

Now I been to church, been to mosque
Try to speak to God, still I'm lost, no response
Get the call that my boy is gone
Another day when I feel grey, then I feel grape

One thing 'bout music when it out
Two hunnid in the bank, two hunnid in the bank

Yeah, well it's the big Spark Master, rollin' with the Blassta
Shoot a little Uzi, and I shoot a little faster, I-
Walkin' through my hood, yeah, this mob shit
Shoot my pistol 'till my ass exhausted
Bitch, I want that cake and I want frosting
I'm a cold stone, stone-cold Steve Austin
I'm a pepper Don tweak
And pickin' peppers at the less addressed, Russian [?]
I ain't got no better lines
Chick, I'm Yoshi with the tongue
Horse dick, you should bet on mine
Ayy, I'm Blanco with the plug
Ryu with hadoukens and red Fanta's in my cup
This shit is too vivid I live it
Triple my digits, I think your style is a figment
I'm Sigmund Freud with my bitches

One thing 'bout music when it out
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Yeah, well it's the big Spark Master, rollin' with the Blassta
Shoot a little Uzi, and I shoot a little faster
I, I, I should take a walk inside my park
And tag my parts like I was Bart. and tear apart a car for parts
Listen, I'm happy up
And half of Havana's in Atlanta, ayy, this gon' be my dope
It's like I'm filming for a stand-up