Rap style Russell Crowe, get trapped, hustle flow Pitch haze, puffing dro, switchblade cut your clothes Bitch-made switched to a fucking ghost Spit rage page, big gauge blowing off Insane quart of Henny to the brain Alcohol ease the pain in the rain purple rain Verbal game downright murder man Verbally murdering everything you ever heard me in Or heard me on, word is born Every song molotov, drop bombs, big shots going off Haul em off, all my dogs bark and bite kid, call em off Call me your General, lead the charge over raw We the squad, bootcamp entourage Kevlars, camouflage, Smith and Wesson on the chron Timb chucker, friend been gutter, been thugging, been bout buck Been gun-bucking

Bullets flying through the sky, gun shots everywhere Duck down, duck down
You a'ight? The coast clear
Shells shatter your chest, just a casualty of war
We salute and stand firm ready to get it on

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Smoke, early bird from LaGuardia

I give the order then to come murk you

If I got to go any further than Miami I'm charging you
Be on deck and ready when I land, no cowboy shit, stick to the
plan
I want cash in the bag, just hundreds of doves
I know what it weighs like when I pick it up
I'm a duffel bag boy, that's coordinated
coupe back and upgrade her
I get dough (get dough) with Black Snow (Black Snow)
When I start to run low then I get more
I'm no nigga so that means I'm loyal
Don't fuck with them Alphabet boys at all
It's not in my tradition to be snitching
I watch from the sky box when I ain't pitching
I'm something like a boss and a worker