

That's what I'm talkin' about, that's why he's the MVP
-shot, suck my dick
Niggas don't got no hits
Every opp shot, suck my dick
That's why he's the G.O.A.T, the G.O.A.T
Graah
Niggas don't got no hits
24 is the G.O.A.T
Every opp shot, suck my dick
Flock on that shit, graah, I been throwin' at shit
Niggas don't got no hits
Every opp shot, suck my dick
I'm tryna, I'm tryna
Niggas don't got no hits
Haha, i-i-it's Shomii on the beat, you know how we rockin' ma-
Every opp sh-
Tryna flock at that strip (Graah)
But I flock at that whip (Graah-graah)
Go kuu wit' that
Come here, come here
Like, go kuu wit' that
Grinchin' like I don't got a dollar

Grinch-grinchin' like I don't got a dollar
I pray to God for the ones that stand by them (Graah-graah)
Free G, he ain't care bout no sirens, like
Creepin' , don't know I'm behind 'em
Fill it up 'til there's food at the bottom
Don't call me 'bout 5ive, like, I know he a problem
Like, Jack, why they keep watchin'?
He tryna rump but this bitch wanna-

He tryna rump but this bitch wanna line 'em
Back out gang, I dare this nigga try me
I been flockin', ask about my body, like
Bro tryna do 'em like Bobby (Ha)
I'm in the streets tryna up if they watchin'
G, Bliz, Naz was gon' stop 'em (Hee)
I been itchin' to flock at a flocka
Push up on me, you might go see the doctor (Graah)

I hit hard, he might think that we hopped 'em
Get on that block, tryna knock off the roster (Graah)
I'm a 'ooter, so don't try to line me
Opps on the line tryna ask 'bout who shot me
D's on my dick, oh well, they gotta find me (Graah)
Oh, she do that hip shit while smokin' on Nazzy (Graah, graah)
On that block, better hop out and black
On bro I done shot niggas who ain't get back
Creep up behind 'em, he ain't tryna lack
Tagged 'em, after they said he was Makk
I'm a problem, don't know? Better ask
I done flicked on the strip, no I ain't have a mask
Walk up gang, that's how Eli collapsed (Graah, graah)
[?] better go get back his strap
Wanna know what I went through to get off this Ave? (Like, get out the-)
Neaky, brodie completed his task

I know Sdot the Trend gon' get on his ass (Graah)
I'm the talk of the Jet, off the [?] got me smacked (Hee)

Fell in love wit' the beam like a cat
Don't wanna beef wit' nigga, he a rat
She do that hip shit to Where Niggas At, like
Who caught a shot to they back? (Ah, ah)
I had a few niggas runnin' laps
Before I come blow, niggas runnin' track (Runnin' track)
(Before I come blow, niggas runnin' track)

Grinch-grinchin' like I don't got a dollar (Word to bro)
I pray to God for the ones that stand by them
Free G, he ain't care bout no sirens, like
Creepin, don't know I'm behind 'em (Free G)
Fill it up 'til there's food at the bottom (Graah, graah)
Don't call me 'bout 5ive, like, I know he a problem
Like, Jack, why they keep watchin'?
He tryna rump but this bitch wanna-

He tryna rump but this bitch wanna line 'em
Graah, graah
He tryna rump but this bitch wanna line 'em