

You pulled a nine, I pulled an Uzi, nigga I can't run from you
I pour a nine, you pour a two, that's junkie loss, can't fuck with you
Pull up on them thirty-twos, I'm gettin' head but from your boo
Spill my lean on PRP's, lil bitch I wear a thirty-two
Geeked up, rollin' up off them beans, was never into poppin' blues
Fuck nigga sneak up on my team, we pull up bustin' shots at you
Shawty say she fucked lil Rob and sucked me, that's impossible
How this bitch your bitch, she suck my dick but don't give top to you

In the Sprinter van with dirty sticks, count 'em all a dirty bitch
Drivin' off three percocets, Gucci, I rock furs and shit
Hundred bands, we splurgin' shit, these niggas ain't hurt and shit
We pop out with thirty sticks, need that pack cost thirty-six
He want the dope, I won't front it
VVS on me, they jumpin'
I booked a flight out in London
Run through this money like nothin'
Sprinter van with dirty sticks, count 'em all a dirty bitch
Drivin' off three percocets, Gucci, I rock furs and shit

Goddamn Rob, you really vicious
Still sell rock, go ask that nigga
I don't need no fuckin' hitter
Pay myself, go whack that nigga
I say smoke and pop at niggas
Bitch check in my backpack nigga
Heard you talkin' smack back nigga
Pay myself, go whack that nigga
It's shooters on my payroll
They young and dumb and they go
I'm fuckin' up this Play-dough
Jugg-N-Out just like Kato
Free Ketchy and free Sayso
Free Foster and free Fosho
Watch when these niggas come home
Still walk 'round with my gun on

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