

My world is cold, my friends are few (Friends are few)
Good morning
Without you here, my joy seems cruel
Yeah

Magnum opus, nigga, we the elite
She ain't a freak, but she do it for me, gang
Took the crumbs and I made me a feast
You want a piece? Nigga, bon appétit
Time to fuck up the streets
Blowing big Mr. Fuck The Police
Dead presidents, forgot to impeach, gang
Snatch crumbs out the mouth of the beast
Here's a piece all my niggas eat
Time to fuck up the streets

They wanna stick me for my paper, no Biggie
Death Row '94, I brought the hammer wit' me
This rap shit done went soft on niggas
You know the rest, LAX, take off on niggas

I'm talking lolos, a couple of cholos, la vida loco
Facts in a chokehold hey Siri, we need some more hoes
I know you hear me, in your theory, we gon' poke holes
Two middle fingers in the air, yeah, that's the logo

Come have a seat wit' us, keep discreet figures
Road to the riches bitches at the Staples Center hitting switches
Celebrate my nigga Kobe like JFK
And turn this shit into a fucking Billie Holiday

No more TED Talk let the bread talk
OG loud, nigga, Kid Rock, city in a headlock
Birthdays was the worst days
Now we sip Gin and Juice when we thirsty

Yeah, you on the clock tick-tock, nigga, kick rocks
With the position you're in, I'd be pissed off
My clip cough 3-2-1, lift off
She paid for the ass, I wonder how much the lips cost

I bet a blank check will dry up all them tears
Black Moses give me my roses while I'm here wit' ya
They say an artist paint 'til ain't nothing left
That's what the fuck I call a brush wit' death
What you expect, cuh?

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When you left, you took part of me
What can I do?