

Fuck, fuck, fuck
(You fucking idiot)
Hey, fuck, hey watch out, hey watch back

Push to the trap spot, I need me some zaza
You tryna fuss, you condone in that rara
Nigga tryna tax for the weed, he get took off
Told the play I had it, just come to the dugout
You tryna cap, tryna flex like you bug out
I got a blick in a clubhouse, I'm scared
You can play round, just don't play wit' my bread
Snake him out, they thought the smoke was dead
Real za' I'm smokin', nigga havin' unlead
Nigga pop a Perc', that shit get to his head
Before I leave the spot get the blick off the bed
I don't wanna talk about it, we can gon' and do the shit
Boy you a bitch, who the fuck nigga foolin' wit'?
I ain't gon' cap, the za' got lil' Lazer Dim satisfied
Boy you a jugg, better not find out you terrified
I get the munyun I'm really gon' be poppin'
I can put some shit on this beat, got this beat knockin'
I just black out my clothes on licks, I be chocolate
Nigga can't keep up wit' me 'cause I keep droppin'
I just ran down on a lick, gotta pickpocket
Fuckboy ain't never dumped the fire, shoot the stick sloppy
I just might trip out, might lay on the ground
Push to my sneaky link, I'm stuffin' her mind
I ain't payin' shit, what the fuck is a fine?
Drop on the daily, I fuck up they mind
Nigga tryna bite, bitch, I'm one of a kind
Fuck the smoke I just want racks, that munyun
Switch up my drip when I touch me some hunduns
I just want visuals, just show them to me
Catch his ass down bad, he loafin' I see
Switch up my face, boy, you know this ain't me
Nigga tryna get on a open wit' me
Send a backend, boy, you know we can run that shit
Nigga tryna troll in my DM on funny shit
Take out yo' gang, shoot the folks who you runnin' wit'
I had to run from a play like I'm Sonic, bitch
Push to the hood, nigga know we got hella sticks
Mini store on the corner, get me a beverage
Lil' twin do the lick, no doubt, he never ditch
Nigga tryna post me for clout, now I'm yo' favorite
Get out the way when lil' Lazer shoot, I didn't label it
I just want anything on a lick, get yo' cable took
You fuck with this shit, bitch, you know I ain't lyin'
Blick in my jacket but this coat ain't mine
Mini Draco kinda' big, I can't tote 'round
Come to the shed, get served at the shed
Fine shit choosin', she look at my head
I don't got no bed, I got a airbed
Hit at his top tryna leave his hair red
Boy, you blicked up, why the fuck is you scared?
I ain't even nervous, I wig out you know it's me
Cold as fuck outside it's like four degree
Go to the store, get a gar then I fold up weed

I'ma keep droppin' 'cause I'm not where I'm 'posed to be
Hit him cross the head wit' another hit, you gon' notice me
Build this shit up from the ground, wasn't no coachin' me
Better not wig out when a fuck nigga approach me

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