

Dead Man Walking

Quality Control

Buddha bless this beat
Bitch

Where my motherfucking stack
Why them 20's in the front?
Why them 100's in the back?
Bring it back for some cash
I'm a self made product, bitch I look like a bag, yeah fuck
Know you, now I mean it
I'ma put a bitch on Front Street if you don't believe it
Ask your motherfucking, friends I'ma do it
I'm that nigga with the, AK, I'ma shoot it
Like a, bitches who in love like a cupid
If a nigga cross me up, on my mother, boy he stupid

Dead man, walking
Drop tape posin', Grand Ave' skrtin'
Bad bitch, big booty, and she twerkin'
Ain't no flockin', I'm in Stockholm, why you stalking

Twerkin' off a sidekick, like I'm Robin
Dick have a morning 'til the neighbors come a knockin'
Only time a nigga sweat when a nigga joggin'
I can't take advice from someone who gotta clock in
That's a Fenti, got two Bentleys, white and green
One Ferrari, all red like Supreme
Your bitch, I made love in front the team
Try to cross me out, do you know what that mean

You a dead man, walking
Drop tape posin', Grand Ave' skrtin'
Bad bitch, big booty, and she twerkin'
Ain't no flockin', I'm in Stockholm, why you stalking