

Shout outs to all my crop circles niggas, ennih  
Hit me up, you know how it is, we trade flavors and shit

I got rich off the corner selling haze  
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Used to be broke but that was just a phase  
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Them niggas ain't getting money that's why they reminiscing  
Me and Pebs on the M Way doin hella missions  
I know I charted fam I should be on the television  
Jazzy told me stop trappin' but I never listen  
I ain't hard to find I'm always on the block  
No iPhones when we walk into my spot  
20 something lights, can't afford for this to flop  
Wish don't compare the market they'd insurance on the crop  
If you see my crop house you'd be amazed  
Walkin' through my crops like walkin' through a maze  
And I just booked some flights for the whole team  
Wakin up to head I feel like Mo Green  
So I ain't shottin' white or brown  
The Ice City got Gelato by the pound  
I'm used to re-upping in Amsterdam  
Now these packs come from San Fran

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My pinkie ring weighs three ounce of gold  
Flawless diamonds in my mouth I'm cookin down to foke  
Imma arrogant prick nigga now you know  
I shoot you in your face then I walk around the smoke  
She said she can't feel her face sniffin down my coke  
She said she wants a couple gram to move down her nose  
Real plastic bitch, fake titties, round and cold  
When I'm drivin in my whip she got me down her throat  
Nobody tells me nuttin cause I'm that official nor I'm selling crack cocaine  
and I'm slappin missiles  
When I pull up in the Benz niggas know its me  
Crime scene in my hands cause everybody knows we G's  
RIP the dash brands yeah they know its beef  
Better plan the funerals, prayer beads and rosaries  
Lock me up but they know they couldn't hold the G  
Bust up, soon as I touchdown I own these streets

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