

Oh my god, Ronny

50 thou, got my shooter going wild
I smoke Backwoods, I can't smoke no Black 'n Milds
Got a bust down on me, cost like 50 thou
50 thou, got my shooters going wild
50 thou
Yeah, this 50 thou
Now we bossin', let this chopper give a round
50 thou
Yeah, this 50 thou
50 thou
Got my shooters peeling scalps

Count up the money
You want the Glock or the tummy?
All of you niggas is funny
I can go book, or the pistol want money
Look at my wrist, on a in the semi
Sipping on drank, got me goin' on tummy
He doing coke 'til that nose getting runny
Niggas is pussy, I know they want jump me
Big bag, money tied up
If you try my brother, you get tied up
Woah, boofie, heard he switching sides up
He was talking crazy, now I heard he died

100k, made that shit in a day
Got a milli on the motherfucking way
She gon' blow me, just like a 'nade
Play that bih, that we call ace of spades
Sipping lemonade, throw up, run the gate
Counting all this guap, bitch I'm really paid
If a needle my hand, not an eight
Then we still 1400/800, the gang

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