

Yah, go, yah, yea, yea, yea, yea  
It ain't nothing here  
100 round tool, I'm clutching here  
Baby I'm cool, don't trust no body  
I'm too rude, I'm too damn cocky  
When Lil Faygo move, they flocking  
I gotta shoot, ain't go no option  
We Missed You Faygo  
Mom, Polacks making beats again  
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Up that tool, no I'm not boxing  
This right here gone solve yo problems  
I can't play bout them commas  
Ok rar shit all that drama  
Choppa singing like Madonna  
You gon take her to McDonald's  
I'ma be at Benihanas, eating good with all my partners  
I'ma chop em down, (yeah yeah, yeah)  
What's yo fucking number  
She gonna let me get her number  
Boy you broke well that's a bummer  
Take a pic put it Tumblr  
I'm the main event this summer  
Faygo came in with that thunder  
Life went on and I got tougher, (skrt)  
Know some foe wanna put me under, (blah), I can't let em do that, (blah)  
Choppa make you move back, (blah), nigga like boy where your loot at, (blah, blah, yeah, blah)  
Baby gotta get to them racks, God knows that I can't slack  
Look at my toolie go blat, when I had that new Hellcat  
And I can't fold like that yeah  
No I can't fall in that trap  
No I can't lack, yeah baby let's go  
Let's go Lil Faygo, I need a bankroll  
No, no I can't fold  
It ain't nothing here  
Baby I'm still not loving you  
You too slick can be trusting you  
I cannot be fussing you  
(Fa fa fa) get to busting you  
Now he chain tucking here  
Got him ducking yeah, (Blah)  
Take over your whole camp  
Taxing like I'm Uncle Sam  
He gonna do it all on cam  
Hell yeah, go ham  
Ask her if I love her, and I said no ma'am