

Fuck, fuck

Crazy ass 808's, shake the whole shit up
Smoke me some 'za, I just spark on the wake up
I gotta have racks to go to work, get my pape' up
Get the fuck out, what the fuck you wan' stay for?
Snake out you first 'cause I knew you was a fake fuck
Shut the fuck up, boy, you knew you couldn't bring us
Switch out the gas station, shit had to change up
You ain't on shit, boy, you know you a lame fuck
Get up on an opp, gotta switch my lil' range up
One v. one, nigga always tryna gang up
I don't know 'bout you, boy, you might just change up
Lil' twin push to the hood, just swing through
You got some monion, you let that shit change you
Pitstop, roll me a blunt at the fast food
Last one outside in the hood, I'm the last dude
I ain't even rappin' for real, I done passed you
Joined a lil' gang, you switched on your last crew
Equip the hoodie, tryna cover up my tattoos
Racks bustin' out of me, I look like a fat dude
Shotgun, backseat, I'm sittin' in the back coupe
Spread monion, look lil' twin, my racks new
Shit in my blick, tryna scratch off your tattoos
They ain't see nun on the lick, it was a black dude
Left my key in the house, I'm locked out
He stopped himself from doin' it, he copped out
The zaza got me down bad, I'm knocked out
Get up and goin' outside, I just woke up
Procrastinate on a lick, he coked up
Everybody got a fire, we blicked up
Comparin' me to other niggas, you got this shit mixed up
If I keep rappin', I'ma turn into a rich fuck
Wig out in the hotbox, I had to sit up
Fucked around and fell asleep, had to get up
Drank bubble to the top when it mix up
Shit in my blick stop a car, stop a big truck
Red beam and a flashlight on the front side
I need me some 'za, gotta smoke 'fore it's lunchtime
Get a day pass in my hood, have a fun time
Fuck about talkin', we not tryna chalk it up
Tryna snake me out, that's not what I'm fallin' for
I ran out of weed, hit the plug, had to call him up
Fine shit said she gon' fuck if it's tall enough
Jump in the crowd at the show, I'm ballin' up
Hit you in the stomach, now the big boy ballin' up
I ain't got monion, yet but it's comin' up
12 be fake cap, tryna fake punish us
This a lil' bookbag, the mini Drac' fit in it
You got a fast ass whip, let me sit in it
Hit fine shit in the backseat, get in it
They like, "How Lazer keep doin' it? He keep wiggin'"
No tint on your whip, easy to peep in it
Nigga want smoke on an app, he too deep in it
I do the lick by myself, I just creep in it
Lil' twin scared to drop, scared of the feedback
I put the fire in my drip, I'ma need that

I ain't got no 'za for the show, where the weed at?
I know when it's time for me to dip, I can read that
And I got me an extra clip, I ain't leave that
Put on that black, it was easy to drip out
Lil' twin still tryna post while the cops out
Last time I crashed the whip, nigga had to crawl out
Nigga touch real monion, gon' ball out
Shit too locked in, lil' gang can't fall out
Nigga think I ain't got aim, I'ma fall off
Fine shit wanna be wit' me, she called off
I need visuals in my hood, come draw down
Mini store to my hood and a fun run
Ugly-ass face, you tryna look mad
You ain't grew up in the hood, you had a rich dad
When I draw down, I see fine shit, I got glass
Fire tucked on me, I don't know how I got pass

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