

This scary as fuck now  
Use to brush him off now I let it play out  
Every other instance its a chopper and I'm spraying out  
Getting chase by coppers, til the cops'll come and lay me out  
What the fuck is happening, why they after me  
Checking every toe tag, praying every bag is me  
Actually, these my fathers situations and my brothers  
And my niggas and my lovers conversations  
Cause everybody knows when a nigga come out  
With a fresh new tant not a scratch or a dent  
That the cops gonna lurk, cause it don't make sense  
I got a Crown Vic and this nigga got a benz  
Plus he got a Crown Vic and its sitting on rims  
I'm a pretend that it's a threat and violation  
While I walk up to the vehicle and make a [?]  
Like a bundle in the states through a brick in the sticks  
He walk up to the window, oh sit it's a bitch  
I'm looking through the nigga, I'm not even saying shit  
Anticipating movements

Not sure what the fuck this cop think this fucking is  
Excuse my vulgar language, had to get it out the vengeance  
Because at the time it took like all of me to be professional  
Flying in the national, returning to a rational  
Simple motherfuckers cause they fucking badges go  
Naah naah bro, naah naah bro  
I handle, I handle  
Naah naah bro, naah naah bro  
I handle, I handle  
You not the, you not the  
Only one, only one  
Who gotta, who gotta