Yeah well, I gotta keep my blick
Never stressin' 'bout no bitch
Run yo' mouth and you get hit
Now I got blood on my lil' kicks
I'm not smokin', I'm not drummin', I smoke gas and you smoke nick
Yeah (Let's go, Faygo)
Yeah, yeah (I need you the most)
Yeah, yeah (Call when you home)
Yeah, yeah (She call my phone)

She's a killer ho, that lil' vanilla ho And I'ma get 'em and I put that on my lil' bro You know I'm up for sure, we don't put trust in ho's Get what I want and now she gotta hit the fuckin' door I'm super slimey, yeah, yeah (Slatt, slatt) I'm super slimey, bro Don't you test your lock 'cause I got goblins right behind me, bro Nigga, if he smoke, then you where the hell to find me, bro [?] get your name when I say, "Hits up out this fuckin' door" They like, "Faygo, you're a star, Faygo, we know who you are" When I'm smokin' on this gas, my head feels like it's up on Mars That lil' boy, he wanna be me, that lil' boy not up to par I do this shit 'cause it's easy, you lil' niggas think it hard I am nothin' like you niggas, baby, I'm a rockstar That's a bar, yeah, we crashin' whips, don't get juuged out your car This a R, who the fuck told you lil' niggas that y'all hard? Designer on the fit, you lil' niggas shoppin' at Kmart Toolie [?], yeah, make a nigga woah Shoutout to Lil Dorian, that's my lil' slime, that's my lil' bro Ain't never switchin', never fall off, Faygo livin' by the code Don't ever trust no new nigga, they gon' cross you dead for sure Oh, cross you when you know, cross you out just for them poles Oh, they gon' cross you out just for that thousand-dollar roll Yeah well, I gotta keep my block, never stressin' 'bout no bitch Run yo' mouth and you get hit, now I got blood on my lil' kicks I'm not smokin', I'm not drummin', I smoke gas and you smoke nick I got one night for your shorty, I know she gon' let me hit Shoot a shot with my lil' shorty, guarantee that you gon' brick Livin' life with no home trainin', bae, I'm not your average kid

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