

12 in the morning
Pop shells for a living
And berry gon' smell blood trail every minute
Rogue wave on you niggas no fail when I hit 'em
Everytime I see a pig, I don't hesitate to kill 'em
Ain't nobody give a fuck about a rule
Either get diplomas or a tool
I'mma cool with my youngins
No bool when I'm sprayin'
This K at you fuckas
Fuck a gang affiliated with nothing but my name

Man I don't give a fuck about a mothafuckin' po
I'mma pull up with that stick and hit yo motherfuckin' door
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People be starving
And people be killing for food
With that crack and that spoon
But these rich mothafuckas they stay eatin' good
Droppin' wage livin' good
Holdin' steel Glocks but you been a bitch suck a thick cock
Fuck a Crip walk hit the strip like in Bangkok
Never ever see me ever trip bout a lil broad
See me on the TV screamin' "bitch you a damn fraud"
And you don't wanna fuck with a chigga like me
When I pull up in that Maserati, better duck fore ya brain
Splatter on the concrete, I'mma hit you with that 45
Bullet hit yo neck 'round the bow tie, lookin' like a thriller
Film bitch I'mma go right back with the clip in I know
You be shakin' don't test me or I might just click at yo noggin

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