

Number 1 hustle [?]
Still shinin' like a mother fucker
I got your girl at the crib under covers
I gave them a Molly, watch them fuck each other
Every time I fuck I got hit me least like two bitches
Ass so fat it look like two Nicki's
I can't fuck with you boo, I'm two picky
I can't smoke with you, I only do sticky
Who the fuck tellin' that [?] still goin' hard
Got your broad at the crib, about to pull a Ménage
Happy ending, with a massage
Which double R Imma pull out the garage
Still on top, can't fuck with my squad
Ain't talkin' bout reppin' talking about in my yard
Imma real nigga, still stay one hundred
Got it on my own, never been fronted
Everything the boy tryin' to do, I done it
OG in the game like Birdman stuntin'
Used to be braided up livin' on the north
Now my G's see me livin' like a boss
Got a meal with my cars, and a million dollar house
And I ain't talkin bout my crib man, I'm talkin' bout my spouse
Can't foul out, still throw with the reppin'
Can't fall off, it's do dangerous trappin'
Snitches and the feds already on my head
I guess that's what I get for all that capin'
Jackets run up, hell yeah I'm packin'
Lay they ass down in the motherfuckin' ground
Imma G real, ya'll look like a clown
Lookin' like BMF when we come through the town
Hold up