

(Abdul got them keys)
(JC ona beat, yeah, banger)
Look

Standing at the top of the building I'm feeling godly
From the bottom ain't gotta show you no proof we had it the hardest
In the future I know life gon be good, but we totin drakes
It ain't no more room up in my clique I'm outta space
Yuh yuh yuh, yuh

Say don't pull up on his block for nothin
We serving rock and choppa clutchin
I'm popping something, I ain't got this Glock for nothing, yeah yeah
Go back to robbing if I'm outta money, yeah yeah
Was stuck in the rain, they thought it'd never be sunny, yeah yeah

Was stuck in the rain, gotta get it
Switching them lanes, windows tinted
Niggas lyin on my name, I ain't trippin
I pull up with the flame and clear the business

I pull up with that gang, taking bitches
Feeling good, I give a nigga hoe back
He talking bout smoke, he don't want that
Bitch, lil Peezy wanna whole pack

I'm talking Newports, of course, niggas wanna hate on me
Not the old one this a new Porsche, you can't afford to play with Peezy
And bitch stop, grinding my dick with yo fucking teeth
I'm feeling like a God, whip out that rod and she suck me to sleep

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I ain't got no money, that shit that'll never be funny
Hit it from the back, gotta ask her why she running
Slap that ass so fat, better tell me when you cumming

Stuck in the mind of a hustler
You ain't got no weight, better get yo muscle up
Big 45 I ain't gon knuckle up
Drop that bag and watch it double up, yeah

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