

Her face ain't ever matching her persona, yeah
I mix Xanax with the strongest marijuana, yeah, uh
You want problems? I roll with them problem solvers, yeah, uh
I got six shots in this gun, it's a revolver, yeah, uh
Dye my hair on that bullshit, like Rodman, huh
I'm Mike Jordan, you ball like Craig Hodges, yeah
Feel like Drake, 'cause I started from the bottom
I keep two Magnums, a gun and a condom

Wait, wait, they tryna set me up, huh
But they can't set me up, huh
My gun a sprinkler system, pull up to his block and I wet it up, huh
I'm on the ground off the Xanax and Perkys, I need me a pick me up, huh
I got so drunk last night bronem had to come pick me up, yeah
Swerve on a highway, huh
Living the high way, huh
She fuck her friend for the night, huh
She go the bi way, huh
She got the molly and champagne, told her to bring that shit my way, huh
We couldn't make it into the house, she sucked me in the driveway, huh
I never gave her the runaround
I'ma always keep a gun around
Heat on my hip like the sun around
Ball like the OKC Thunder round
Hennessy, I need a couple rounds
Moving no work, I got hella pounds
Fuck up a check, I got hella bands
Bandana on me like Taliban (Right), na-na-na-na-na
Motorola, Motorola, 'cause I love my trap phone
Feel like Batman when I'm robbin', 'cause I keep a bat phone
I've been trappin' in the basement, even when my mom home
Sorry, mama, but I gotta keep the fucking lights on, ayy

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I keep two guns, I keep two cups
Had to lose her, it was too much
Say I don't care, could give two fucks
Remember when she topped me on my tour bus
Throw Xannys in the crowd to make the tour bust
She got a model body, that bitch gorgeous
We run up in your spot, shoot from the floor up
Now you tore up, bitch, you tore up, ayy

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