

(Enrgy made this one)
Do you hear that? (aldn)
That's—, that's what real niggas sound like

Yeah, I got him mad, look at his face, he look like Darth Maul
Ringing up my brothers, I'm the one that made them shots call
Gettin' paper, it stay in my hands, I feel like St. Paul
Said he wouldn't tell, and then he did it, that's his damn fault

My money on Eiffel Tower, bitch, you know it stand tall
Been off of my phone, get in that bag, bitch, I don't need calls
If I ain't make like 5K in a day, bitch, I get withdrawals
Niggas tried to hold me down, but now they got me pissed off
Know some brothers that do drills, and they don't do construction
I know some brothers with them sticks, and they don't play percussion
My brodie, shh, he keep that 'K and it might get to bustin'
You fuck with gang, I hope you know you suffer repercussions
Might pen some words, some fucking weapons of damn mass destruction
Run in that show and made it jump, them bitches double-dutchin'
My brodie really keep that 'K, and he not even Russian
I'm in his city tryna slide, but I know that he ducking

Man, got me pissed off
Bro hand up on the trigger, ready, ready to let that bitch off
Word to my boy Chris, that chopper made him dance like TikTok
Casio up on my wrist, might go bustdown a G-Shock
Brodie keep that .19 on, you know he ride 'round with that G-lock
When they say they spot 'em, then they got 'em, made him beatbox
Seen the girls in my DM's? Got me a mamacita
If you had the life I'm livin', this shit loco, Mama Mia (Ooh)
Talk about my brothers and my family, we shoot from the paint
Hooded up, black fit on my body like Kevin Durant
I ain't perfect, I done did some shit, bitch, I am not a Saint
Lost some brothers on the fuckin' way and that shit brought me pain
Bail out any of my brothers in the fuckin' game
Steppin' on me, I know no niggas gon' tuck the chain
The hardest that's comin out of Indi', you gon' know the name
Told bro to kick the cup, but he get stuck sippin' up on the drank

Hands on, I'm the type to pick the soccer ball up
Hop out and walk 'em down, we finna pop 'em all up (Brrt)
Sick, he think he shinin', he done went and copped some Palm Buffs (Bitch)
Face Card scorchin', I don't really shop at malls much (Woo)
Ha-ha, look, hot as fuck like I'm stuck in the microwave (Damn)
Finna maximize the hit with this micro 'K (Brrt)
Tryna hit the top, you gon' have to fight your way (Where?)
Tie him up and leave his body, shit, the psycho way
Tryna check this profile credit, what Geico say? (What?)
You ain't tough, snatch your wood, then light your wave
Lil' pups aim for your ankles, we gon' bite your face
Yeah, with these 223's (Brrt)
Got the V's back to back, you know these ain't no Jubilees (Yeah)
Tryna race with Mr. Vroom and Zoom, I guess that you will see
That you can't catch up
You sippin' Jabba the Hutt, I got a red cup, no cap (Phew)

Yeah, I got him mad, look at his face, he look like Darth Maul

Ringin' up my brothers, I'm the one that made them shots call
Gettin' paper, it stay in my hands, I feel like St. Paul
Said he wouldn't tell and then he did it, that's his damn fault