

Ayy, I got lil' Goxan on this motherfucker (Fuck, fuck, fuck)
I got, I got lil' Goxan on this motherfucker
Fuck

Pillow talkin' down, tryna get luck
Too many fire, three Glocks in the truck
Taxin' them prices, I'm like, "What the fuck?"
You hit your fire, ain't nobody get struck
Lil' twin do it, ain't no passing it up
Weigh out the 'za while I'm baggin' it up
Put it on the clamp, that don't look like enough
Thought they seen four heads, it only was us
Wake up and twist my hair, I don't need a brush
Lil' twin actin' sketch, lil' twin, hush
Thi' be that 'za 'cause that bitch got some push
Walk out the store, get the zip out the bush
Hot box, parked in my hood, that be us
Stolo, we take a trip, not a school bus
Got me outside with that three-hundred blackout
Check out my drip, now my fit be blackout
Take two clips 'cause a nigga might back out
Ain't shit to discuss, I done fucked up my spread
Jump the gate, cuh caught the gat with no hands
They fuck with my music everywhere, it expand
Nigga scared to trap, promo your strains
Wig on the Uber driver, he ain't let me in
Nigga put you on, why you bitin' they hand?
Shoot my lil' fire, I won't give you no chance
Fine shit park in my hood, her and her friends
Know I got fire, ain't gotta pull it out my pants
I ain't got no zaza, my plays get mad at me
I done ran up, I done fucked up the gravity
Old-school whips in my hood be raggedy
Built-in switch in my hand, I shoot rapidly
I want some 'za, tryna smoke me some rapper weed
12 camped out 'cause they always ran up on me
Come down the dirt road, you better not come after me
Leave the zips in the hood, lil' twin trap for me
Ran to the stage, know they left a lil' gap for me
Think I don't know shit? You fuck niggas cap to me
They pullin' out, nigga know I got zap with me

Fuck
Fuck, fuck, fuck