

(I got so much energy)
Okay
Come on
OTF, nigga
Hey

Lately, I've been feeling all the hate, what should I do with niggas?
Feel my fingers touch the pape', ain't shit to prove to niggas
I'm big dog, who let you off the leash? You a poodle, nigga
No CCW, don't need a class, just a shooter nigga
Pine-Sol, if it's on the floor, then come move it, nigga
Slime ball, I'll call lil' bro to come goo a nigga
Time, dog, if he move to slow, I'm in suit the nigga
Told you how I'm really out my top, I'm a ruthless nigga
I'm too busy chasing Ws, I can't chase you, bitch
But don't forget that I'm the nigga that made you, bitch
Told my opp, "You a broke pussy, I slayed you, bitch"

Damn, hold on, hold on, hold on
That's what you told the nigga?
Yeah, come on, bro, just kick this bitch back up

Ho, I can't pop the hood to get the Glock, I'll shake you, bitch
Or slam your pussy ass on the ground, I'll pave you, bitch
You don't know gymnastics with this K, but I'll make you flip
This purple that I got from so and so, it'll make you shit (Ugh)
Honestly, you too honest for me, who made you snitch?

Who? Alright, yeah
Watch this

I wonder if they get the message, I ain't going broke
Ran up damn near three hundred racks at that corner store
You could catch me in the hood where you wouldn't wanna go
Or down south, I asked them niggas what they get the oranges for
Oh, y'all paying eighty-what? I'm finna send a load
Matter fact, I'm shooting off right now, bitch, where you finna go?
After twelve, ain't no catching sales, bitch, the kitchen closed
Thirty shells will wet him like a whale, they going fishing for him
Throw the nigga in the lake, we treat him like bait
High as fuck, thought I was finna nut, I peed in her face
Casket open, hit him in the chest, I let him keep his face
Made sixty racks in six hours, I'm going to sleep at eight
Treat his head like a pint of red, we finna bust it open
I know you ain't finna snatch my chain, you see me clutching, don't you?
.40 bullets like a pedophile, they keep touching on you
How the fuck it's beef if we ain't never dropped a hundred on you?
Some Northside niggas looking for me, I'm at Alger's place
My pockets stuffed with blue huns, you got all the space
Me and Diesel going eight for eight, we got all the drank
Drop two hundred shots in the crowd and make you crawl away

Ghetto Boyz shit, man
Know what the fuck going on