It's Vigilante Season, it's big cars nigga Swervin' through the traffic, me and Max, stars nigga Get fly, what nigga, made a quarter mill And that's all in a drought baby fuck a record deal The only Brooklyn nigga that come through Harlem Disrespect The Pros nigga then you want a problem Never mind feeding 'em, leave them bitches starvin' Just gimme brain ma, leave the pussy throbbin' See I'm a pimp like Gold and Mack Hop up in this Coupe ma, ain't no holdin' back Gain Greene, Don Pro, this is street life Blackin'-out in this bitch with Dame Grease right You know us Brooklyn niggaz chill Comin' from the Stuy, then you oughta chill It's AB slash pimp, Don Pro shit 09 the takeover this is my year

Ya know, ya know, ya oh-oh
That it's a cold world
Mami should see a call girl
Show her lil' body just to get a buck
Any nigga she could fuck
Daddy I got a way
From the hood to the style
Gain Greene, Don Pro, AB
Biggaveli just let 'em be
He don't want no more cause he saucey
All the game he showed me
Baby don't leave me lonely

She told me "Baby never leave, me and Jimmy need you nice Now it's time to buy ya some ice" Different set of shit That make you feel that you the black Nefertiti you are I love how he switch up his bars Get him in the mood, get some Grand Cru Sorry, need that nigga, tell him this how great he is Think that baby maybe his Think that baby maybe not Look at how the game done made me pop Watchin' my boy, it made me stop Had to think of him, cause I know it's me thuggin', Remy sigh, sayin' Max "Straighten up or you gon' go back" Had to say a prayer for my folks Jesus give me the strength to spare they life Mami you tryna get you right Take you overseas where the water's green Boatloads of quarter-keys This is wavy, all of this means That these niggaz right back at the checker point I'm with the joint, then the upper-decker, I point

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