

(CJ, this beat so cold)
(Ayo, Peris)
(Larry makin' all the hits)
Let's get it

Grimy with gorillas, I'm slidin' 'round with the millas
My chopper, it came from Russia, my Cartier came from Peter
132 Streeter shootin' at your group leader
Two-seater, DA label me whoop leader (Yes, sir)
I'm juiced, baby
Grew my hair out and took off the roof, baby
They said we fell out, nah, we just regrouped, baby
This FN knock out your wisdom for the tooth lady
I mean the Tooth Fairy
Your whole crew scary
Pull up Ghost, got 'em spooked down
Had to take my jewelry off, the shit was too loud
Prayin' for them babies that got hit up with them loose rounds
Pull up with the Drac' and shit flamin' like a luau
Ooh, keep cool, play it bool
Couple groupies in the heat pool
Call up the chef to cook the food, that's what we do
4 AM, four bitches left, finna eat and chew
Make a move (Gangsta)

Shit look different from the 'Gram up in real life
She just took half a pill, what it feel like?
She a slutty-ass bitch, but it's still tight
She just got her body done, she can't sit on flights
When you outside, gotta pay a lil' more
When you want it how you want it, gotta pay a lil' more
Bitch, get to the point, I ain't playin' no more
Shit is gettin' to the point I ain't gon' say it no more

Yeah, put some respect on my name
I ain't gon' downplay it, lot of niggas upset in the game
Bitch, these thousand-dollar slippers, we ain't steppin' the same
I feel the power with this pistol, I been preppin' my aim
Okay, she slept on a nigga, hmm, I'm wakin' up under these thousand-dollar sheets
I can't account for what they make, I get deposits in my sleep
You know we came a long way, my Gucci rep is proud of me
I'll never let 'em father me, bitch, my daddy gone
I pay my mama bills now, I'm like her favorite-born
I'm keepin' pressure on, I'm saucy with the apron on
They talkin', but they ain't perform
Don't charge me if you takin' long, bitch
I break on 'em with broke wrists
I can't fake my focus
JPays and phone lists
They say we celebratin' my wins, I'm bringin' my whole clique
She said she wanted closure, I dropped that bitch in an open puddle
Then put some titties on her closest cousin, nigga

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(Gangsta Grizzillz)

You know we give her a lil' more
Get to the point, I ain't playin' no more
Turn her into a superwoman
Gettin' to the point I ain't gon' say it no more
RJ, Drama
San Pedro boys up