

(Keezy 808, he got that bitch goin' dumb)
(Spacy)
(Keezy runnin' up the bag, boy)

You see we got gang ties
Young niggas, they slang nine
Twin flames got the same mind
Plus hoes got the same grind
You gon' snitch, it take time
And he know I on't side
I ain't have no co-sign
Damn, lil' mama a real dime
They gon' try and stop us, it's don't matter we gon' prevail
The pack ain't make it yet, but leave a deposite, that's a presale
I know scammers who done made a million off a email
Spinners hit that boy and they left nothin' but his entrails

Lamborghini with the custom seats, look at the details
How the fuck grown ass man act like some females?
Drankin' nothin' but water today, I'm liftin' in my tee cells
Made my girl a millionaire, she rich off clothing resale
She a nerd, she workin' hard
She the baddest bitch in charge
Oh, you gang? Then take the charge
Oh, you gang? You best be smart
Got too many methods on the phone, I'm scammin' Instacart
Green apple [?] that shit it taste like tart
City bank, I'm draining funds
Burnin' candy, heavy lungs
Come here baby, use your tongue
Take this dick from me, don't run
[?] this shit and run
Pussy they can't stop my run
Right now I'm just havin' fun, I'ma leave all these racks for my son, on God
Yeah, them niggas ain't safe to hang around, you might get robbed
Feelin' like Big Polly
Like I run the muthafuckin' mob
Threw my dawg a pack of sixty M's, just like I threw a log
How they fuck the money keep it so real when he doin' fraud?

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