

Follow my footsteps, used to ante up for a nickel sack  
From Vange Hill to Moon, you touch me, I got to get you back  
Roll on the stolen V's with he-ho chase you  
Cop a six more time, and 3 years probation  
We be offender, bender, no retreat, no surrender  
I'm the number one contender  
I got a new game plan, strictly sportin name brand  
Layin in the pound hunted, footin through your town blunted  
On some shit that get you burnt throats  
Amputated all the turn coats, and get cremated  
Never been B-rated, my 5 plated, is how I get fights  
I have your family driving in the daytime wit they head lights

I'm daily thinkin of a life gleamin  
That life we in, how to obtain, and what's the meanin  
The fact that cash rules, these last days  
We the last crews, my present wars and my past rules  
True soldier, no matter the goal  
We gettin closer, for bitch ass niggas, it's just about over  
I'm in it for the long haul, this goes out  
To all my true livin dogs and my SOHO

Don't talk about it, make it happ'  
Don't fake it chap  
The hennecy act, got you light gat  
You wanna block, try to hold nine  
Son you livin on my time, don't try to Overshine  
Play your p, play your position  
I stay with G, stay on a mission  
Precisely, good, wit game, I'm nicely  
Shifftee son, still shiesty  
You in your eight fifty, ridin shotgun  
If you can count your money, you ain't got none  
And bitches beat they game tight  
Baby, get the name right, see G. comin, like a train light  
And niggas be don pretending  
But I'm armed and bendin, so they can get the John Lennon  
Hundred dollar gator players  
Silk shirts and champagne, don't know a thing about the damn game

My artistic creation, or decoration will set the nation  
With AlphaStation of lyric lacin, for all occasions  
Engagements and events, for big dollars and cents  
Makin niggas past tense, it's consequence  
All I see around me, makes up the place  
But if you don't hold down your space, you quickly get erased  
Don't waste, a thought, thinkin  
I ain't gon' be bringin the guns that grants hole  
To my body, dead and stinkin  
Watch as I back draft, on the last glass, and trap crash  
Catch the hash blast, when I puff the black wrath  
Learn the tricks of the trade, to be self made  
Those who slept, stay where they started and got played