

Yeah (Ayy, ayy, ayy)  
(Tezzer, T-Tezzer)  
(Ayy, ayy, ayy, yeah, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy)  
Yeah, we got beans (Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy)  
Yeah, ayy, ayy

You ain't never had the feds investigate you ('Gate you)  
You ain't never had the bad hoes wanna date you (Date you)  
You a bad bitch, daddy gotta spank you (I'ma spank you)  
My nigga fresh out the pen, he might shank you  
Extendo, I don't rock with no stock clips (Grirt)  
If you chillin' with the opps, you gettin' shot with (Ayy)  
Bad hoes love a nigga out in Stockton  
They let my shorty in the party with a Glock 10  
Poppin', yeah, bitch, I'm so poppin' (Baow)  
I got pounds, I got keys, is you shoppin'?  
I sip lean, not no green, ain't no Watson  
I'ma fuck your life up 'cause I'm toxic (Ayy)  
Want her, fuck her, hit her, duck her (Ayy)  
Catch up, lil' nigga, with mustard (Skrirt, skrirt)  
What up, bitch? Geesy fuckin' up the summer (Woah)  
Sad hoes lookin' like what a bummer  
She wanna suck my dick 'cause I'm funner  
Niggas lame, all he wanna do is love her  
Buster, we be fuckin' under covers (Under covers)  
But we ain't never fuck with an undercover  
Feds watchin', lil' nigga, yeah, the feds listenin'  
I just popped a Perc' 20, now my head spinnin' (Woah)  
You ain't never touched no money, you ain't breadwinnin' (No)  
I don't even wanna fuck, I'm just head gettin', ayy

What up, my nigga Geesy? (Yee)

Okay, it's money on the line  
Yeah, I'm slidin' in that Spyder when I'm thuggin' with my slime (Skrr)  
Too short, baby, one convo at the time  
I'm the G-lock, baby, but he runnin' with the nine (Grrah)  
Don't touch me, squeezin', people bleedin' (Uh)  
You got issues, I got reasons (Uh)  
Hundred up front, you could take it, leave it (Cash)  
You say I'm lucky, then bitch, Van Cleef it (Van Cleef it)  
He make money off the glitch in the Tre lines (Frirt)  
He wanna bang on me and throw up gang signs  
Gangsta  
Rich bitch behavior  
You wanna fuck on me, come be a savior (Yeah)  
Don't ask me 'bout my chain, I wouldn't do that (I wouldn't do that)  
My lil' daddy, he'll shoot you out your durag (Grrah)  
How he sorry when he wouldn't buy a new bag?  
Got a richer nigga, I can make my boo mad, yee