

(Banga)

Put on for the gang and earn you some stripes (Oh, that's Mj)
Bulletproof Range truck, thief in the night
A nigga ain't gang because he for the hype
Can't love no freak 'cause she ain't my type
LV sneakers, don't know the price
Don't do the feature if we know the life
They say the demons turn evil at night
Uh, money, cars, chasin' cheese
New bitch come from overseas
Havin' withdrawals if I ain't got lean
Real rock star, rock Chrome Heart jeans
No Wu-Tang Clan, but we all 'bout cream
Stuffin' cash in different pockets of the jeans
Dior drip with a mask, I ain't tryna be seen
I'ma get put in a grave 'fore I tell what I seen, uh

In the field every night, posted with crack fiends
Been makin' profit, what you need?
Rock Amiris like Starter jeans
I walk, run fast, Coach Carter team
Uh, gang went and shot on an opp
You gon' score it or not?
Break the whip and get put in a box
Uh, no glove on a mission, go soft
He dissed my name in a song and he got, nigga
Everywhere I go, I got shooters right there
I ain't duckin' my taco, I'm goin' out bare
Uh, fuck the judge, they don't treat niggas fair
In jail like, "Fuck the love," they don't keep it in here
Bitch nigga scared to do time, he'd rather drop him a dime and sneak out of there
Rockin' unreleased J's, gon' keep me a pair
When it leak online, why your people in there? Uh

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