

(They try to play God nigga)
Take one, take one
Take one, take one
(There seems to be a lot of [?] today)
(Cops don't go to jail for murder, we do)
Yeah...
Liberals get shot tonight
Liberals get shot tonight
Pow

(Tricks gon' die)
(Pimps gon' die)
(Tricks gon' die)
(Pimps gon' die)

If these niggas won't say nothing then I will
Fuck you Devin, I see what you're doing
I catch everything
I see potential in ya
Taking out those masons
Taking over me
I'm illuminated
I see everything
2015 and the sale's in the sewer
Rappers spitting bars for some YouTube viewers
Bitch-made insecure
Hipsters up in college
Trying to run my culture
With their fucking Google knowledge
Always see these crackers 'round when niggas get to popping
But they disappear when we are trying to stop the violence
These trust-fund kids never step foot on my island
Want credit for the game
But they never put the time in
And honestly this rap shit made a businesses from a hobby
Went from tall tees down to spinners how enticing
Fake it till you make it if the shit was getting pricey
I don't remember none of ya'll when Gucci was so icy
These sissy-ass trust-fund Kid Cudi rappers
Only want to make the game easy for those crackers
As if they haven't stolen enough genres on their own
But these coons gon' cry
And I'm gonna leave that one alive
'Cause pimps gon' die

Turn me up in the headphones
Turn me up in the headphones
Nigga turn me up
Turn me up in the headphones
Turn me up in the headphones
Nigga turn me up yeah
Turn me up in the headphones
Real shit

(Tricks gon' die)