

Baow, hit the cut  
Baow, he hit the cut

Free [?], free [?]  
Gang

Aye, foe, he hit the cut, aye  
Bounce out with this .45th, fuck 'em up  
I like the way I finger fuck this trigger and it buss  
I like the way she come on, throw that ass c'mon let's fuck  
She ridin' me so fast, she got a nigga finna buss  
See a opp, it's buss  
Blow that bitch no fucks  
300 block, I been done dropped that window, hit 'em up  
Oh you think he alive? I don't think that nigga up

He ain't make it, new Jet, what the fuck  
War ready, who the fuck wanna go to war with us?  
Bitch I'm dumb, I move violent  
I'm gooned up, I'm a nazi  
Soon as he's swinging that gun, both drop 'em  
Puttin' niggas to bed, may I lay you to rest?  
It's a G-Shock, it's a XD, it's a fully, it's a Tec  
She don't want no bubbly, today she want her some Moët  
I won't sacrifice my niggas, you can put it in his head  
Hop out the coupe, just tryna get my boots dirty  
It was me and three, we had two .30's  
Hit 'em up, on Compston, he curvin'  
Now the nigga got blood on his shirt  
Aye, spin, spin, all I know is spin  
Got his man, we do it again  
Caught a top, drop the top on that lil' Benz  
Parked the car, lock up the engine again  
Haha, on foe nem

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