

(Enrgy made this)

I just stabbed a nigga up with a kitchen knife  
I need a whole bag to get me back at sixty-nine  
Swank called with a four of Wock', he want sixty-five  
Bitch asked me what I want to eat, I said shrimp and fries  
I need my shit fried hard  
Finna go swimming in that pussy, fuck a lifeguard  
Seen the stage, but didn't break a sweat, I got on Right Guard  
I'm just tryna overcome the struggle, bitch, my life hard

Fucked the bitch and fell asleep quick, I guess she put it on me  
Robbed a couple niggas last year, they still lookin' for me  
Told the plug I wanna sell bud, he put some Cookie on me  
I'm fucked up, he gave me two, then I took one from him  
I don't wanna buy the Wocky pint unless the booklet on it  
Bought a real knife in the county, gave him a cook-up for it  
Tuck my shirt in when I do fraud, tryna look important  
Two ounces of Act' in the cream look like a bunch of mortar

Bought a Glock 40 from a deaf for a zip of soft  
Shot a thousand rounds out the Drac', the wood wiggled off  
Rio fuck with St. Bernard, but this some different dog  
Unc' let the birds fly away, boy, that's pigeon talk  
I can't buy that pint from you if the seal been off  
Hit the brick like six times, damn near killed the dog  
Burnin' tires in the Hellcat, the rubber peeling off  
You need a split, well, here's a number you can call

New skeletized AR pistol weigh eleven pounds  
Extended clip on the 50 cal' hold eleven rounds  
I was fuckin' six hoes a day, I had to settle down  
Man, this beat hittin' hard as fuck, cut the treble down  
I ain't got the AB10 no more, but it's some Tech around  
Right now all the hoes I got bleedin', but it's some neck around  
Used to ho niggas sippin' green, but I respect 'em now  
Too much lubricant on my Glock, it won't eject the round

Cause caught a body on the slab, he in Texas now  
Dumb and Dumb3r went so fuckin' hard, they took "R3kless" down  
Put my all in a fake brick and it let me down  
I ain't like jewelry at first, I want a necklace now  
I don't want that Wraith truck, I want a Tesla now  
Standard magazine don't hold enough, I need several rounds  
Dawg said he got some 'bows for what? Nigga, settle down  
Hit my wax pen on the plane, shit very loud

I know a nigga with a brick, but won't sell an ounce  
If you owe me somethin' and you broke, nigga, sell your house  
Sold a nigga twenty-nine grams and took the extras out  
If that shit don't jump back, you gotta melt it down  
Mike was drinking Quali', I had red and wouldn't sell a ounce  
Then this nigga found some Actavis, I'm jealous now  
He ain't put no oil in his Scat', he need headers now  
Ten bands in twenties in my jeans, had to wrestle it out