

They said get back to my old ways from back in the days
Blue fact want that ratchet like whats crackin'? Aye duece trey
Remember when I was young I saw my first gun when I was eight
When Johnny had no options and we took twelve up on a chase
They ain't even see my face or see my license plates
Thinking bout my chaha we had drama round my way
We had glockys on our corners, we had glockys on our waists
Take them glockys off them corners put them glockys in your face

Took my one bitch out the trenches, bought her ass and bought her titties
My lil hitters getting money I don't gotta buy them glizzys
Bought it out for my jewels and that nigga up a milly
She gon fuck me cuz I'm handsome, she just fuck me cuz I'm witty
They like who that there, that's my new bitch right there with her ass out
220 on this dash and this new Audi bout to mash out
Crashin' in your party if he in there he gon crash out
Free my nigga neechie he still touch he on the max out
Used to sleep with the rats and the roaches
Used to trap with the killers and vultures
When a nigga got locked and did all that time
I didn't do that shit from the culture
I did that shit for squad above
I did that shit for the soldiers
That's the reason I keep taking these drugs
I think my heart getting colder

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