

It's a knock at my front door,
twelve kickin in my front door.
Now we runnin out the back door.
Got the pussy is the life of the band though. [x2]

It's a knock at my front door, they lookin for tricka, they hold on the streets, I be sellin that blow. There's a pot on the stove, up on a bow, in line on death row. I hit the back door, man hit me quick they found on the stove. Call real money, tell em bout money, nothin but hunned. That sound of them microbirds as they hummin. That's them hollow tips that they comin. In the county, pull up the skirt in that Audi. Hit two hundred out on the highway. Skip goin crazier than a Mazda. Drivin like nikk carboddy. Let they pull up in the rari. Put such in my bed that they hardly. I'm sellin them buggers not Harleys. A white boy, he told me I'm gnarly.

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Man, fuck, my momma hear my phone. Twelve in my home, they won't leave me alone. My dubstep works, hit by the dirt, right in the zerp. There's a hundred on that quick truck. Nigga you turn get outta here. Two two minutes, nice and seen it, grab. Man so mebody tell the snakes. He gon tim bance syrup get set. What you mean? Hand you the pistol, hit a mack eleven. Sister car right now holdin nigga dead in seven. Got off the phone with Gucci he told us we on the new. We all over the channels, five five eleven and two. He said be sailor bros and hit me when you need some money. We takin different parts and planes we bout to leave the country.

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