

Time to really live on this shit
No existing
Breathe on these niggas really quick
You ain't livin' you don't exist

If I could talk to the Lord
I'd tell him thank you for his favor
And beg forgiveness for what's in store for these haters
See we made like the mobsters
Pussies plottin' to rob us
Spent the show check on choppers
That sing like Sinatra at the Opera
A real nigga till my casket close
Haters mad but hoes love me for these raspy flows
Who keepin' peace I'm from where teens keep a piece at
Money over all bullshit I preach that
And I'm trappin' too just peep the way I'm snappin' foo
Oh Lord think these niggas here went overboard
Scales weighin' right I'm keepin' dollar signs over whores
Yeah, it's really ignant but it's killin' isn't it
Ask bitches killin' pussy till it's losin' pigment
No emotions when it's rollin' blood it's purely business
Losin' racks inside a strip club, sign of my sickness
No bare witness to the fuckin' Gods
I'm out the hood rich as a bitch and feel like fuck the odds
I'm off my rocker and what I'm totin'll knock ya
Smokin' just stayin' focused screamin' live long and prosper
It's respect, money and power
I make money off of powder
Swim in riches now my hater's face look like they swallowed somethin'
sour
Need my payment in every hour and every minute
Cause there are no limits like me and P. Willis
Just runnin' up in this like young chucks what the fuck?
Fuck is up? Niggas must have been sniffin' that dust
Nigga please that's my response when you say you could fuck with' us
ugh
They hollin' duke what the lick read?
The Tiger that killed Roy and now I got my eyes on Sigfried
Money race, I'm in a big league
Nigga you couldn't catch up to me on a Six Speed
I'm OD'd just like a 4th quarter Kobe
Or KD or fuck you to them niggas tryna hate me
Bet you they don't fade me, I'm brazy don't play me
Nigga I been here since I was Million Dollar Baby
And you should holla if you follow how to get it
Young niggas we alive and livin' yeah