

(Oh shit, is that Filip?)

(Mingo, haha)

FN leave his face gone, ha

If it ain't safe outside, he better stay home, ha

Nigga, that's how you die, we keep them Dracs on us

Yeah, and we make your bitch sing just like Trey Songz, ha, uh,
yeah

Nigga, my jacket Arcteryx, ha, yeah

I say free lil' Will and lil' Top out that parish, yeah

Talk down on the gang bitch, yeah, that's how you perish

Yeah, uh, ayy, I'm with a fly ass bitch

Me and my jeans Rick Owens and I just Prada-ed my bitch

And I just popped me an Oxy', yeah, now the whole gang lit

And I just popped me a Roxi', yeah, now the whole day lit

We got sticks inside the Bentley, yeah, the windows tinted, yea
h

We got FN's with the scopes, so you know we ain't missing

Yeah, his ho, she a goat with the throat, no kizzy, yeah