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Like I was saying, fuck Caine, fuck Chico
Fuck Styles, fuck Rah, fuck Jah
I'm high
I'm smokin' on Mexi (Chee Beatz)
I'm feelin' sexy
That shit go "Grah-grah-grah"
Spin up the block-block
I got the what? (What?) I got the drop, uh
Got the keys to the block (Block), all on my socks (Ah)
Dougie got the chop (Catch a shot)
Then he go, "Blah-blah-blah" (Swerve, swerve)
I'm not a cop, red light, green-beam, take aim and shot (Dummy)
Don't joke, send him a joke
Slide through, let's play some Connect The Dots
Slide, don't hide
Glock came with a beam inside
Run him up on a demon vibe
Let it fire-fire-fire (Boom, boom, boom)
That shit go "Grah-grah-grah"
We smoke Za-Rah-Rah
Like bro get me high-five
Smoking on Mexi, Jah-Jah
Spinnin', we spin it, yeah, we make it lit
Yeah, we takin' trips, yeah, we with the shits
If we catch a bitch, they [?] click, they [?] our dicks (Grah, grah)
Dissing on Mabu, just pass a new grip
You should just really stop passing blue chips (Rah, rah)
Double M Baby, just watch how I rip (Rip)
Oh yeah, Yus Gz, you a bitch
Dougie shooting like Hades, I'm blessed, think I'm Brady
The bullets, you ahead of 'em, but flickin' it quick
The bullets, you ahead of 'em, but flickin' it quick
You mess with my fit, they gon' fix you like [?]
Like 4, 5, 6
Opps restin' in piss (Oh, no)
You gon' kill me? I'ma just a kid
Oh, shit, oh we smoke za in a spliff
Mix Rah with the grabba with the shit
Every opp shot, everybody drive a new whip
'Cause don't see the flock when I sit
Like bro high-five, maybe I'm high with them shits
With the beam, yeah, I won't miss
I got the chop, chop, woah, uh
Spin up the block-block, uh
I got the what? (What?) I got the drop
Got the key to the block (Block), all on my socks
Dougie got the chop (Catch a shot)
Then he go, "Blah-blah" (Swerve, swerve)
I'm not a cop, red light, green-beam, take aim and shot (Dummy)
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