

Nigga name don't hold no weight
I'm looking for TEC-9, but I got Drac'
Blacked out mask, I got African face
How many bags to get rich do it take?
How many licks just to get you some stain?
I'm with some niggas, really rip off your chain
Been in the wartime practicing aim
Got caught down bad, nigga shooting behind
Check my artillery, got guns off crimes
Nigga got za', so I'm taking his pounds
Outta town, nigga can't lack, got rounds
Still in the trap when the sun go down
Havin' munyun, you got cap, be real
Take two pistols when I go on a stroll
Take off his top, head shaped like a bowl
Fifty-six steppin', and you know we got pole
Pull up shootin' shit like LouieKnows
Freak ass Cuban tryna come out her clothes
Think shit Skittle, that boy get exposed
Nigga be hoes, don't let me in on the los
Niggas be hoes, be talking in code
Come to the dead and you splat, that's on soul
Search at the door so you know I can't go
Pass me the fye, if you know you ain' gon' blow
I don't need a voucher, I know I'm on go
Zaza weed, got high tech smoke
Pass me the fye, we got folks at the door
Really, my enemies really be hoes
Made the hood hot, man, it used to be cold
Old head gave me a dub and I scored
Jumped out the V', let the glizzy unload
We really step on a young nigga toes
Take that boy down if his V.V.'s on froze
Got the drank with me in town, lil' bro
I don't even got hunnid round no more
Slumped is how they just found lil' bro
I'm really heavy on rounds, lil' bro
They don't wanna see me in town no more
Only Glocks and Drac's equipped
Neiman Marcus where I shop my gear
Niggas be hoes, these niggas be feared
Wearing big clothes, these niggas be weird
Glock-nine' hit his face, take off his beard
Trucks be runnin', I be fuckin' up wheels
In a dead end, nigga, come to the field
Nigga, 'give a fuck how many people you killed
Take me to war, boy, I got shooting skill
Guns and weed all sit in the back
Shit getting hectic, can't dare me to lack
Get the V' ready, we grab all the racks
Gen-5 on me if a plug try to tax
You ain't did shit, boy, you know you gon' rat
Cali weed touchdown, shit got me smacked
Boy, you a bitch, just give me yo' gat
Nigga can't say Fast ain't shooting back