

Streets fucked up 'bout 10 right now
Man there ain't no rules
Everybody want to be cool
Everybody got somethin' to prove
Everybody got them a tool
Everybody think shit a game
Bullets ain't got no name and niggas ain't got no aim

Man the game, nothing changed
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I wish I grew up in '88
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I need a coupe back from '88
What I spent on my muler was 88
Robbed a nigga, he was 88
Man I had to do it to keep the baby straight
Dog food, I had to get the stack
.40 Glock and it was nickel plate
I keep it on me 'cause these niggas hatin'
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I can turn a nigga to a gun man
Or dab with the draco, shoot one hand
Could've caught a body but the gun jammed
Bullets flyin' through the runnin' man
Rollie watch give 'em sun tan
Dope money in the rubber band
All black like a Uber guy
Shooters hoppin' out the Uber van
I'm a gangster and we all gang-gang for them dead niggas
Bagging 88, free them niggas at the fed nigga
I love my pops, he [?] 10 [?] and he ain't shared nigga
I'm gettin' higher with the guys, fuck your dead niggas

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This MAC-11 hold 88
All these rap niggas featherweight

He say he want beef, get a whole plate
The bullets hit you and they penetrate
Got a schedule just for making cake
And I'm always on time, I'm never late
Remember praying for them for them better days
But now we just ball like everyday
If you tryna book me then pick a date
She got a nice ass, I love her face
We pull on a Opp and it's candles out
You would think it was his birthday
My Cinderella is a mermaid
Brought her glass slippers for her birthday
Them hollows leave him with a burst face
And don't fuck with me in the first place
Benjamin Franklin blue face
Jimmy Choo that's what my shoes say
Don't give a fuck about what you say
I'm kickin' the pussy like [?]
My car go zoom zoom zoom
Panamera it's a coupe day
She a broke bitch with a cute face
So I [?] on her mouth like a toothpaste

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