

Fuck, fuck, fuck  
Ayy, watch out, ayy, watch out, ayy, watch out  
Ayy, I got... I got lil' Goxan... I got lil' Goxan on this motherfucker  
Fuck, fuck, ayy, watch out

When I get back, I might paint me a picture  
Act like they with you, but they ain't with you  
Put on my Glock, it stick on like a sticker  
Every time I leave fine shit, she get thicker  
Stick got some push, when I shoot, it gon' wiggle  
You don't even catch the play, man in the middle  
Anybody talk down, know we gon' flip 'em  
Lil' twin said he want somethin', help me get 'em  
Shots tickle you, but you ain't gon' giggle  
12 need to free the whole gang, dismiss 'em  
You work with the system, but act like a victim  
Disqualify gang, on the heist, it went in 'em  
Black Gen5, shit spit Venom  
This a new spread, blue racks in my Denim  
Young nigga shit, I just hotboxed the rental  
I just told the opps meet me front and center  
Stacked the whole summer, pop shit in the winter  
You on them pills, your body get thinner  
Trap closed down, nobody could enter  
Nigga out of sight, he actin' too federal  
Don't hand me shit, I don't know who sent 'em  
Heavy artillery, I can't be gentle  
You ain't no fine shit, she think she Kris Jenner  
I been out wigg'in', but then fucked up my image  
Miami penthouse, I stepped out the trenches  
Twenty-fifth, we ain't have shit but some Grinches  
Woke up late, brought my fye to the kitchen  
That ain't what I said, was a misconception  
Speakin' of smoke, you ain't learned your lesson  
Shouldn't let your fine shit servin' shit, blessin'  
Three guns, Glock 30, Irving and Stephen  
Fine shit cough like she allergic to necklace  
Stole her phone, check the group chat, she messin'  
You with the gang, we eliminate extras  
Push up on you, I won't send out no message  
Beat too wigan, got me missin' my exit  
Oldheads on the block, always lecturin'  
You know I'ma get up with you, that ain't no question  
I don't get no Z's, my body be restless  
I sold you a button, these fuck niggas pressed it  
Work on my shot, I try to perfect it  
Emptyin' the spot, we had to inspect it  
I ain't joinin' your gang, you just gotta respect it  
Everybody know this shit get hectic  
No stop, when I shoot, won't even affect it  
Run a nigga video, let me direct it  
I wrote my point back, let me collect it  
I know it was wrong, ain't tryna correct it

Fuck, fuck