

I keep a lot of heat, like Pat Riley
Got them tools for your body parts, like O'Reilly
I ain't joking nigga, my name ain't Rickey Smiley
Fall up in the club, and we start wilding
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These niggas out here snitching, they with the Rat Pack
Hit 'em with the chopper that's the rat trap
Find 'em in a trash bag off the interstate
House full of gangster niggas never renovate
You snitching you deserve to die, bloody murder
Hating on another nigga cause his trap twerking
Oh you mad cause he fucked your bitch, boy you a ho
What the fuck do you expect, a ho gone be a ho
And your ho is a pro, fuck every nigga she know
You love her dirty drawers so you can't let her go
You out here chasing pussy, you should be chasing
commas
I'll cut your fingers off, and mail them to your momma

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Banana clip is guaranteed to knock you down
Niggas talking loud, 'till I come around
(Pussies, what they talking 'bout)... not a sound
Thought he was living life, 'till he met the ground
AK-47, that's my gun walk
I don't run my mouth, I let the gun talk
I'm in love with this Nina can't you see it ho
She got a body on her so I had to let her go
I'm bout to start a riot
I'm on a money diet
I'm from the Mafia ho, so I wouldn't try it
He was screaming, crying
So I didn't buy it
Let the pistol sing to the nigga, like Mariah

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