

Pull up with three hundred dollars of blow
White bitches with me, they geeking on blow
20's and 50's, no hundreds, I don't make big money
But fuck it, you already know that
I'm stuntin' on whoever frontin' before
Fuck out my face with your company ho
I thought I told you, I like it alone
I thought I told you
I thought I
BSMB, bitch we aim at your face
We gon' wipe out the whole human race if they fake
Drinkin' the blood and I'm saying my grace
Work on the way coming in by the case
And I'm fucking up all of these ounces today
Bitch I'm fucking up all of the songs on my tape
This shit come easy to me, not so easy to you
I could tell by the way that you say that you don't give a fuck
what they say, I'm like
All of the songs that you make, is you fakin'?
I think that's by making the people is watchin'
They wanna be locked up and incarcerated, they hate it
Before they thought maybe I'd make it out, not the type to fade
away
I'm the type to get faded and break everything
Get creative, and build it back up in a whole different way
People change up and I stay the same
No matter what day it is
Just whatever I say it is