

Was a street niggas way before I knew who you was  
You knew I was that nigga before you knew who I was  
Had some cousins repping red before they knew I was blood  
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Lil cause call me big blood, yeah he love me  
Big cause call me lil blood, cause he know yeah  
I'm fasho with it  
Kill a nigga who on hoe shit  
Let me know something  
I think Fat Mack gone post something  
That's yo hoe or something  
Man that bitch just on the floor to us  
Pick em better nigga  
This AR get you together nigga  
Knock em down  
Yeah Space jams walking down  
Yeah  
.45 yeah  
Leave a nigga high and dry yeah  
Drive by naw, bitch I lied  
Drive by yeah  
Fly by yeah  
Shoot the baby out the high chair  
Nigga dare, any nigga touch my beard  
He gone die here, at the hands of a top tier  
Watch this  
Sushi rolling nigga with this chopstick  
Die bitch  
Wanna suck dick, I can't stop it  
I'm mobbing  
Squad bitch, we looking like the mob stars  
Fat booty foreign bitch, cheering with the Pom poms  
Wop wop  
Stomp a nigga dancing just like Charlie Brown  
Choppa sing like James Brown  
Shoot niggas like Shannon Brown  
I think I'm the realest  
Skuba DJ Brown  
Let me teach you kill a nigga without sticking out  
Put the .21 on the .40 Glock catch em sneaking out  
Break it down, boy I knew this shit was gone take awhile  
Made me smile when I get my work to run up 80 thou  
Eric Pow make a nigga wanna hug another hour  
Cammy Band bought a lot of 10 he got packs in

Sada got the mothafuckibg iron, bought the strap in  
Smoking on something real potent and relaxing  
Broke ass niggas won't never feel this fabric  
I been a street nigga  
And if a nigga try me, we gotta teach niggas  
What do you know about riding with the heat nigga  
Got something real hot nigga, steam niggas

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
Big cause call me lil blood, cause I know shit  
Make a nigga disappear quick, hocus pocus  
I'm good on any block, like bogut  
Picture me riding in a foreign doing donuts  
Aye I'm smoking on this shit got my head gone  
I gotta pray everyday cause I live wrong  
If you all about the money let me put you on  
Cause fucking with these snakes got my trust gone  
Lil nigga what you mean, you saying I ain't getting green  
All man, try to take it, we gone aim it at your spleen  
Bitch  
I'm married to the game, I can't give her ring  
And I'm ready for the beef, and whatever that it bring  
Lately I've been staying to myself  
And yeah, I care about the wealth  
And yeah, I got them blues, Michael Philips  
And yeah, Versace on the belt  
What the fuck do you mean  
What the fuck is you bout man  
These niggas broke, I had to take another route man  
You ain't got to scream, you ain't even got to shout  
Just send the address and we pull up to the house  
Aye

Big cause call me lil blood, cause I know shit  
Same nigga got famous fucking with my bro sis  
Know dis I'll drop a nigga, he on hoe shit  
Light a lil pussy nigga up, with a glow stick  
Ugh

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