

300 bulldogs, you know we run in packs
Don't need to ask for niggas, they tell us where they at
No hidin' and seek, sedentary where you at
Even the blind can lead y'all where we at
Why y'all sneak dissin' and hatin' on the guys
Nigga you bitch made, a pussy in disguise
You read the resume, you mustn't remind
The shit you do, your own guys say you're lyin'
Chillin' on 64th, don't smoke so I lean
Choppers and handguns, got dope for the fiends
I don't need everybody to tell me what I need
Fuck yo' guys, pussy, Lamron we the team
Word got back that y'all only wanna diss
Half of the niggas you roll with don't want this
I'm a hitta by myself, you can ask the bricks
2-4-14 the niggas I roll with

I'm not a hitta
Somebody lied, I got two 40s for them niggas
I got two 40s for them niggas
I got two 40s for them niggas
I am a monster like it's October 31st
Roll up with the 9 and hit the niggas where it hurt
If I die today, remember me like King Davie
Buried Lil Moe, and this to tell him that we made it, hah

Lil Durk, nigga
DD wanna get him
I tell bro just wait and that I'mma hit him
He think he king cause he got a couple pawns with him
He think he hot cause he keep a couple frauds with him
Bang
I think he need God with him
The Lam on him so I think he got some gods with him
Okay, okay, we drinkin' Rozay
Bullet holes and IVs with this gunplay
2011, everybody think they killas now
I call Murda, all them hittas down in D-town
Some boonie moe got locked up, he think he chief now
Until I call a couple drillas from the East Side, L's

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