

Murder you (Check your 30)  
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Bring the head, leave the body

So much bread in a nigga's shoebox  
I might dead you and sleep in new lots  
I drop a bag on one of you crab-ass nigga's so fast  
I send two boxes out  
Yeah, bring the head, leave the body  
Leave his trainers in a nigga lobby  
Take the fake chains off, send it to his colleagues  
Laugh in his shit, pissin up crystal molly's  
I rep drug dealers, hug killers  
I ran with most of them  
Half is in the ocean, nigga  
So much gear, go get Oprah, nigga  
So what my bitch a Oprah nigga, yo  
Yeah, what color ice is all green, karma  
Magazines stacked, black bomber  
Been all through the world gettin' homage  
Diss mines'? We gon' have a big problem

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If you wanna hit me, you couldn't  
Bullet range, door wooden  
Hop out, y'all nigga's is pudding  
Why try to leave, the federation  
This is all legislation  
Will kill you right in front of your seed  
Catch me in the trips  
Over the stove, giving you tips  
I'm fresh outta court, nigga, you hit  
Four's on my wrist, it's business  
Keeping em close  
Like folding ya arms  
Don't go against this  
The worldwide brawlers, the legends of sevens  
Yo, them the real shot callers  
Who stay in the home always  
Ballin' at 4 in the mornin'  
Yo we all in, teach you how to score kin  
My killers, all of us we all winning  
Fresh designer shit, snatchin' papes  
We on different scales, different weights  
You just monkey nigga's, meet the apes  
Strictly business, gorillas in 50 states

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