

Whats poppin with baby you go bananas
You the type of bitch a nigga take to his nana
The hooker slid off I sat it down for a hammer
But I ain't trippin I got broads in Atlanta
Contaminated Fanta and that dope got me noddin off
Your last nigga was a bum baby knock it off
Syringe, hot spoon, and a cotton swab
I learned how to push hop before I got a job
Swear I love the squad like my mama kids
Become accustomed to the killin when you come from this
Why would you try to tell me that the love exist?
When you know it ain't genuine What kind of love is this?
It feel good I can finally pay my mother rent
She the only one that could tell you where that first hundred went
Still putting on for the niggas I had to struggle with
Same niggas I cop 50 bubbles and hustle with

All I ever wanted was a Benz
Took a chunk to the lot like give me this
Then I turned around and did the yucky to my wrist
Thumbing thru a quarter M, bitch I been on my shit
(On my shit yeah)
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My lifestyle mani how could you blame me baby
Holding conversations with God like "could you save me maybe?"
Grew up on 380s we been playing with lately
I'm in the field like free safety but free the gang
It's Oak Park on bloods my niggas bleed the same
Got a text message from mama that say "you need to change"
Bought the whole thing for my youngin and told him "keep the change"
Facials get rearranged when the yicki bang
But I care for the clicka or suffa feed the gang
Peep the slang, the "ism" is on some other shit
You gotta bounce out with the yicki Fuck all that tuckin' shit
And it's okay to love the bitch Baby run it in
Santa Rosa, 7 days, rubber band another 10
100 band another 100 band fuck you mean nigga
Gangstas at the table with silverware finna eat, nigga

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