

(Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up)

I keep a Glock, a .38, uh

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I keep a Glock, a .38, uh

I keep a Glock, yeah, uh

I keep a Glock, a .38

I bought a brick, I'm in the trap but only came with 28 grams total

Bitch, I feel like Jessie James

My mind is steady trippin', hope this weed will eat my brain

Bitch, I hope it simulate my brain

T dub in the cut, I call him mister getaway

My crodie buss an AP, but I told 'em show a plane

'Cause it's plane jane sky dweller twenty K, nigga

We kick your door, nigga, everybody on the floor, nigga

Boy if you trappin' in this bitch, answer your phone, nigga

Catch me with 35, see crodie, he a known hitter

I was out there trappin' all night, came home to cold dinners

I was out there ballin' all night, no one to coach me

My junkie fiendin' all night, gave him a bogie

Jumped in the stole, crodie went got a trophy

So shoutout crodie 'cause half of these niggas got cold feet

Glock, a .38, in the LA, hella state (In the hills)

They got MK in the hole while they got me on the stage (Free MK)

Got these nephews and a niece, I'm tryna keep these niggas safe (Huh?)

When I go they're gonna say their uncle left them with a safe

Gang, bitch, I'm put them on the wave

My lil' nigga hatin' on me, I'm startin' to book the plane (They hatin')

I can never be the same (No)

Got me drivin' on the jane

All these bitches move the same

They're just lookin' for a stain, bitch, yeah

Take her shoppin' when she sad

If he don't, niggas will make him feel like he's Will Smith

Take her lil' ass Ruth Chris (Take her)

My lil' niggas shoot this (Yeah)

We movin' so ruthless

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