

(It's a Wayne beat)
No cap in my rap, nigga
When I rap, nigga
I'm so fucked up, I'll probably be strapped with-
I'll probably still fuck, alright
I might pull up with a strap on me

Twenty thousand dollars and some Act' on me
And I don't smoke weed, I got a Black on me
I really wanna prove a point, I wanna smack somethin'
Half a M, I got a knick-knack on me
Two sticks and a Glock, I got a Kit Kat on me
You wanna go out to eat with Bud? That's my fat cousin
And he funnier than a bitch, but he'll smack for me
And this was way before I even had money
Yeah, she pretty in the face, but got a bad structure
We just walked in Blue Flame, leave the tab open
Every time I see a mall, I gotta grab somethin'
But I'm only Louis, Gucci, Balenciaga, I never had nothin'
Thirty ain't work, who got a lower tab for me?
I been movin' all day like a cab service
Nigga stole the zip, we put a slab on him
But it ain't really 'bout the pape', I never had nothin'
You gotta hit me with that face 'cause why you got a pad on you?
Like, why you pull up knowin' damn well your ass bloody?
Hit a stripper Sunday night, caught crabs Monday

I gotta stop that shit, man, like, that shit really don't be cool

I'm out in L.A., who got a bag for me?
You ain't really rich for real if your stash money
Who got another crib? I'm tryna grab somethin'
That bitch ass look real, that's why I grabbed on it
But her feet was kind of big, so I passed on her
Told you 'bout shootin' with Sosa, he'll pass on you
I know some niggas in the feds been sittin' so long they ass hurt
I know a doctor who'll write a Kia script, bro, this cash purple
Just know I'm BP if I upload a turtle shell
He drunk so much green, they done sent him to a turtle jail
Hustle, I just made a hamburger sale
Your baby daddy should've did that, he the burger man
Most niggas can't even write in cursive well
He done signed the contact, this nigga dumb as hell
Pull up to the trenches, ask 'em, "Who got a gun for sale?"
I did forty-four months 'cause I ain't wanna tell
His lil' ass couldn't even do a month in jail
Who got some real weed? This got another smell
I'm tired of people askin' why my cousin tell
I hope that nigga go to jail and don't get nothin' in his mail
Bitch, I'm legit, I don't run from 12
In my TRX, not a striker, I paid one-twelve
KB beat the nigga ass, then his gun fell
Mike picked it up, dropped a dozen shells
I got confidence, I'll punch at will
They'll give you a half of million, all blues, that's why I fuck with Will
I bought my cars from the dealership, I don't fuck with Sam
Like, how y'all give me forty-four months for a couple grams?