Say, mane, you know it's crazy 'round here, bitch-ass nigga Free Chapo

Ayy, free 1106 too, bitch

You know what it is with me, I'm on that Top 1-2-3 shit

Leave a pussy nigga stiff just like a statue

Show 'em what that bag do, must they know we catchin' hands too Catch you, we gon' stretch you, bitch, you know I can't look pa st you

And them bitch-

ass niggas next to you gon' get it, they gettin' smashed too Fuck a white flag, we waving red flags

Bitch, I'm the type of man to push your fucking dreads back You say it's smoke, we at your throat, you shouldn't have fuckin' said that

We let it blow, ain't take his soul, but he can't get his legs back

And stop flashing with that pistol with your scared ass
Tell them boys stop acting 'bout they nigga with his dead ass
Say I'll bust your brain, it ain't a game, bitch, I'm deadass
Up the heat and burn 'em, we gon' turn 'em to a fresh pack
Catch him, dump and hit his stomach, fold him like a flip phone
I'm paranoid, catch you one to the scalp, you better not flinch
wrong

We face shit, ain't like to chase, ya had your favorite kicks o n

This .45'll hit his thighs and break his fucking hipbone

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