Nigga, suck my dick, nigga Fuckin' rat-ass nigga, you niggas is broke, nigga Nesty, go get your fuckin' funds up, nigga Stop takin' handouts, pussy Uh-huh (Baow) Like, I'm dead gettin' sick of this shit Niggas that's dissin', they rap, but then niggas who seen me done ran when I punched on Blitz (Don't run) If he flyin', we crashin' that shit No, Mhady can't come see his bitch Three-hundred shots for them 300 niggas All that 300 shit to my dick (Baow, baow, boom) We put on niggas who payin' for features That always find a way to switch (Bozo) I had the G in the studio That boy was loafin', I should've smacked him with the grip These niggas goin' out sad Sha Gz was cryin', his bitch took his last You could've died when the Rey caught you lackin' on Web But them niggas always do bad Nesty a bum, niggas down to come and help, but Kay Hound be movin' like your I had to go get that money myself, I really ran up a bag Niggas don't know what you do, niggas don't know what you did I was dumpin' on 'em since a kid And I dare that lil' boy to come back to my crib Y'all left Lotti, he almost died on the bridge Don't pass your burner 'cause that nigga mids DThang came home with a shot on his face Has duckin' the rest of his bid Niggas had that nigga screamin' out, "CO," he knew that he couldn't live He better duck when he go to his PO 'cause we tryna aim for his wig Y'all left Lotti, he almost died on the bridge Don't pass your burner 'cause that nigga mids DThang came home with a shot on his face Has duckin' the rest of his bid Niggas had that nigga screamin' out, "CO," he knew that he couldn't live He better duck when he go to his PO 'cause we tryna aim for his wig (Uh-huh) Like, I'm dead gettin' sick of this shit Niggas that's dissin', they rap, but then niggas who seen me done ran when I punched on Blitz (Don't run) If he flyin', we crashin' that shit No, Mhady can't come see his bitch Three-hundred shots for them 300 niggas All that 300 shit to my dick (Baow, baow, boom) We was punchin' Sheemy in his face And none of my niggas got touched back Tell that nigga merch on his dead If he do, I'ma tell him, "Don't pump that" And both of 'em jackin' B Diddy, but them niggas be with the opps

Niggas lucky mama love was right there 'Cause we would have let off some shots And you know we never fightin' fair

Nigga dead 'cause he thought he could box (Dummy)
I don't care 'bout no views, I don't care 'bout no money, there's certain sh
it I can't let rock
And we smokin' on Dice, smokin' on Blay, mix it with Druggie B pops
C-HII been dead for like two years now and y'all ain't do shit for the Flock

Like, I'm dead gettin' sick of this shit

Niggas that's dissin', they rap, but then niggas who seen me done ran when I
punched on Blitz (Don't run)

If he flyin', we crashin' that shit

No, Mhady can't come see his bitch

Three-hundred shots for them 300 niggas

All that 300 shit to my dick (Baow, baow, boom)

Pussy, gang, gang, gang Everything dead, gotta stand on that shit, nigga Fuck you talkin' 'bout, nigga? OGz the fuck up Baow, baow, baow