

(12Hunna on the beat)  
(Goddamn, BJ with another one), uh

We do some expensive stuntin', uh  
I got this drip from London, uh  
You'd think he play in the post from the way that he come off the hip or somethin', uh  
Empty a clip or somethin'  
FN make him trip from runnin'  
I'm speeding, my engine hummin'  
We ain't totin' these blicks for nothin'  
Come through and slam on a nigga like Drummond  
I'm with the cappers, you know how we bomin'  
Not from Atlanta, I'm talking 'bout losing your top, I done seen all them demons get summoned  
Come from the bottom, so I gotta reach to the top, now I need sixty-five for a frontend  
Now that Louis bag filled up with hundreds  
I was so broke, man, that shit was disgusting

Like, boom  
We make it hot like it's June  
Turn his white tee to maroon  
We put him up like a hot-air balloon  
Now they claimin' he left too soon  
Like move  
Bitch, you ain't leaving with me, I don't know why that's what you assume  
Like cool  
Deep in that struggle for real, I ain't never had no silver spoon

Runnin' the city, might need me a statue or somethin'  
Like watch out for Cap, 'cause he coming  
We with the shits and a tool what I pack like I'm plumbin'  
Send a hit just from tappin' a button  
They wanna know why a young nigga flexing so hard  
How he run up that sack all the sudden?  
I'm off a pill, I won't cut her no slack when we fuckin'  
Put dick in the back of her stomach  
Now, go, rounds blow  
Man down, woah  
Blow out his mind, gross  
Uh, and them hitters come out at the nighttime  
They pop out the cut at the right time  
Them shells jumpin' out of that pipe flyin'  
End of the tunnel, he gon' see that light shine

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