

Barnacle boy  
Oh, really?

My bitch bi, the trigger bi, tell a nigga, "Bye" (Bye-  
bye, bye, bye, bye)  
The coat depend on what type of fye I got (Bop, bye, bye, bye)  
Got the double Ds on a Gen5, this bitch plus size (Brr, bye, bye, bye  
)  
Fuck a drive-  
by, we gon' walk 'em down, bitch, it's rush time (Bye, bye, bye)  
Tie a nigga up, we gon' tape his mouth, bitch, it's hush time (Shh)  
Exchangin' gunfire, who gon' drop first? Bitch, it's clutch time (Bop-  
bop, bop-bop)  
Bitch, put the dick in your mouth, it's nut time (Nut time)

Grrra, Grrra  
Yeah, I walk on all fours like gorillas (Gorillas), I'm posin' with k  
illers (Killers)  
5.56, you gon' feel it, I walk up, she's built like a belly (A belly)  
You ain't got no money? You silly, why the fuck was you dissin'?  
You want a chain? Bitch, go on a mission  
You wanna change? Bitch, you gotta get it  
I put down the .9, picked up the .45, bitch, I'm on some grown shit  
(I said) I put down the .9, picked up the .45, bitch, I'm on some gro  
wn shit  
(I said) I put down the .9, picked up the .45, bitch, I'm on some gro  
wn shit  
Yeah, I'm on some grown shit, yeah, I'm on some grown shit  
Huh, pull up on the nigga block, I'm on some do you wrong shit (Buh-  
Buh-Buh)  
Pussy-ass niggas be jackin' the style, no credit, these boys on some  
clone shit (What you said?)  
Leave his ass stankin', I'm crackin' a smile, I'm like, "Where the co  
logne went?" (Bitch nigga, give me that) "Where the cologne went?"  
This a binary trigger, it rock all your fellas, no jigga (Brr, brr)  
When we smoke' them lil' pussies, they turn into 'rettes, no ciga' (C  
igarette, cigarette)  
I be in all-black every day, for real, they wiggas  
And these niggas not seein' me, I don't give a fuck if they Hitler  
I'm ridin' with some critters, tryna bang it out just like a cowboy  
You ain't never did shit in that field, you was a towel boy  
On my son, I been in multiple shootouts, boy  
I know how to handle that shit, I don't ever gotta hit that dial, boy

He on the phone tryna hit that dial, look at this pussy-ass, man  
Bitch-ass nigga, I could really get all these niggas top, but  
I'm on some rapper shit, man  
Send a blitz at your dumb-ass, nigga, comin' a hundred miles per hour

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(Grrra, Grrra)  
(Yeah)