

(Let's go, Mario)
Man, all the hoes in the fuckin' background, y'all shut the fuck up
Fuck you talkin', man, R5 in the fuckin' building
Show some respect
Kick them folks out the spot, slime
She still talkin'? (No)
Oh, okay

Free Homicide, it was just a homicide, yeah, in the daytime
Yeah, (he) seen the benz rollin', (he) know we'll kill him, thinkin' he gon'
take mine
Know I ball's' on a bitch ass nigg', and I pass this ho like it's Meg Ryan
You'll live longer, if you mind your business, 'cause I'ma mind mine
I grab a carbine, lil' boy, lil ho, she fuckin' on toys
Bored, then jump off the porch, smokin' opp pack in the Royce
I'm with R5, R5
Catch you at the red light, black out
Yeah, we guaranteed to shoot his lights out
Yeah, I guarantee these niggas tap out
Rich nigga, I don't eat Popeyes
Presidential Rollie, brought the clock out
And I know you niggas tryna gain clout
Yeah, you know we ain't goin' on FOX 5
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Yeah, you know we ain't goin on FOX 5 (FOX 5)
Don't make me call the clock stopper (Clock stopper)
Ah, pretty lil' vibe, schemin' in her eye
Nickname jaw locker (Nickname jaw locker)
Thug like glide, I been gettin' high
Nigga, I'm a pill popper (Nigga, I'm a pill popper)
We got ten hundred-round choppers (Nah)
Heard you was a junkie, used to steal copper (Nah)
Pull up, whip game proper
Money get A, lotta cake like Betty Crocker (Cake like Betty Crocker)
Uh, beatin' through your bae, stalkers, I know every day robbers, gotta keep
a door stopper (Gotta keep a door stopper)
Yeah, I be gettin' more llama, Gunna, he a roadrunner, and his bitch a headh
unter (And his bitch a headhunter)
Billions just like Ted Turner gotta keep a real burner, never been a store r
unner (Never been a store runner)
These bitches yell, "Go, Gunna" (Go, Gunna)
You gotta be your own boss, uh (Own boss)
Dressed like a showoff, go and get it, don't talk, let the money rub off (Le
t the money rub off)
Nah, these niggas gettin' cut off, this is not a love lost, we'll never do s
oft (We'll never do soft)
You pussy niggas too soft (Niggas too soft)
Free all my niggas, gotta prison walk (Free the gang)

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Hundred round drum on your boy, and we just hopped out a Royce
We pullin' up with a silencer, no, they ain't makin' noise
Man, I had to pack the shirt, man, I had to peppermint it
Yeah, I send a big blitz, yeah, I had to go and end it
Go and drop the fuckin' pin, we'll pull up in a minute
Yeah, I know the Lord mad at me 'cause a nigga sinnin'
I ain't talkin' motherfuckin' testin' Ray J, man, I come out that Wraith just
t with motherfuckin' bangers
I let that cutter hit every angle, I come out that back, whips like I'm Django
What the fuck a pussy boy had said?
I don't know if he ain't speakin' sign language
And I just left town with ten, pockets on top, nigga, no time to count us (Say what?)

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