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Grim, this shit hard as fuck
(Grimlin)
Grim got this shit poppin' (Yeah)
Slatt (Slatt)
Yeah, come through lookin' like the money
These chains on my neck real water like tsunami
Red dark Dior shades and I ain't see these bitches comin'
Big drum on a stick, yeah, I'm lookin' like the drumline
Catch us in the yard, you cannot cross this gunline
Yeah, you know that I'm on my grind
Yeah, I'm self paid, self-employed
I gotta get paid, homie, I gotta get paid
I ain't worry 'bout gettin' laid, I fuck bitches every day
I pour up this codeine every day
I throw them dices, take a gamble any day
Four, five, six, big six, big trips, I'm gettin' paid
White paint, blue stripes, red guts, star-spangled bangin' it
Stars on my pants and they 'Miri, y'all niggas can't play with me ('Miri)
These niggas talkin' on Instagram, they really scared of me (They pussy)
I would've had Mexico chop your head off and bring it back to me
So y'all niggas so lucky (You lucky)
Yeah, you know I fucked your ho, so I know why you muggin'
Yeah, that throat was super deep and that pussy was bustin' (I'm tellin' you
Tryna make money while I'm sleep, yeah, that's my type of hustle (Shit)
Yeah, come through lookin' like the money
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Yeah, you know that I'm on my grind
Yeah, I'm self paid, self-employed
I gotta get paid, homie, I gotta get paid
Yeah, my old school got racing tires, it's American muscle (American muscle)
I ran this water by G Diamonds, that's my motherfuckin' brother
Yeah, Vonte hit my phone, told me, "Keep on the hustle"
Yeah, long live T-Shyne, he whip that car like no other (Long live T-Shyne)
I can't fuck with y'all lil' niggas, it's just my pride or somethin' (Pride
or somethin')
If you ever see me in Blaze, just know I'm packin' a gun
And I ain't lackin' for nothin'
Me and all these strippers lockin' eyes 'cause they lookin' for money
I'm a soldier in these streets and I swear that I'm gunnin'
Ain't gotta act gangster with you, know I get you a goner
Yeah, these figures, they quadruplin', I ain't got no diploma
Tell my teacher, "Would you look at that?"
I remember sittin' in the back
Slatt
Yeah, come through lookin' like the money
These chains on my neck real water like tsunami
Red dark Dior shades and I ain't see these bitches comin'
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