

(Yeah)

Where I'm from, they shootin' shit up odee
Probably 'cause we ain't got no OGs
Don't start judgin' if you don't know me
Had a bad relationship with codeine (Lean)
Dripping every day, I'm so fresh, so clean
Quality stones, VVS on me (Ice)
You fucking with a G, I love to take E (Yeah, yeah)
Got like forty racks stuffed inside of my jeans
It don't cost jack, get you whacked for free
I don't eat steak, but I'm ready for beef
Told you that I quit, but I still pop beans (Pop beans)
Grindin' at night 'til I crack my teeth (Yeah)
Brought the poles, gotta keep two at least
Half a brick gone, three, four for a piece
My brother hit a lick for five, six keys
Now he got the same AP as me (Yeah)

My brother got the same AP as me
I'm smoking Biscotti, I don't smoke OG
I bought your bitch a Masi' for seventy G's
I told her come and ride it for a little Celine
I pull out that convertible just for the breeze
I let my lil' nephew hold an SRT
We pullin' up on Elliot for real VVs
Made a million off of streaming, I was sellin' CDs
I call her my lil' freak and she get it off me
She give a nigga head while I'm playin' in her weave
I got too many vibes, I brought sand to the beach
Me and NAV gettin' high when we on a shoppin' spree
Double cup, styrofoam, fill it with codeine
I need it every day, and don't tell me I'm a fiend
You can really feel it when you chewin' on a bean
I been out my mind, fuckin' bitches by the threes
Speedin' in the Benz and the tank on E
You gotta go and get it, don't nothin' come free
I'm standin' rock solid, bitin' harder than teeth
Wear Rick Owens denim with the Chrome Heart tees
We some big dawgs and way out of your league
I spend it in the mall, twenty thousand on jeans
Me and Wheezy Wave havin' codeine dreams
Nigga play with me, he'll spray at your tee

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LV pants got a permanent crease
You ain't got nothin' on I ain't seen
Runnin' out of time, I increased my speed
Yeah, it feel good, but I'm watchin' for the team
Different designers wrapped 'round my feet
Rocking Dior with flowers and bees
You was talkin' shit, now your ass gettin' beat
Kick you in the face with an Off-White cleat
I was splitting tickets on the TTC
You know I stay with S-L-I-M-E's
My whole city beefin', mad cow disease
Play with us, you must wanna D-I-E
Lately, all these rappers all C-A-P
When I'm off the Addys, I don't E-A-T
It's hard getting S-L-E-E-P
Prayin' bros get F-R-E-E (Yeah)

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