say too much
Mad as hell, I found out my nephew stole my gun
The plug was acting stiff with the pints and so we stuck him up
Put my phone on do not disturb, it ain't rung in months

Don't nobody say shit to E, I just drunk his cup
Tryna distract him, I fired on Kidd when he brung it up

Hundred round drum and a beam, you gon' run or what?
Pretty face with a slim waist and a pumpkin butt
I don't even really need the gun, I'll lump him up
Who is that, lil' Mario? Yeah, that's Lumpy's son
Cass always wakin' up tryna fight, that's my grumpy son
I know somebody dead in that car, I had monkey nuts
Just light the blunt and put the head on me with your funky butt
E dropped a letter, told him match a pint of Wock', he fucked the puppy up

My first year rappin', I was broke, got the money up
You out of town with a name off of rap, run the money up
It's guaranteed that this winter, off of rap, I'm puttin' money up
She probably always gon' let you fuck, depends- ahh
She probably always gon' let you fuck once the money up
I told her, "Keep my dick in your mouth with your lucky butt"
Gotta bust the watch down, huh, fuck the money up
The dope still damn near a ten, I ain't fuck it up