I can be the one they hate I don't got time to be liked I'm that down south 5'5 Florida boy still rolling the dice bett er pay yo dues better stay low key bitch don't mind me ain't go ing back put it on me Ima live lavishly

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Welcome to the south side where them cute hoes do you dirty in my city we don't fist bump we dap up and get to swervin in that '06 vogue money on overload momma we never going back to pover ty fuck that hoes on the floor like a rug rat crawling at my fe et rappers been mumbling talking about nothing they got the kid s stumbling off the xannies now killin themselves so slowly and I feel like mick folely when I'm in your bitch raw can't hold me back I'm feeling myself still rocking a shoelace for a belt only thing changing is my lanes and payments rates I raise the stakes I raise these rappers from the grave so put some respect on my name my flame is reigning with no label momma said get t hat bread and lay low while you sippin on yo faygo 45 blow off yo halo

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