

My name hold weight like a kilo  
Yo nigga a zero  
Self-made bitch, I don't need no fuckin' hero I got bank roll  
Verses put me on, now Ima blow this money 'till it's gone [x2]

I'm sittin' presidential and I know they hatin'  
Crazy thing about it I 'ain't even made it... yet  
I make a rack off foreign features  
These rappers on the bleachers teachin' lessons like they teachers, I'm like  
..  
Three tapes in, workin' on my fourth  
When one door doesn't open don't wait on the porch  
You go and get your money like it's payday  
These hoes gon' run they mouth just like they relay and it's okay  
'Cuz I'm takin' off, hit and run  
Breakin' bread, you could hit the crumbs  
Hit the blunt and then toss it, then throwin' holes in they coffins  
Wake 'em up with my loud pack, makin' more noise than a sound track  
Got more toys than a spoiled brat, playin' games that'll get you clapped  
Clap it up for my season, pockets always cheesy  
Fuck niggas keep dissin', we'll leave yo' mama and 'em crazy  
Going 90 on Stoney though  
3 fingers, East Side  
Weak bitches gon' talk shit but a real bitch ain't gon' let it slide

My name hold weight like a kilo, plus I got them kilos  
Runnin' shit like Nino, my plug named Carlito  
I been outta town gettin' C-Notes, please don't tell my P.O  
My niggas hot in these streets ho so that strap go wherever we go  
Ball hard like D.Rose, this rap shit like free throws  
Cluck say he need 3 blows, he sound like a police though  
I'm splurgin', I ain't T-Row  
Yo boyfriend a zero, I'm rollin' off a hero, yo baby-mama she deep-throat  
I'm all about them figures, ridin' 'round with my niggas  
I only fuck with them killas', and a couple dope dealas'  
Pockets filled with them bank rolls, hunnit thousand, can't fold  
Bibby got that straight drop just ask around bet they know  
I'm feelin' like the shit, these verses gettin' me rich  
And I don't fuck with no squares, unless you talkin' 'bout bricks  
I be goin' hard no time off, these lil' niggas they rhyme soft  
Play with me I let the nine off, commit a homicide then ride off

Yeah my name hold weight that's what my bars say  
Young nigga that's runnin' 'bout all 'em apes no I 'ain't Tarzan  
If I can get 'em my squad can, kilo  
That's all me and my peeps know  
I wake up with 'bout twelve bricks 'bout twelve hit I got three more  
'Nother three go  
Bibby call Carlito  
Them thangs comin' them thangs goin' yo man hold my D-Note  
Ask about me bet she know  
Lil Herb hold up a kilo  
On 79th bitch I'm Deebo  
Runnin' red lights with 'bout three poles  
Now I got the cops stalkin' me, I don't know nothin' don't talk to me

I be rollin' around blowin' QP's, bout 2 G's, and a [?]  
So you run up, you get gunned up  
Had 'em fifties blowin' 'till the sun up  
If yo bitch fucked me she done lucked up  
If she didn't suck me you should cuff her, 'cuz she one of a kind  
Look at you and yo goofy crew with ya'll Gucci shoes, they ain't fuckin' with mine  
Who is you and these goofy dudes? Just lookin' new, get the fuck off the nine  
Buss at his spine  
Hunnit stacks for the Rolex, I'm a sucka' for time  
Niggas mad like "Why you never come and fuck with us?"  
'Cuz I'm stuck on the grind