

I just might blow like C4
Lot of blue hundreds in this bankroll
Now you knowin' my time is on zero
Shoot me a nigga, go to death row
From the hood to the strip, shoot CeeLo
We billionaires, but fight 'em all
Slime a nigga out, yeah, any night
The reason we got caught, we had jewelry on
All my goons guard me and my metal on
Blitz with blicks
Hoppin' out just for a bitch
Pussy ass ho, he tuckin' his shit
I'm cashin' these checks, get life in the sticks
If I cop me a Rolls, it's comin' with hoes
I roll up this paper, I know it won't fold
Draw on a nigga, then go drop a four
I keep this shit slime, don't think I'm a ho

Bitch, I'm Hood Baby, don't think I'm a ho
No love for these bitches, I'm doggin' these hoes
I see them tellin' from back of the row
Itty-bitty car, see how fast can you go?
Car skrrt, skrrt, made his ass crash on the road
Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, stick hit up the window
Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, jakes, we smash on them folks
Yeah, we on the way to your ho
Chop off his lips for doin' all that cappin'
Stick line him up perfect like Bigen
Ain't stealin' the drip, we had it for ages
Locked up in a foreign, but we beat the cases
I'm Lil Gotit, bitch, I get this shit poppin'
Make him go and clear his safety deposit
Whip out my shit, bet she suck like some lollis
So many bands, I need me a dolly
Face tatted up and dressed like I'm Yakki
She copy, she copy, he copy, he copy
FN on my waist, it get hot like a Pocket
I woke 'em up 'cause they like how I pop it
Don't fuck with me, yeah, Jaydog tweak
Get the address, yeah, we spin for weeks
They know where I'm at, I'm with stick junkie
I'ma be the one playin' with money

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Bitch, I'm big slatt, please don't think I'm a ho
We spin the block like two times in a row
Jump out the whip in all black like a crow
Got hot on the stage, fucked a fan at my show
Clean out your spot from the front to backdoor
Ran in his spot 'cause I wanted some more
Big Balenci 41 on my toes
Wipin' his nose, you know how it go
Hop out the whip and we chop up the backstreet
Yeah, I know he play sports 'cause he run like an athlete
So we lurk on his block with a stick on the backseat
Smokin' exotic, this shit come from Cali
Dripped out with Gotit, I know he gon' pop it
Redbone bitch, I just caught her from Follies
And she Latina, keep callin' me papi
Backend for shows, I pull up and rock it
He think he the plug, but him not the socket
I'm puttin' this shit on, I know they gon' cop it
This gun on my waist, you get hot like a Taki
They was sleep, they woke up with me on a rocket
Now I'm countin' bands with Hood Baby
All cashed out when you live in these streets
Pulled off on me in an SRT
Then came back with a straight-eight Jeep

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