

Family with gangsters, broke bread with the lifers
Fuck talking bout weed, instead I'm just getting higher
Kicking up on the road, seeing more cream than Breyers
I don't live with my mommy, in my crib I'm the provider
Put work in the hood, when they was starving out there
So you know if there's issues, I make that ass disappear
Fifth talk, big gut, rap treating me well
Told them meet me at the trap house, like my Plaza hotel
Buy a pack or get a job
Roll with the king or get embarrassed front' your broad
You heard me, don't make me put you niggas in a scope (Interscope)
No Iovine, go 'head think this shit is a joke, then try me

One, put you in a scope
Two, clack, then the smoke
Put you, put you in a scope
Two, clack, then the smoke
One, put you in a scope
Clack, clack, then the smoke
Three, scoop you up and put your body in an envelope

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Shotty got a body on it, anybody want it
Seen the toughest cats get backed down on and run in
Keep it one hundred, you know I love my money
I love my money, gotta keep them dollars coming
Like them fiends on the track
War up in my hood, with them teens like Iraq
They don't strap, just
Bitch nigga, don't get robbed
Nothing goes down unless the Kushed God is involved
You heard me

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