

Let's go
Damn E, this shit exclusive
Stretch gang
Face shots at the face, don't trip on your lace
Mafia

Bur-bur-burn away a carbon beam, knocked your legs off
Tried to get away from me, had a standoff
Hit him in the spine, knock his dreads off
My woadie just caught a body, I nicknamed him Randy Moss
Thuggin' in my Reebok's, riding with a G-SHOCK
Shh- I heard he shot, Draco make a beat box
OG made that sharp turn, woadie spot 'em, peeled the car
Had a mask on, Draco make 'em beat box

In Miami with my motherfuckin' heat out
Another nigga bitch said she got her feet out
I walked in the party, I'm on my big goon shit
Ready to get it started, bitch, I got no sense
Oh, he the plug, riding round with four bricks
Call me Kobe, twenty-four on me
Can't fuck with' her no more, that lil' bitch, she do the most
I get my groove on every time I see them folks
I got the antidote, I'm thinking that's something you needed to know
I'm smooth and I'm cold, she know my wrist on froze
Skinny jeans on with a big bankroll
She playin' my song, now I got her taking off her thong
I'm tryna get it on, she feeling all over my Peter bone
Two rights don't make a wrong, it just goes on and on
I'm kickin' shit like Jackie Chan till they got my kicks on
And I'ma hit my target, I'ma up this bitch regardless

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