

(What's happenin', Chi Chi?)

This that share each other shoes 'cause we brothers  
This that fall out 'bout no hoes, we don't love 'em  
This that post up with your sack out all day in apartments  
This that shooting dice to cop the Jordans, ayy  
This that alley-hoop a nigga ass and dunk, ayy  
This that poke a nigga ass for the bottom bunk, yeah  
This that trap music, Doe B like the Gump  
How the hell I'ma leave my warriors and I'm smoking the runtz  
Young nigga shit, back on young nigga shit, ayy  
Bitch, won't you come and suck a young nigga dick?  
I put a band on his head, no flute, got a drum on this stick  
I bought my college girl a teacup and my hood bitch a pit  
I put some racks in my mama purse for all the times I stole from her  
I don't know if Sergio my niggas' father, but I swear all my brothers gunners  
Five thousands on her titties, everybody not real  
Hit for one, he was in that car, but everybody got killed  
Everybody pop pills, all my niggas pop seals  
Oh, you gangster? No you not, chill  
Money color Rucci steering wheel  
We recite the alphabet, I'm just being real  
Try to let my food digest but I want every meal  
This that ho, don't use your teeth, you know your dentals fine  
This that pull a sheet back, let his mama identify him  
This that I need two pairs of all-white 1's at Finish Line  
This that Christian Dior I could've bought ten pair of Lebrons Sportscar, Hellcat don  
Shit, there go 12, let's run  
Car came with umbrellas  
Dickriders, all this fame came with a bunch of 'em  
The ho a dime but I still wish I could unfuck her

Goat in human form, yeah  
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Goat in human form  
Goat in human form  
All these niggas 12 without uniforms