

(Hold on, Mingus, we gon' slide)
Yeah

All these niggas claim they gangster 'til we show 'em that they bitch
es
Scoom Gang, we militant, we pop outside with Dracs and switches
Pop a 30, now I'm in it
Work her ass out, LA Fitness
They like, "Slick come trim, he different"
Ain't get my 5.56s for Christmas
Ridin' striker, we out bendin'
Five percent when we out spinnin'
Chrome Heart, ain't got on feelings
Scoom Gang, we stand on business
We tote Glocks, we tote Berettas
Bitch, I made this out of elah
One man trash another treasure
In a lab just like I'm Dexter

Tax his ass, bitch, I need extra
Swerve through traffic like a feather
Play with me, bitch, they know better
I won't scrape a fuckin' Tesla
DeJ Loaf, you better not try me
Bitch, we punch on opps all in Bali
They call me Slick just 'cause I'm shiesty
Have lil' cuz pop out that alley
My new bitch, she thick and feisty
When I sign, you ain't gon' like me
When I fuck, I go up ninety
Go on me, boy, that unlikely
My bitch zodiac sign a Pisces
Your man got checked in his Nikes
Walked his ass down with a rifle
Yellin', "410," we don't like you

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