```
(GOONTEX)
Ayy, I'm on that Wock' shit, that Wock' shit
Ayy, ayy, uh
How many drugs you gon' mix? That's three
How many sluts you miss? That's none
How many racks you gon' put in her purse?
How she get lipstick on yo' gun?
We ain't been the same since you fucked with that hearse
How you got pain spillin' from yo' cup?
Tighten up boy, ayy
You gon' cut him off, but it ain't that deep
Get the last word, but shit, that's me
I was popping Xans', like twenty a week
Mama just prayin' I'm somewhere sleep
I ain't ever had shit before I rap
So, I talk cash shit on these beats
You don't sell drugs, why you sleep in the trap?
Ridin', my brothers 'round when I sleep
I don't trust nobody but that home
EFG, R.I.P. Pop, free Lo
And I'm with a diva, she like T.O
Why I see a demon at one of my shows?
Damn, leave it up to me yo ass'll be gone
Leave it up to me, I'll never be wrong
Why she keep peepin' to see my phone?
Ain't shit but a nut, but drank and Percs'
Never love an addict, but we made it work
when we speak in circles
Never drunk Act', but I'm chasin' purple
Spent everything 'cause I'm really rich
Took it to the 'net 'cause he really a bitch
You ain't got heart, but you proud of me
Drink in the Bentley, like CMG
Now we don't speak but she in reach
Too much trauma, took three to sleep
You'll be a ex if you leave it to me, can't let 'em down 'cause my people ne
And they made a way but it's deeper than me
Ayy, ayy, ayy
Ayy, ayy, How many drugs you gon' mix? That's three
How many sluts you miss? That's none
How many racks you gon' put in her purse?
How she get lipstick on yo' gun?
Damn, damn
Damn, damn
Ayy, How many drugs you gon' mix? That's three
How many sluts you miss? That's none
How many racks you gon' put in her purse?
How she get lipstick on yo' gun? (GOONTEX)
We ain't been the same since you fucked with that hearse
```

How you got pain spillin' from yo' cup? How you got pain spillin' from yo' cup?