

Sleiman
Iver (Uh)

Ho thicker, diamonds on my neck flicker
Drug dealer, professional pot whipper
Seven figures, got your bitches fuckin' quicker
She want a picture, I tell her no, I know she bitter
Niggas cuttin' up on the internet
Fuck nigga, we ain't into that
We end up in your crib where your family at
Got the .40 on my hip, yeah, that's my stick, yeah
She wanna fuck for a grip, yeah, on my blick, yeah
Couple bands on my shit, yeah, I'ma rip, yeah
With the shits, yeah, that's my clique, yeah

MAC-11, 9 milli', ridin' with it (Ridin' with it)
I'ma hit him up, I'ma fuckin' kill him (Fuckin' kill him)
Run up on him, masked with a black .40 (Black .40)
Hit 'em in his hoodie, no A Boogie

Pu-pu-pull up in the black Benz
Clip for the .9's and the MAC-10's
Beefy on the molly, niggas want my money
But when they see me coming, I can see them niggas runnin'
I see them niggas runnin'
Let them niggas act, 'cause they bitches they be lovin', yeah
Blood time, blood rhyme, nigga, this is blood line
Niggas gettin' stupid, try to get by
Pu-pu-pull up in the black Benz
Clip for the .9's and the MAC-10's

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Let that shit breathe