

Eight seconds left on the shot clock, I'ma score
Don't worry 'bout how much Wock' I got, I'ma pour
We was talkin' 'bout Act', you a half a line, I'm a four
That's a bullet hole in your brother face, ho, that's not a sore
Niggas talkin' 'bout a lot of bullshit that's not important
On some bullshit, what I just spent on drank, could've bought a foreign
State to state with the OJs, we call that tourin'
Old-school A.L. Pharma in, we call that orange
Bitch, I'm a one-of-one Chanel shoe, you an Air Jordan
Hutch and Gary did all my ice, you wearin' Jordan
Had to tell Mike strap it up, he a fan fucker
Big sack of rocks by my nuts, I'm a gram tucker
I been pourin' drank all day, then shot the K, my hand sore
Niggas ain't my niggas, just my son, my friend four
I got some white dope, but they want the tan more
Cold as hell cookin' dope, I need a hand warmer
That other car want a hundred racks, the Lam' a quarter
Get your ass beat by Da Yung OG with a fan recording
When you walk into my living room, all you smell is Morton
Got a bad Westside bitch, I met her at L. George's
I just found a new spot, finna take a thousand pills to Florida
Can't get no work from my Cuban friend 'cause he got deported
Ten mil' so loud, when I blow it, it sound distorted
Zombie Files, me and Lou drank a pint, it was not recorded
Yeah, I had four hoes knocked up, but they got abortions
Send my lil' dogs to put the play down, I'ma get a portion
I just made some shit off the Greyhound to go buy a Porsche
I always keep it real with KeKe, but I lie to Porcia
Woke up and drunk a whole pint, I died this morning
If you see me with some Mikes on, you can't find these Jordans
You ain't even have your mic on, mines was recording
Don't give a fuck about my other friends, but Mike important
Wintertime, flew down to Miami, I ain't like the weather
Touched down and it was kinda cool, bought an Off-White sweater
Yeah, I'm gettin' off with the rap, but I get off white better
If I feel you don't know shit 'bout the lean, I might stretch it
I'm so plugged with the drank, when I buy it, I might not check it
Okay, the car I'm in go two hundred, I might not wreck it
Bitch fucked a bum nigga raw, now her whole life infected
I was just fucked up, my license tell it
Yeah, that was an old picture
Fold my socks up 'fore I sleep, I'm an old nigga
Nigga gettin' deeper in the beef, he a hole digger
I only fuck with Gary when I'm buyin' rose, I'm a golddigger
Up the four-five on the stage, now the show canceled
Your baby daddy never shot a K, he a whole dancer
Had the city fucked up, pulled up in an old Phantom
Took off runnin' from the state boys, threw him dope backwards
Nigga, you ain't gotta book my shows, I'm my own manager

Nigga, haha

Ghetto Boyz shit, nigga, know what the fuck goin' on, it's Rio