

Here's a story 'bout a gangsta with a 40  
Go to the jeweler, I drop 40 like I'm Kobe  
Got a shorty, tryna be my one and only  
She know I play the game like I'm Kobe

24/8, heavy on cake  
Heavy on neck piece, heavy on waist  
Heavy in big trucks, heavy on 8th  
I say we on [?] straight  
East coast, west coast, heavy on weight  
Slid like 8, on the carey on safe  
[?] you know  
Niggas ran through though shits  
Burn 4 packs of pearls, and like 2 whole zips  
40 pointers like 2 lil flips  
Got duo [?]  
Bad lil shorty, and her friend singing to me on some blue note shit  
I don't do your miss, niggas [?]  
Really

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God gave me strength, but I stay hell bent  
Government assistance missing, ain't help shit  
In the hills living ghetto, still can't help it  
Having hood nigga habits, make me selfish  
Bandanas and Santana, more than Juelz is  
Take over, it's game over, I'm the new Lil Flip  
I'm deep in my bag, how we do shell fish  
And I get my trap jumping, like a 2 [?]  
We at Ruth's Chris now, more than Ruth and Chris  
Came a long way from [?] cameras  
Can't stand when I talk, I'm too candid  
On the news like Owens, but it's fuck Candis  
Can't stand him, can't label him, can't brand him  
Why you think a nigga head big as 8 planets?  
Since the heel kick earlier, I ain't landed  
Be a star, find your space, get stranded

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