

Fuck, fuck, fuck

Got me some green but I ain't go to the doctor
Chop shit down like the blick helicopter
They ain't expect to see lil' Lazer, this a popup
Tried to rush and fuck the ho, the bitch got knocked up
Everybody blicked in this bitch, this a hot truck
I hit for solo, twin did hit, I got luck
Duck out the stolo, gotta let the garage up
Everybody chillin', why the fuck you act hard for?
I smoke 'fore I eat, I gotta starve first
Addicted to Za', I think I'm on a curse
Nigga want open, pay for the verse
Fuck nigga croakin', I'm chargin' for my words
Everybody blicked, shit start a fuckin' purge
Blick in my hand, what I'ma do wit' it in her purse?
Three shot shooter, I walk down wit' a burst
Everybody wanna be crazy, a evil curse
I'm sick slick, I slick need a nurse
You ain't smell shit, you can't even search
Boy ,you look like you goin' to bed, big shirt
Coppas get behind me, I'll show ya' footwork
I got the lo to the trap, I know how to get percs
Think I'm lackin' in this bitch, get murked
I come from the trenches, I come from the dirt
They lock me in the store again I'ma take out the clerk
Mini Draco tucked up under my shirt
Bitch, you ain't that, you a plate, you dessert
Wish I had munyun to spread on my fuckin' arm
Thought the shit was through I'll slap you cross the head wit' a hit
Dead ass show, I'll get this bitch lit
Zaza crush me but I ain't put it out yet
Everybody hit my DM like he drop hot shit
I'm still in a stolo, I'm still in some hot shit
You might not fuck wit' it, you not hip
I need a new extended, a Glock clip
He think he gang 'cause he got dip
Fake ass weed, I shouldn't have shopped here
He better run the stop sign, don't stop here
I look like a shadow, I got on that black shit
Real trench boy, you might not never see me in Saks Fifth
Come to the hood nigga, come to the bat cave
Downtown junkie tried to pull on my door
When I touch munyun, I put on my folks
Fuck boy don't pull on my jacket, let me go
I stock up the freezer and sweep up the Sunoco
The finest hoes be the ones wit' no brain
Any amount of money they give me, I won't change
You addicted to my music like crack, like cocaine
Everybody wasn't born to be that, that's no shame
Fine shit goin' way back before fame
Start this bitch up wit' a button
Ain't no waitin' on a lick, I be rushin'
Boy you ain't talkin' 'bout shit, boy you ain't nothin'
Oh, oh, now I'm trippin', oh now I'm buggin'
Shit get stunnin' when the damn fye done dumped out
Fifty cash, comin' in, comin' in

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