(Blame Swagg for this motherfucker)

I paid sixty for this Rollie, fuck I look like rockin' an Apple Watch?

I'm ridin' on 20 with ten bags of blackout and an altered Glock My youngin gon' swing that stick for sure for sure, he never le arned to box $\frac{1}{2}$

If I was to join the Illuminati, I'm sacrificin' opps

Weed and pistol case, my partner told on me on at Agnes Scott They know we pushin' up with SBRs, they scared to drop the dot I could be bleedin' out and 'bout to die and still won't call t he cops

Gave my lil' bitch ten K, told her hit the mall to go and shop If I put this pistol in your hand, is you gon' really use it? If I put these bags in your possession, is you gon' really move 'em?

You can't hang around the Circle 'less you make a contribution Ridin' dick and jumpin' from gang to gang, we call that prostit ution

Keep them leechin' friends far away, they drain your energy I can't fuck with dumb bitches, we ain't got no chemistry Nigga thought he was slick and tried to rob, left him at Emory Should've never tried big Money, now he just a memory Every day, I shoot a stick, I'm livin' life like GTA They like, "How you make a hundred and twenty off of BOA?" Yesterday, in Cobb county, I went and fucked the CPA I was sellin' trees in school, ain't care about no GPA

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