

I pull up in the studio with bag
Selling records like a crack
I pull up, I pull up on the block on the cover of the mag
Yesterday they told me "give up" now they say where they at
I banging in the studio with Gleb
I got the stacks, thats why you getting mad
We breaking records, we the one nation
Bitch gave me head, I got the satisfaction
No pressure, red eyes, Redman, yes, yes, yah
I got some magic, Luka Doncic, take my balls
You really dying bitch, okay thats my fault
You been on the collars bitch, bodies just a five-o
I know, I pull up to studio with bag
I got another track but it's not about music
You think he's a speedster but we're just cruising
These bitches is my aim, I'm bullet, I'm going through them
Screw them

I pull up to the stu with some bags
Bitch they make back
I'm riding in a Cadillac
Dressed in all black plus I'm black
That's just to match
I'm coming with the waves y'all niggas need some do-rags
Fuck the past tense, we busy working
We ain't got time or the nonsense
We doing numbers, got your girl up in my comments
It's 36 on my back, thats a long stretch
No constraints
Im growing with the time
Life is a game and I'm coming for the finish line (Facts)
I'm chasing bread, gotta get it before dinner time (Facts)
We crossing every line
We on top of the echelon like Scarface in the restaurant

– So say good night to the bad guy! Come on. The last time you gonna see a bad guy like this again, let me tell you