

If mi carnales have a calling card
My Zoro voodoo, we can go to war
My Jamaican bring the reefer in
Grabbing five, I can throw you ten

KD said that he don't want to sell to nobody
Probably cause he don't want to tell on nobody
You and them niggas ain't scaring nobody
Just left Mississippi, they bout the grab it, you know how I'm
acting
Say there go shawty, we jump in the Maxima and she do the drivin
g
I like to ride passenger
Highway therapeutic
I type in my phone while I listen to music
Now we in Houston
Fucking with broads and miniature Thompsons
Did somebody shoot me?
Breadwinner came, pull up in Bell Austin
Promoters want posters that all of you know what I told em
You know it's gone cost you, straight up

It's gone jive when they come recompress
Break down, rebuild, repack, resend
I'm just saying, what you mean what it is?
Cameras on all TVs in the crib
Yeen really this, I ain't that, what the fuck?
Serve your chain up, get the thing in the club
[?] off, call off, phone keep blowing up
Street nigga Bread Winner sign, we throwing up
Pounds in the kitchen on the floor in the bag
Butcher knife, cutting through the blocks on the slab
Newspaper on, get to shake [?]
Country boy need 50 so I got to get him fast
Four hundred 48 grams on the scale
Money counter going dumb, I ain't tripping on the smell
Say they really need it I can put it in the air
Front door step if I put it in the mail