They know I had that yeeky when the pigs yanked me It ain't nothin', just a bail bond away, baby Handles with the rock, no pump fakin' Beyond the gang, it's a whole lotta drums quakin' They know I had that yeeky when the pigs yanked me It ain't nothin', just a bail bond away, baby Handles with the rock, no pump fakin' Beyond the gang, it's a whole lotta drums quakin'

My niggas used to ride Buick LeSab' Back then, ain't no tellin' what I'd do for a chain (Yeah) Still maneuver through the sewer with gang Denim's full of dirty bandicas, abusin' the game (Ohh) We drug abusive, it's reducin' the pain (Yeah) Niggas be speakin' wenches, misusin' the name High, drop a hundred shots, we just doin' our thang Line you dorks up and follow through with the play Conversation with God, granny taught me to pray (Uh-huh) Makin' sure my daughter future economically straight (Yeah) Niggas from my own jurisdiction constantly hatin' Worked hard to get this far, I can honestly say Took pride in my ism, used to polish it straight Niggas copy the wave but they couldn't copy the reign Shooters willin' to die behind that shit on his face Know we bodyin' bitches if their bitch in the way, flame

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Boss on a ho with the cars and the rope But it came from the flame, first to floss from the coke Put the bars in the soda, put the horse in the motor If I ask you what they go for then you know I gotta move Two-illeven certified, I'm turnin' to a murda ride 'Cause niggas hittin' motherfuckers up that don't deserve to die And that's how it be at where I be at A drought 'fore a knock like a rehab My dog gon' tell you he done died three times Over one bad bitch, a brick and three dimes When I'm ridin' with the iron never get to recline 'Cause a nigga gon' roll up on your whip on each side I ran up on the plug 'fore they saw us in the club So you know a nigga life worth a coffin and a dub 'Round here, boy, shit get mainey in a minute Heard they hit my nigga whip up and I'm prayin' he ain't in it

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Boss on a ho, we for surely gettin' dough
If you ain't get indicted, what you talkin' to 'em fo'?
Powder on my nose, nigga, rocket to the dome
I gotta grab the forty just to walk up to the sto'
There's a whole lot goin' on (A whole lot)
A whole lot goin' on (A whole lot), there's a whole lot
There's a whole lot goin' on
A whole lot goin' on, there's a whole lot

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