

(Thrillboy)
Yea, haha

(It's Surreal Gang lil bitch), [?] right now, (Scored it)
Don't wanna fuck, talm 'bout, (ok)
He'll talk stupid then jam him, (Aha)
Lights, camera, glamour
Them hollows cut up a damn rock
And my lil' niggas lookin like like Matt Ox
You can suck my dick or just shut up
Don't make this G2 jump up
Yo ho on my ballsack, get up
I be gettin' this money, go faster
We give you some of that cancer
More money then a banker

I think my Glock a lil' racist
Fire a nigga like [?]
Don't fuck with no homosapien
Money keep fallin', gotta rake it
For a lil' money, she gon' shake it
For a lil' hundo she gon' suck it
Get yo racks up, lil' dummy
Booty so soft like gummy
Walk in Benihana get jumped
Beam on the [?] keep thumping

(It's Surreal Gang lil bitch), Hop in that trackhawk it's racing
All white diamonds like a racist
Off of that perc, got my heart racing
You ain't got guap boy, yea just face it
You ain't cash lil nigga then just shut up
G2 this lil Glock just wet up
Said you got racks lil' nigga then band up
Got a Moncler coat oh bet huh?
Ho I got twin XD's up in there
Run up that guap boy, all that cheddar, yea
Chrome, designer, flexin'
They say I'm a lil' flashy, (Huh)
Run it up, nigga, better
Kan make 'em fly like lil' feather
Ha, yea, XD shoot up yo spot
I'm off that oxy, my heart might stop
Caught that boy lackin', yea at that lil' stop
Run off on me nigga, yea don't try it
Perc got me high like a God damn pilot, (Ha)
Juuged his lil' loot yea, like a lil' pirate
We smokin' [?], yea we gettin' fired
Nigga tried to be us, yea he tried

Tried to be a young nigga, yea he tried
Ha, ha, ha
Ha, ha
(It's Surreal Gang lil bitch)