Pussy know I'm never hiding, I be out of bounds Draw down on a veteran tryna earn yo' fuckin' stripes I might take yo' zaza

Trap in the daytime, pussy can't trap at night When we first started, shit was goin' left, now shit goin' right

Thought I was lackin', thought I ain't even had my trip, bitch, I got my pipe

Lil' gang say we some rich shooters, I'm some like 50 Cent Swiss cheese the car with fifty rounds, his whip got fifty dent s

Fine shit keep tugging on my denim, I think she sending hints Pussy boy think I didn't change, bitch, I got plenty sense If I see you, you gon' run, so stop that fuckin' cappin' Bitch, I'll pop a hothead, bitch, you ain't getting active Fifty-seven guns, we can't lack, we got plenty guns And you better run, dodgin' hollows, that shit won't be fun They know lil' Lazer smoke on zaza, I can't do no four feet They think lil' Lazer finna pop, now everybody know me Pussy say he got smoke with Lil Fast, we got more shit than police

And I might just snatch a rapper bag, he better not have no Rol lie

Get inside the whip and switch the V, lil' gang in the backseat rolling

Who the fuck said we ain't got no blicks in the car? Who the fuck said we lack?

Tryna get the sauce on all the scams, scam, sauce, tax
Zaza bags on Telegram, just tap in with this cat
Walk they gang down by myself, can't do no drill with rats
If you havin' bags, you better not let me know
Where you keep it? Better watch out for Lil Fast, we get yo'

Where you keep it? Better watch out for Lil Fast, we get yo' badge, you know we sneaky

Nigga beat the trap so bad, 12 might blick this bitch this week end

Snatching tags off my Off-White, I'm embarrassed what I spent Fast Gang staying with artillery, we got mags in this bitch Show them fuck what really goin' on inside the fuckin' bricks Fast gang really stepping, shit get really real, I might dump t wo-hundred shells and then I'll leave you in the field Bitch, I want a mill', we be in the field Try to run me down, lil' buddy leave you spilled