

front

midwxst

(Wake up, Filthy)

Yeah, nigga tryna say he on

Bitch wan' cop my style, wanna dress like me, 'lil boy know you rock me on

Brand new chop' came with a new laser, bitch you know that shit we on

He tryna pick my side in any beef, nigga what side is you on? (Come on Chenzo, yeah)

Uh, what side is you on?

Walk on the scene, on Saint Laurent

Give me out sticks like this shit track

I got all pros bitch, got no cons

This Rick Owen's, not no duds

That 'lil nigga not what we on

You know we ready, where you from?

That boy cappin' at your front

That boy lyin' 'bout his funds

Know he proved that boy got none

And don't talk about no fists, 'cause my bro ready with that drum

Ain't no one can do it better than me, bitch I left no crumbs

Only gettin' first place, make sure I'm not playin' tonight

Balenci' track jacket on me, just came from the runway

Niggas fuckin' up my balance, fuckin' up my function

Glock might have a switch, you might not know, you'll find out one way

No, this not no game but my brothers about that gun play

Yeah, yeah, they ready to shoot, they got nothin' to lose

Yeah, shooters they move in the night like they them Phantom Troupes

Yeah, tell that boy right to his face that "I dont fuck with you"

Uh, bro got one stick and he don't know what the fuck to do

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