

Grrah, grrah  
Like, get out the-, like (Tsabi, you're trippin')  
Free G, nigga  
Boom, grrah-grrah  
Fuck is you talkin' 'bout, nigga?

Like, where the bros at?  
I'm tryna bend, like  
Who tryna go meet they friend?  
KT, Gutt, Matt, Sam  
Up knock with the both of my hands  
Oh, she do that hip shit  
She tryna dance, like  
How many times did I send?  
Six, what? Oh, that's a fan

Backed out, he got low on his mans  
Matty, Park, both of them bent  
We ran through 5th  
We blitzed through Lex  
Lenox, Seventh, that shit dead, like  
That's on bro, I bend through on the pegs  
OYK, fuck all them niggas deads  
Dudeylo better ask how I get  
Notti died but, yeah, he tried his best  
Like, I'm about to pull up again

Oh, we got the drop? Don't lack  
Bet when I hop out, I'ma start to black  
Bro said he seen niggas, bend back  
Like, I get too hyped with that strap  
Don't need to chase him, this shit on his back  
I should've clicked up on him, I did bad  
He got low, I was tryna make a pack  
Like, now I know where niggas at  
Oh, Makk? That's what he jack?  
Bet, I'm on they block where they trap  
Munchie ran, thought he was gon' get packed  
Back down, nigga flew up the steps  
Ratty died to the steps  
Oh my God, OB missed his best  
All them pills that he popped, he was stressed?  
Like, grrah-grrah

Like, oh my God, OB missed his best  
All them pills that he popped, he was stressed?  
Like

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Like, what the fuck? (Grrah-grrah)  
Suck my dick, nigga (Grrah-grrah)  
Better get out the-  
Skee, skee (Come here, come here)  
Grrah, grrah, grrah-grrah  
Like, nigga, free my twin, nigga