

(Yuh slide, yuh gang shit, turn up, yuh)
(Yuh turn up, yuh gang shit)

By the way it look, you know we know yo kids, you better chill
Young nigga we brought up in this shit, we had to learn to drill
I done seen it all, can't show no love, these hoes be hoes fore
Step on top his face, I'm talm bout feet, I'm talm bout toes fo
Drippin' when I step inside this bitch, the racks in clothes fo
Big ass blunts, I'm sippin' wock and clutchin' poles foreal
Yea you know where it goin'
Bitch talm bout she love me but I know these hoes be goin
You can see these racks through these skinnies, you don't know
Lazer boy four, yea, we used to breakin' shit
Yea, I hang with zombies, yea they used to takin' shit
They don't got no brain
Smoke trains right to the muhfuckin brain
Came in ready to muhfuckin blam
We had the bag in the trunk like damn
Get up out that jawn
I'm in the back of the uber with boss
Uber XL had to cop me a truck
I carry light, nigga I get stuck
I'm goin crazy for all of my bucks
Like a young nigga named Giannis
Yall niggas trippin ain't gettin no money
(Yuh)
Lazer boy four
Trip on me everywhere I go
In the hotbox on the way to the yo

Lemme hear that jawn

(Yuh slide, yuh gang shit, slide, yuh gang shit)