

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 dr  
um  
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 Tr  
oupes  
Yeah, tell that boy right to his face that "I dont fuck with yo  
u"  
Uh, bro got one stick and he don't know what the fuck to do

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