

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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