

(Emeks, come here man, sit down man
Get that gansta shit off your head man, what's wrong with you man?
That blue bandana man, what does that mean?
Take it off, take it all, you see all of that gangsta shit?
Put it on the side man, we gonna have some real conversation
Father to son
Do you understand what I'm trying to tell you?)

I have my pops inside my life, but right now that shit don't matter
He'd been locked up most my life, so I feel just like a bastard
Police kickin' in my door, threw my momma on the floor
HPD took my pops, I bought a heat, hit the block
I was in them streets like speed bump, potholes, V12-auto Forgianto
'Lenciaga, no red bottoms, I don't rock no Ferragamos
I was Maxo Kream, El Chapo, dodgin' narcos get you knocked off
Black suburban swervin' make me nervous when I'm making drop offs
Used to handle rock like hot sauce, call the hot sauce get you knocked off
He ain't got no chill, he kill for real, and he 'gon blow your top off
Genesee Street, I took the top off, bitch with me she took her top off
Dick ain't hard, she sucked me on soft, hole-in-one, her mouth like Tiger
Forever never, not sober, the city of double cuppers
We beefin' this place and mothafuck you, your sister, your brother
I'm clutchin' gun in my holster, Beretta wet 'em like coasters
They shot my pops and my brother, so I slide with choppas like butter
Pop toasters, let go my ego, for pesos give you a halo
Locked up my pops and took my brother, so my daddy was my mother
Hit the stove, stealin' candy, got grown, start servin' xannies
Momma told me hit the do', she ain't want dope around her family
Moved in with my grandma, servin' grannies at my grannies
Momma couldn't stand me, say I act just like my daddy
Fist fightin' Pirus, I hit the school with the Ruger
Had to take my .52, and hopped on Five-Deuce Hoover
I was a young nigga in the streets, I ain't know nothin'
Ain't no big homie tell me shit, on my own thuggin'
Bad ass, actin' up in class, I ain't learn nothin'
Reminisce on my first lick, I hit for four onions

I turned that four into a sixteen, and now I'm road runnin', he
y
Trap house scorchin', use the stove and the oven
Every time I stashed it in the house, my brother stole from me
And I was down bad, and on my ass, nobody rode for me, hey
I was broke bummy, wasn't havin' no money, hey
Ran the check up, now you wanna hold somethin', hey
Two Glocks, fifty shots, that's a whole hunnid
Hit a nigga with two fifties, call it change for a hunnid