What the fuck, aye hold up
You ain't from where I'm from
Where I'm from Ink is blood
Run your mouth and then you done
You should practice what you preach
I could crush you with my thumb
I'm the prince, I'm a king
I don't need them fuckin guns
All I need is fuckin work
All I know is go berzerk
All we know is fuckin hurt
That's why you can't fuck with us

What the fuck
Aye hold up
What the fuck
Aye what the fuck
Aye hold up
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What the fuck
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What the fuck
Aye hold up
Aye what the fuck
Aye hold up
Aye what the fuck
Aye hold up
Aye
You can't fuck with us

What the fuck

Aye hold up
Aye
You can't fuck with us
What the fuck
Aye hold up
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You can't fuck with us
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What the fuck What the fuck