You would take a sip of that green, nah You'll hit the clean with the cut, yes Goofy smoke my weed, nah Your gun come with a beam, yes Alexander McQueen scarf Not for the drip, I cover the tats Might gotta shoot a nigga all in his back Nigga act like he a big dawg Everything he say out his mouth straight cap I call Von, he steer with the MAC I don't sip drink but I do miss Act' I know a young nigga that'll work this pack See him one time and he can't get a pass None of my shooters gon' put on a mask They gon' kill whoever they catch Nigga want gas, I'll put on a tax Nigga better run when that Hellcat scratch You can't come around, you don't boot up off xI can't come down, just give me my meds Only The Fam', ain't really got friends I spent two thousand on a pair of pants I'm real street, nigga, I need romance I told her come down, she don't suck with no hands Niggas ain't gang, they really be fans

They say when I talk, sound like I preach
They say they love when I talk to the streets
If you not real, stop talkin' to me
If you not trill, stop talkin' to me, woah
'Posed to be my brother, woah
Showed your true colors
Niggas actin' like they for us
But I thought we had each other, woah

We used to serve in the alley I talk to my pops on the tablet I fuck with the T's, they valid I fuck with the stones, they valid Prices lower than Cali' The flight's a thousand and somethin' But Ralo got caught on the private I hate all the cops with a passion Fast car, so I don't gotta stash it Too high, I keep bands near the glasses Bitch niggas, they make me the maddest I done seen niggas snitch on the status Killers slide in the night like Gladys From the hood where they flip off a mattress Where they light crack pipes for mattresses Where they try to put air in their baggies Where they'll try lower your standards Why you tryna get me on camera? Talkin' bout murders, I vanish And I want my plug to speak Spanish And I like my ho to be managed Where the feds did a sweep, it did damage Where the feds did a sweep, it did

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