

Take your head off for the rack
I'ma jugg a nigga pack, yeah
Spend a check get it back
Say that they peep the swag, they gon' jack, yeah
Let me get you right, she so out of sight
Smoke that dope, I'm high like woah, woah
High like these lil' kites
(We missed you Faygo)

Yeah, yeah
That lil' boy can't hide, yeah, yeah, yeah
And I think that lil' ho my type
Shootout with these niggas, I don't want to fight
Take her to the left 'cause she can't do no right
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Yeah, okay, let's take flight, you the highlight of my night
That boy thinkin' he can be, but Chief Runna go and try
Yeah, okay, yeah, you right, lil' nigga you too light
I'ma run in, no mob ties
She wanna fuck, I could tell in her eyes, yeah, yeah
Babygirl, it's gon' be alright
They callin' the cops on me, gotta promise, I don't bite
When I get that pack, I'ma slam that shit just like Dwight
Fuck these lil' niggas, they not even in my line of sight
Bae, give me brain, yeah, give me a piece of your lil' mind
Bree, I'ma just hit that lil' boy with that fire
When I drink codeine, it's like I can't keep up with time
He wanna try me, but I know he not tryna die
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
That boy lame, he not on none
About GG, we toting guns, yeah
They just like Ko with the A1's
See lil' Faygo, you better run

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