Ha (Ha, ha)

They got me fucked up if they thinking I ain't gon' rock out (Rock ou t, rock out)

(Damn, Jam, this shit a vibe)

They got me fucked up if they thinking I ain't gon' rock out like I'm pussy

Go call the cops, we draw the chalk, switch on the Glock, hit like a fully

Holding thirty shots, straight with my rod

Wait 'til it's dark, jump out the bushes

We screaming, "Fuck a nine to five," I'm on the block gripping a tool ie

All out the roof, that stick go boom, bam, rundown, chopper, make the gun sound

I know they hate I live a gangster lifestyle

Can't go nowhere without that banger 'cause my life wild

Nigga ran up on me then we sprayed him, I'm talking lights out

We do the dash in that Durango

Jumped out with that pipe out

So tell 'em pipe down

My grandma told me that I'm close to my casket, that's why I keep a r atchet

Thirty clip on me with that stick in the backseat

Let's see who 'bout that action

Switch on that MAC, yeah we gon' up it and blast it, this bitch a aut omatic

I had to cut off my lil' bitch for treating me like I'm average $\mbox{\tt Jump}$ out that tree gripping that stick and let that fuck nigga have i t

Load up them Glocks, walk down the street, we gon' do this shit here forever

Extension stock, G23, I'm tryna knock off a rapper

I'm on my block, boy, come and creep, I don't think you want no real static

I don't give a fuck 'bout who got beat, it's 'bout who got turned to ashes

We steady passin' out stretchers, tats on my back, Famous Dexter I'm from the bottom of the 'jects, we bang 6-0 in my section

Girl, you ain't more than my best friend, I only trust in that Wesson We hit the A, I-95 then bought some Glocks out the West End

.223 and 5.56, I bet it cave that boy chest in

Realest shit I heard from my lil' partner is like load up and let's s pin

They got me fucked up if they thinking I ain't gon' rock out like I'm pussy

Go call the cops, we draw the chalk, switch on the Glock, hit like a fully

Holding thirty shots, straight with my rod Wait 'til it's dark, jump out the bushes

We screaming, "Fuck a nine to five," I'm on the block gripping a tool ie

All out the roof, that stick go boom, bam, rundown, chopper, make the gun sound

I know they hate I live a gangster lifestyle
Can't go nowhere without that banger 'cause my life wild
Nigga ran up on me then we sprayed him, I'm talking lights out
We do the dash in that Durango
Jumped out with that pipe out
So tell 'em pipe down (Pipe down)