

JPerry on the track  
Silver, silver, silver, silver

Cops be on dick  
So I be just sliding by  
But I used to be glued to the pavement  
Before I was free I told bro  
I promise, I promise I make it  
If it wasn't for music  
Fuck the net, I swear to God that I hate it  
Like  
But he jack the O and I jack the O  
So guess what? We related  
Heavy on, if it's up  
Pull up face to face and go 'head and say it  
No debating, no talking  
In the streets, like  
How many times I lost it  
If you know then the answer is often

Been on hots, still active  
Fuck the opps, whoever ain't feeling me  
Free Stacks  
Free LC  
Swear to God that they living through me  
New drip, new whip  
We the opposite  
So I gotta stay sitch  
Got it on me  
No fighting, like, no fighting and shit  
Rush me, you just gon' force me to click  
Grah, grah, grah  
Grah, get a bag  
Hella motion  
Don't run, don't trip  
If he do, no remorse  
Melt 'em  
Grah, walk off  
The medic gon help 'em  
Trust me

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OGz the fuck up  
If he throw up the Y I'ma blitz that  
I can't talk on the opps when I click that  
Now I'm a rapper they keep tryna tell me to chill  
But if they push up, I'ma risk that  
What I'm smoking, I'm smoking that chill pack  
And ya niggas never did nothin'  
It be the niggas that's smoking on all of my deads  
But when they see me they start running  
If they throw up the G then I'm dumpin'  
Don't run, why you bluffin  
Niggas see me start hiding and ducking  
Word to my dead I'ma aim for ya muffin  
They be dropping the O in the vids  
Them niggas cap, like who the fuck ya niggas touching  
And it's only die Gz in my blunt  
They got me smacked, niggas punching

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