

Yo Pierre, you wanna come out here?

We been outchea

Never buy the bitches by the cheque my nigga  
Never bout the bitch about the cheque my nigga  
That's my nigga!  
Make me do construction in your section nigga  
Rari' doin' donuts that's my breakfast nigga  
Okay you got soldiers, I got veterans nigga  
And I got that white, like One Direction nigga  
Ke\$ha nigga, Only God can judge you  
I'm a sentence, you the death my nigga (yeah)  
And you are not a topic in my section nigga  
Math teacher taught me how to count my fucking blessings nigga  
Got, married to the fucking mob when I met it nigga  
Everybody cried at my motherfucking wedding nigga  
Everybody 5 in my motherfucking section nigga  
Hoodybaby six, so numbers lying in my sections nigga  
Still got them bloods, like a vessel nigga, that's right nigga  
Tell a blind nigga, watch your step my nigga  
Left, right nigga, (whoa)  
I let my niggas glow, My niggas don't speak  
BAP! BAP! BAP! Quote, un-quote  
Never had cold feet  
Stepping out, moving snow  
Cut the heads off the sheep, and send them all around the GOAT  
O-M-W, B-M-W, N-E-W  
I got that R-A-W, for the L-O-W  
That's non-refundable, that's L-A-W  
And we hate deductibles, like police hate untouchables  
They see me in the car, then they F-O-L-L-O-W  
I drive S-L-O-W, with that B-L-O-W  
I like it very colorful  
When it come to my jungle juice  
I'm outchea yelling "Fuck a truce!"  
If he gon' act like mother goose (whoa)  
It's never bout' the kids, about the pets my nigga (no)  
It's right between the ears, above the neck my nigga (whoa)  
It's very quiet, when you hear the weapons nigga (shh!)  
They verify you by your dental records nigga (Six Shit)

Fuck the city up and I got the glizzy tucked  
Dick hanging from the mouth, look like a billy club  
Flyest niggas from the city, bitch, that's really us  
You pussies talking, boo boo boo, now you really fucked  
Ridin' in the range with Maine, we switch lanes  
With my bottom bitch, walked the beach in Biscayne  
Real P shit, that's that M.O.B. shit  
Look at me now, these pussies said I wasn't gon' be shit  
Yeah, got a homie named Trel from Hoover, he might shoot you  
Red rag hangin' out my right pocket, but I'll blues you  
When them roosters touch down, we make them bitches cock-a-doodle  
Take a shot at me over a beat, bitch, I'ma shoot you  
Got a bitch named Vicky, she pretty, she keep me stiffy  
Glock.40 in her purse, don't tempt me, her finger itchy  
She ride so I keep her with me

She shy but not with that glizzy  
She high from hittin' the blizzy  
Eyes red like trippy  
Hoody rollin' up, that boy smoke like a hippie  
Fill my double cup up with mud, that's right, I'm sipping  
Yeah, retarded with it, I just might be the hardest with it  
And you a rat, you be politckin' with the Sarge, Lieutenant  
Fuck all you bitches  
Gudda