

(Damjonboi)
What up, Jonboi?
Flint Town shit, nigga
Look

Pull up to a nigga front door like I'm handicapped
Thousand dubs on me, at this point I need a fanny pack
Pull up to the nursing home like, "Where granny at?"
Mike said she give the Percocets in a family pack

Nigga tryna race for ten bands like, "Where my daddy at?"
This Mustang got a thousand some horses, fuck your Scattypack
White boy just knocked my door down like, "Where the Addys at?"
Girly bust it open buttnaked like, "Where your panties at?"

Hit a lick for thirteen thousand and did the cabbage patch
Got some new shit I need tested, where Amanda at?
Unc' was a pimp, in '88, he drove a Cadillac
Straight drop, serve you in your hand, fuck a sandwich bag

Fuck around and shot your whole clique, I'm the camera man
Like a skateboarder, I hit the slab in a pair of vans
High as hell, spent eleven hundred on a pair of pants
Popped a Percocet and hit your bitch from the rear end

Call me for a zip, I pulled up quicker than an ambulance
Mike Amiris stuffed, these bitches look like MC Hammer pants
Rockstars hold the FN, doin' my hammer dance
Ty popped a Xanax, then fired on a random fan
Fuck around and found a new plug, I gotta drive to Texas
Grab a hundred grams and hit it twice, then go and buy a necklace
Me and Rio droppin' back-to-back, call that applyin' pressure
Fuck a statement, niggas hit that room and get to writin' lectures

Doggy want a brick, I got a half, I gotta buy a presser
Told him weigh that shit up in my face, 'cause it might be extra
Nigga want a verse, pay me double and it might be better
I don't sell dope, I sell CDs, come buy a tester

Nigga hit my line for a feature, I need five or better
Unc' cookin' dope, he scraped the pot tryna find the extras
Fuck a nine-to-five, I'm on the block, nigga, from nine to seven
Fuck around, go corporate, I'm just tryna find nice investment

Mike put a quarter in a 'Wood and didn't try to stretch it
He rolled a zip, I'm weak after the fourth one, July 11th
Four days before that, I smoked a half, I think July 7th
Fuck around and smoked a QP within five sessions
Kill you with your gun in your hand, you could die a shooter
Fucked around and dropped him with a MAC, but not a white computer

Goaty drunk a four of Hi-Tech and tried to fight the Uber
Spinned off and hit him six times, that's a nice maneuver
We be usin' opps, tryna find out who the nicest shooter
Bro bought six Glocks, but he still got no rights to use 'em

I just poured a six in one pop, I'ma be high 'til Tuesday

Shot him in his chest with the K and left his white tee gooey
My main fiend ninety years old, he gon' die a user
Bought some joggin' pants, plain as hell, but they might be Gucci

Hit the scene dropped two hundred shots like a Spike Lee movie
Bro said I be goin' overboard, he don't like me shootin' it