

(Ooh, RJ)  
RJ always trippin', man  
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Ayy, ayy, ayy  
I don't like niggas and that's the, uh

I don't like niggas and that's the honest to God truth (Hmm)  
I'm gon' kill niggas and that's a promise, I wanna shoot (Huh)  
Slap the beam on the 45, AR make 'em take a nosedive  
Big ol' 40, we don't got no 9's  
Chopper chop off a nigga whole side

Pussy, we get to movin' shit like RVin'  
I fuck your bitch and change my clothes like I'm Clark Kent  
And ayy, I'm that nigga that like to start shit  
Walk out that bar, no headlights, get this car lit (Ayy)  
I'm a workin' ass nigga with no time for games  
You's a perpin' ass nigga, you all kinds of lame  
Baby twerkin' with them Perkys in her Prada thang  
Up this FN, you not my friend, don't say not a thing  
Kiss your bitch on her neck, make her coochie rang  
I put cream on her face, now she Gucci Mane  
Tooda Man, that's my twin 'cause we shoot the same  
Want so much more, 'bout to tell Hush make me a hookah chain  
I whoop a bitch with the belt like I'm Pootie Tang  
Sada ting at the trap, gotta move the yay  
And I hold the chopstick like a ukulele  
In the Yukon, u-turn, bust your brain  
Why I make you need a towel? 'Cause we party wild  
And your daughter love a nigga more than Barbie dolls  
And your son love a nigga more than action figures  
But he 'bout to lose a father figure when I whack them niggas  
And I just bought 12 Percs off Tire Man  
And I got more work than Allen Iverson  
Got more money than your granddaddy retire with  
And I'm in every bitch crib like a Fire Stick  
I'm in every bitch crib like some UGG boots  
I be in every bitch face like, "I love you"  
Lyin' straight to them bitches is what thugs do  
Up my 5 on them bitches is what Bloods do  
I be in every nigga face like, "Fuck you"  
A freaky man, hit your bitch with that ooh-wee-ooh  
That skillet, man, hit that man with that rug-a-roo  
Lay the smack down on you niggas or I Roody-Poo, bitch

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