

Go crazy, AG

Ran this shit up from a penny, I still remember who around me
I put up over a quarter ticket in the jail machine at the county

I used to rubber band the money by a rack, now I do it by the ten
Don't give 'em time tomorrow, we get the funeral drop, we go and spin
Street curfew, jail time, grindin' 'cause I ain't goin' in
Low car, Ram truck, do it like I'm Jalen Ramsey
Niggas said he robbin', but he ain't take a nigga yet
How the hell you slime when you ain't snake a nigga yet?
Sister hatin' 'cause I'm a rapper, promoters lookin' for me now
The DA got the judge, wanna book a nigga now
That lil' ho had a pudge, she paid to move it to her behind
One of my dawgs, they shot him paralyzed, the three bullets hit his spine
You the type to put some money on a nigga head and call it off
I'm the type to put some money on a nigga head and up the amount

Soon as we fuck, she want a check, but that shit fake, you gotta bounce
Streets know that he got bodies, but you told, so it don't count
Niggas dissin', why they say that I don't say, got it back
Louis V button down, covered the switch 'cause it match
I'm the same lil' nigga from the bricks, free Lil' Pat
In the game, I run with niggas who ain't a blood to get you whacked
I been talkin' to lawyers, tryna get my bros back
He was solid 'til he told, then a nigga told back
Bodies droppin' back and forth just like ping-pong
Lil' bro got shot, he out spinnin' with a sling on
[?], who you famous
Back against the ropes, don't trip out how I'm around Devin Haney
You fuckin' everybody, ain't it
Why the hell you unfaithful? She ain't even got shit
How the hell you ungrateful? Made his sister call the locksmith
I thought we was locked in, bring you on the road to riches
I left 'cause she ain't hop in
We the type to start stories, you the type to pay the fine
Fuck I look like buying a ho a AP, that's a waste of time
Two weeks out, I done drunk like five pints, and that's like eighty lines
Two weeks out, and it's crazy Zero rung the cellphone like eighty times

Free the boys

I used to rubber band the money by a rack, now I do it by the ten
Don't give 'em time tomorrow, we get the funeral drop, we go and spin
Street curfew, jail time, grindin' 'cause I ain't goin' in
Low car, Ram truck, do it like I'm Jalen Ramsey
Niggas said he robbin', but he ain't take a nigga yet
How the hell you slime when you ain't snake a nigga yet?
Sister hatin' 'cause I'm a rapper, promoters lookin' for me now
The DA got the judge, wanna book a nigga now
That lil' ho had a pudge, she paid to move it to her behind
One of my dawgs, they shot him paralyzed, the three bullets hit his spine
You the type to put some money on a nigga head and call it off
I'm the type to put some money on a nigga head and up the amount