

We ain't trynna talk, we let choppers spray
A nigga sneak dissin, then it's bombs away
I'm on God's Earth, yeah I'm so amazed
And ain't no turning down, I be in a daze

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We don't gotta talk, we let the choppers spray,
Man down, hunnid shots'll hit you from a block away
Balling hard like Dr. J, you watching, on some fan shit,
My lil niggas with this shit, all they know is fan shit
Designer belt, designer clothes
Foreign thoughts, designer hoes,
Su Wu gang, we GBE
Bread coming in by the load
Look I'm in my glory bitch, turn my fucken savage up
Boss shit, I don't talk to worthless, get the manager
Kush smoking, sipping purp
Stupid shit'll get you murked
Better clear the scene, flee the scene when the pistols swerve,
I murder shit, kill a B
Koolin where the hittas be
Stupid banks, Hilary,
Bad bitches feelin me
Tat's all on me, bitches want me, I'm a star
Now I walked up in the club, turn me up, bitches pourin down
Young niggas ballin bitch, BHD & SD
Homie in this bitch, with my nigga SD

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I don't sneak diss, understand me
Talking disrespectful, win a Grammy
Rude young nigga, need a nanny
Pocket full of money, understand me
Choppers get to sprayin, bullets sweat his face

I be turnt up, swerve from lane to lane
My niggas don't lose, we stay in the lane
Nigga come 3Hunna, ain't no other way
Shots hit his body, change his body shape
Guns hit a nigga, change his body weight
I don't trust none, I'll assassin
I got young niggas get the blastin
Money stretched far, it's elastic
My niggas bout action, get put on a shirt,
Fuck yo main bitch, leave her heart hurt
Money over bitches, yeah on God's word

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