

Hot summer nights cold still we lurking
Squad up, send a nigga home if he nervous
We ain't shooting just to get a name cause we murder
No witness they ain't see what happen but they heard 'em
We serve 'em, do they boys proper with them big choppers
Tell the law to call the coroners, forget the doctors
Cause that nigga dead, hit his body hit his dead
Left him there [?] put his soul up in the air
Ya, shit I can make you soldiers disappear
At the point of a finger, my man will point the banger
And take you pussy niggas out like fast food
Bad moves, I'll have him drop the shells like they cashews
Cash rules everything that's near me
So if you owe me money, you better bring it hurry, ya hear me?
A lot niggas they be scary
But I be in the hood super dirty like I'm Harry
Catch me I be fresher than I've been
Hater, no I've never been
You catch me in the squad I'm riding by you with that metal and
I be on the south side but north death forever him
From where they get that work and run that cheddar in
You better than, who not me
Mel Love and Young P
Be for real that Nigga 'Lil he a fucking young G
And I'm a boss you can tell Ricky Ross to come see
In Philly, where the murder rate get higher than a tree
That sour that D purp, piff ooh wee
Have a nigga on lean like promethazine
I'm a pro with the wings like pay less pay that
My niggas drop work and bring it way back, weigh that
Throw it in the hood, the fiends say it's good
And the dope boys they go crazy and come straight back
Like cornrows, you niggas on hoes
Fuck a brick, I'm trying to get it by the boat load
Getting money I wouldn't really say that
My niggas trying to turn a 62 into a Maybach
Drop pot and weigh that
Chop rock and slang that
Middle of the hood the narcs lurking where you stay at
My man told me never do dirt where you lay at
The fiends fiending got the work so fuck it I'mma take that
I ain't going to let it walk by me, I'mma chase that
There's money to be made got to make that, real