

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

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

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