Full time on the road Make time for your folks Choke time do the most This year when I cross Did that for the bros One time for the coast Light one nigga, smoke Shoot guns, never choke Full time on the road Make time for your folks Choke time do the most This year when I cross Did that for the bros One time for the coast Light one nigga, smoke Shoot guns, never choke

Moved up on the rope Tell me who came up like the loc? Blacc Sam on parole Turned that to the store Turned that to a brand Did that for the fam Cruised up to the club New Chucks on the girl We built to last, don't break a beam Nobody put us here but still we made it here Me and my lady friend in my Mercedes Benz We live a type of life you couldn't make pretend Need a safe and then I'm in the bank again You know I play to win I want some paper thin Into a spacious crib Ain't gotta make my bed I'm eating steak and eggs And orchestrating biz'

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Got laced by niggas that rock four finger rings
And had leather on the back of they Guess jeans the 80's
Made a nigga crazy and hazily
I was no longer a baby
Soon as I got in that Mercedes they had to pay me
Makin' hoes tap out like a Gracie
Young gang banger turned jumbo
Ridin' in somethin' that ain't humble
Blowin' on somethin' that's from Humbo
Like bump a nigga that's cookin' up gumbo

Whoop wanna park so I been on
Decorated from missions I went on
Mention this nigga long I been on
You done hit our survival syndrome
Hear my story you thought a nigga on been gone
On the news countless times the shit wrong
But real niggas always end up in the end-zone
Did the most, ended up in the Enzo
Pop a nigga on the coast where my mens blow
And plot on ways for us to get more
And plot on ways for us to get more
And plot on ways for us to get more
And plot on ways for us to get more
I said plot on ways for us to get more

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