

Fuck, fuck, (You fucking idiot), fuck, fuck

Dynamite come out my blick, you can't duck it  
Get on that drank, I get big like LUCKI  
Fine shit peeped game, forgot I was ugly  
I could get my paws on anything, it ain't nothing  
Raising your voice, why the fuck you keep cussing?  
Wrap the shit too tight, that za' pack be musty  
You headfirst in the field, we have a concussion  
I just go do it, I don't plan or discuss it  
Come to the field, our department get ugly  
You a sweet lick in my hood, we gon' rush you  
Your chain be your bread, why the fuck would you tuck it?  
Let lil' twin do it, let him score him a bucket  
Twelve pulled my hoodie, who the fuck you getting rough with?  
They ain't know I had a tool, we got out, I snuck this  
Sit yo' ass down, boy, you a Uncle Ruckus  
Everybody chilling, man, I pop out on fuck shit  
Do me a lick, then I hop on a bus quick  
Shit in my blick hit your body, it shred up  
Ain't touching munyun, got to get my little bread up  
Walk with your head down, man, hold your little head up  
You got a blick, what the fuck is you scared of?  
Fuck (You fucking idiot)  
Drac' in my pants at the show if they let me  
Pull up your fire, that's a fuck nigga pet peeve  
Real trench, boy, I'ma have my fire on the jet ski  
Tat my little body, told my artist to sketch me  
Ain't talking about no munyun- don't DM, don't text me  
Nigga ahh wiggling out, boy, you better tighten up  
Hit at your top, hollow give you a line up  
Shortcuts in my hood, twelve can't find us  
They took out your starting five, they fucked up your lineup  
Real drank head, before I rap, poured a pint up  
Nigga act cap, get clapped trying to pipe up  
Hollow pointers hit your drip, it bite stuff  
He gon' trip out with that fire, that boy, he might buss'  
He gon' wig out with that fire, that boy might buss'  
I appreciate the love, but y'all fuck niggas bite us  
Hot box stolo, pick a nigga wife up  
Dark in my hood, got to hold my light up  
You ain't gone finish the drank, let me get that  
Nigga think the micro sweet, it got kick back  
I was tripped out when I tatted my six pack  
You made a wish, now you can't get your wish back  
I had it for you, your guns, you missed that  
Turn too my phones in my name, man  
Count that money, shoot the gun, same hands  
In the bricks, now my mom cook out the same pans  
Why the fuck the attention on me when I came in?  
See me last night, I done popped out the same pants  
Post up with a blick in Saint Laurent garment  
Boy, you got a hand out, you didn't even earn it, fuck, fuck