

Grr, grr, grr

Watch out, watch out

Man, they, they got me fucked up if they think I'm-

They got me fucked up, they think I'm spendin' my money

Come through this bitch with a hundred, I'm dunkin'

She pulled up with her ass out lookin' scrumptious (Scrumptious)

Nigga better not tell me no smoke, we gon' punish him (Punish him)

Thirty-round hang out my pants, shit, fuck it

Fuck is that sound? Mm, what the fuck is they shootin'?

Everybody stand down, watch how we come through

I ain't spent shit with the racks I just thumbed through

ARP come with the Gen', this bitch dumb new (Grr, grr, grr)

Nigga slang white, take it down, what you gon' do?

Been fucked that bitch, I don't even text her, she old news

Hundun without the blue strip, these old blues

Could throw away rusty, this a old-ass tool

12 tried boxin' us in, we got loose (We got boxed in)

I don't trust shit, I grab the fire then brush my tooth

Told a ho stand down, she think we locked in (She think she really stickin' 'round)

You ain't experienced, get that fire out your hand (You ain't experienced)

Push up anywhere, I pop shit with the clan (Pop shit anywhere)

She think she safe, better not bring me her friend (Goddamn)

He really spooked, he think some bag on him

We ain't spooked, I bet we get out any jam (Get out a any jam)

Any day, nigga might pull out his scram (Pull out his scram)

Niggas hear shots, they ready to spread

Sent all the paper, he forgot what he said

Step on you, I will put racks on your head (I will put racks)

This ain't no squirt, I think this bitch peed in my bed

What you think? I'm finna feed you the leg

You better not go with your move, what you thinkin'?

Need some new tires on my whip, it be swingin'

Nigga better have them fires, this shit get dangerous

I ain't even think I was spinnin' that much (Spinnin' this fuckin' much)

I ain't even watch what I fuckin' spun (Fuckin' spun)

It smell like 'za, but it's a brand-new fit (Brand-new fit)

You better not push up trippin' and shit (Trippin' and shit)

We gon' push up, bring sticks in this bitch (Sticks in this bitch)

I gotta put on a shiesty whenever I pop out

I think I'm too popular, watchin' your house, binoculars

Lil' twin 'bout to attack you, I can't even stop him

I'm doin' one-eighty on the highway, it makin' me happy

We know he ordered zips, we takin' his package

My lil' twin done got shit, he makin' it happen (Makin' it happen)

Tell the opps this shit ain't safe, they panickin'

Ain't did a show in a minute, I come back wiggin'

Spendin' racks on drip in three different cities

Fuckin' hoes, I got some children that's Indian

You shouldn't have sent the drop, now they done spinned 'em

Nigga gotta spin now, fuck what you been through

Make this bitch get on her knees, she Hindu

Fuck is you doin'? What is you doin'? You sendin' out shots (Sendin' out shots)

Bitch tryna sit 'round, fuck is we doin' when you come to my house?

Me and twin locked in, stuck like a thumbtack

You better not push up tryna get your gun back
You better not push up tryna get your shit
Buddy put liquor in his lean, why the fuck would he mix that?
Tryna find a easy-ass ho, where the grits at?
Lil' twin hit a lick on my twin, he might go back
You'd be a lick in my hood, hope you know that
Better not come through this bitch, make your ass fall flat
Shoot up your job and now you can't get your dough back
Hit at his head, now that boy can't get his 'fro back
Nigga ain't havin' motion, he postin' his throwbacks
Lil' buddy don't gotta get the word, just know that

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