

Stepping on niggas, I see him, I sock him  
Not talking 'bout rappers, we spot him, we got him, we shoot  
My niggas run in that crib, get the loot  
Blowing that gas, bitch, I'm fin' pollute  
Get a new pack, got that shit from Xhu  
Got a new grill, put it on my tooth  
Got a new grill, put it on my teeth  
Archive clothes all up on my tees  
I'm that motherfucker they wan' be  
I walk in that bitch, walk in that sc-  
(Becker)  
Hold up, ayy (This is a Slump Audios exclusive)  
Bitch

You see a red light, I see a green  
Know I'm getting that bread by any damn means  
AR-15, that shit got a beam  
Niggas only want attention, niggas wanna get seen  
Niggas sipping on fake drop, that shit not lean  
Nigga rocking that drop, that's not Supreme  
Nigga said he want smoke, that's fine by me  
I ain't fucking with the cops, know you can't arrest me

Know the choppa named Johnny, don't wanna test me  
Got a brand new Glock, don't got a safety  
Run up in the crib with a new XD  
Put a lil' boy on the motherfucking tee  
You say you've been smoking that gas, that's mid  
High as bitch, I'm a damn flight risk  
That nigga love tongue, gonna hit him in the lip  
Finna call up my brothers, know we finna hit a lick, lil' nigga  
You talking that crazy, you better move with caution  
Call up my brother, he ready to off him  
Like this shit a new song, bitch, we gon' drop 'em  
You think I'ma burn out, but I'm never stopping  
Walk into that store, everything what I'm copping  
We made a mess with that boy, he gon' mop him  
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I walk in that bitch, walk in that scene  
Got the Off-White Prestos, came in that cream  
Know we gon' get to work, not talking 'bout Dream  
Gonna knock a boy out, not 'bout Steam  
Got the new VVs on me, on flee'  
And I ain't talking 'bout no market  
Ha, in that AMG, I park it  
I've been up in Saks, you a target  
I'ma step on that nigga like carpet  
Got a new Glock off the black market  
We hitting Neiman and Marcus

Throw that song away, lil' bitch, know it's garbage  
I call up Becker, he send me that pack  
Your boy in my blunt, I'ma smoke him like gas  
We gonna put that lil' boy in the thrax  
Push a lil' beam', in that motherfucking Max'  
What did I say? Know my shooter redacted  
I'm in the club with a bad bitch  
You not my bro, keep a hit stick  
Posted outside with the misfits  
People all talk, they ain't do shit  
We show 'em the devil, we'll shoot shit  
You not running up, you won't shoot shit  
Been going up, I'm a new kid

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Ayy, you fucking with DJ Becker, go and buy his beats y'all (Bitch)  
(Becker)  
I'll kill you and everyone you know