

Hella' barred out, you can barely understand me
Popped eight xans, chew them just like candy
I been going through bullshit with my family
On the bullshit, got the Glock 9 handy
In some bullshit everyday like a plumber
Pulled ol' girl, I forgot the ho number
Tryna' fuck seventy-five hoes by the summer
I just want the neck like the Stone Cold Stunner
Can't see nothing but the Bathing Ape stars
Eight double G's I've been walking on Mars
Space Jam money, busting jugs' in the car
Always lose something when I'm tripping on the bars
Lost a lot of niggas, yeah the pain I remember
Fucked a new ho, next day I forget her
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Two milligram pill pressed Alprazolam
No Hi-Tech so we sip Alpharma
Rolls Royce Wraith presidential, Obama
Rolex Rollie iced out, Obama
Tryna' get both that's my mother fucking problem
No ski mask, I'm about to go rob them
Hold up, wait, make a U-turn around
Left the damn gun at the trap on the couch
Serving lil' niggas getting off the school bus
G37s and the yellow school bus
Murder rate high cause we had a crazy summer
Ten-one-ten murder block always do numbers
Brain on dummy, pills in my tummy
Living half dead, slow-mo like a zombie
Trapping out my Granny's, Momma can't stand me
Tryna' get away so I'm popping all these Xannies

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Bitch I'm on the green S ninety-three
Broke them bitches down and took all three
Almost trip and stumble, when I talk I mumble
Thirties keep a couple, I don't worry or rumble
RIP to Bo, they shot and killed my Uncle
He was fifty years old out there juggling bundles

Handle bars but no bicycle
Popping benz'y', raise my mental
Talking slow, my speech is slurrin'
Losing sight, my vision blurry

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