I'm in Houston, just walked out the Spire Paid the j to shine up the tires Niggas singing like they with the choir Niggas singing, they equal to mine Washing money, I need me a dryer She gon' suck me with plenty saliva All this loud got a nigga surrounded Had to sit down and read the Quran Had to go tat my hood on my arm Knocked him off, now his family gon' mourn All these racks got me toasty and warm Finna trail a white boy to the farm We got barrels of loud in the barn I went to NY [?] Don't wanna ride Wraith So I'm feeling lime Murci' Where was these niggas at when we were starving Load up the Murci' with 50 And this site that I'm on its encrypted I'm in Starbucks I'm looking suspicious Cause this laptop gone bring me these riches

Drive the foreign like a warship
40 pointers in a cuban chopper jumpin' in a circle like a moshpit
One thing I could never do is give my heart away to a thot bitch
Or a wholesome good woman either, I could wreck a bitch just to be a cheater
I got bitches swipin' credit cards, I just bought an AP and a baby cheetah
Sent the bitch with the spanish plug shit for \$80k I did the macarena
I be slidin' around Houston, Texas but all my choppers come from Argentina
I'm buying these diamonds they so clean cause I keep em polished in streets
bleedin'

Boy I swear it like civil war around this mother fucker need a peace treaty (Owieee!)

Youngins just 12 years old gang banging in the trap tryin' to eat greedy But when you see his face in the news
But a father figure, what they say he needed
But who was at home and was there to feed him
Don't voice yo opinion if you ain't lead em
Owie!

I'm in Houston, just walked out the Spire Paid the j to shine up the tires Niggas singing like they with the choir Niggas singing, they equal to mine Washing money, I need me a dryer She gon' suck me with plenty saliva All this loud got a nigga surrounded Had to sit down and read the Quran Had to go tat my hood on my arm Knocked him off, now his family gon' mourn All these racks got me toasty and warm Finna trail a white boy to the farm We got barrels of loud in the barn I went to NY [?] Don't wanna ride Wraith So I'm feeling lime Murci' Where was these niggas at when we were starving Load up the Murci' with 50
And this site that I'm on its encrypted
I'm in Starbucks I'm looking suspicious
Cause this laptop gone bring me these riches

I got young bitches thinking that I'm playing them sports You know I'm flyin' in the motherfuckin' Stork
My hacker Korean that nigga a dork
I hit her she screamin' her voice getting hoarse
Just sold a bag out a Porsche
Got a plug in the land in the north
He said Go to the border I buy me like 25
Bought me a quarter my bitches be Quarters
I put me some racks to the side for a lawyer
When I'm trappin I'm conscience people be watchin'
Nigga be plottin' niggas ain't snappin' shit
Pull up we choppin' shit
Niggas ain't us
They must be the opposite

Gone have my lil niggas to trail you and follow you Trap out the mountains
Got some plugs I ain't hitting, know they mad at me 12 think they slick they ain't jamming me
Gotta run up these racks for my family
Finna go get a bag imma grab it
I just left out from mailing a package
These niggas ain't in my bracket
Spray your lil whip up in traffic
I just settled on blues and I stack em

I'm in Houston, just walked out the Spire Paid the j to shine up the tires Niggas singing like they with the choir Niggas singing, they equal to mine Washing money, I need me a dryer She gon' suck me with plenty saliva All this loud got a nigga surrounded Had to sit down and read the Quran Had to go tat my hood on my arm Knocked him off, now his family gon' mourn All these racks got me toasty and warm Finna trail a white boy to the farm We got barrels of loud in the barn I went to NY [?] Don't wanna ride Wraith So I'm feeling lime Murci' Where was these niggas at when we were starving Load up the Murci' with 50 And this site that I'm on its encrypted I'm in Starbucks I'm looking suspicious Cause this laptop gone bring me these riches