

Tell my buyer "I'm a rapper, I can have my dawg meet you"  
I can do a ten in a day off of features  
Tryna kick the cup, but it's worse than the needle  
Tryna get some sauce, lil nigga I can teach you

Heard he got a good ticket on that dog, I can beat it  
Hit it once then hit it again, that's a remix  
Heat it up, shit gave her the chills, she anemic  
Love that Drac' and I love that Mac I'm from B-wick  
Ghetto bitch, heard she got a head on her shoulders  
Baby daddy trippin', knock his head off his shoulders  
Before the oranges I was in a tin with them boulders  
Up and down I-75 with a motor

Aye, I'm on seventy five with bout fifty five pieces  
Off a head nod, I can't have you dodging demons  
I'm in Vlone but my shoes came from Neiman's  
I'ma cut her off if she average, even decent  
I heard that boy a rat, he wrote statements at the precinct  
They copy everything, I know them boys wanna be me  
The way that I be lookin' know them bitches think it's easy  
Him think it's all fun and games, do him greasy  
In California shopping got me late for my meetings  
I just want some head, why yo mama wanna meet me?  
Used to look at them, now it's me all on the T.V

Nigga call for a turkey chop, I'm at BB  
(Iced Up Records)  
Riding round in that Wraithy  
Want some work? He don't get it now, it's a late fee  
Pop a perc, how she blow me down, shit amazing  
Good drank got a niggas scratching like its scabies

She don't never say the Smoove, all I hear is that Baby  
My nigga know where it's green as hell, I said "take me"  
The narcs hit they lights, think them bitches tryna race me  
High as hell, don't know where this juice tryna take me