

Know my nigga Wop prolly spinnin' right now
Know niggas that envy me, around me smiling
I ran up them M's and I didn't think about college
Ice cubes on me shining, nothing easy 'bout it
Every day I'm missing Slim, ain't nothing easy 'bout it
It can go either way, I'm safe long as these stick around me
Aye, please don't say what I won't do, I'll jump off a mountain
Ain't talking caffeine, I'll throw away these rap dreams

Aye, I'm talking to the devil, blowing Angel Dust
We gave them boys the mark, how the fuck them niggas trade on us
They speak on Fred name, how the fuck I'm supposed to leave the streets
Nigga I'm a track killer, that's why I fuck with Murda Beatz
Niggas turned to opps, the same ones used to look up to me
Investing in some houses, cause this rap shit lame as fuck to me
Know you heard 'bout Chris, so nah, nigga, I won't tuck this heat
She don't even know my songs, but say she loving me
Can someone tell me if I'm wrong, dirty cups and dirty heat
Someone gotta see the grave, that's just how thuggin' be
I'm in this booth, I never lie, True right on side of me
I know my momma proud of me, I'm tryna shake Promethazine

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Like Josh Allen, wanted Bills since I was 17
Streets want this album, they tryna bump this shit like acne cream
Ballin' like Zach, I see them haters tryna intervene
Spin, I do donuts in that Lambo like it's Krispy Kreme
Shooters don't tax, he just get whacked cause this ain't Uncle Sam
I pull up, shoot it, then I leave it like I'm Krispy Kam
They aiming drums at his head, cause they don't give a damn
With these damn drums, yeah, all these damn drums
With these damn drums, yeah, all these damn drums
With these damn drums, yeah, all these damn drums
I got voices in my head, like some dandruff
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