

(Krazy boy)  
Brrr, phew, buh buh, fuh fuh  
Fleh, skrt  
Hey! brr brr brr

Can't see these hoes I got these Cartier lens  
Pull in the SRT whip with no van  
Free my niggas out the pen  
I got niggas in the ben doing 10  
Busssdown Cartier I flex on my shit  
You broke as the fuck you not makin no bands  
I run from the car with a switch in my pants  
Don't care if you dubbin we spinnin again  
I'm sippin on wok bitch I'm movin so slow  
Ran out of the wok so I'm sippin slo-mo  
Mojo! Go crazy  
Pull up in a new Mercedes  
I know these niggas they hating, waiting-  
just bought a busssdown wrist it cost a vacation  
Brrr- them bullets they blazing  
223 hit you erasing- it's any occasion  
We is not fading

All of my niggas brought Glocks in the club damn we is not fading  
These niggas really be rapping like shit go ahead take a hiatus  
Can't even play this  
He tried to duck like the matrix  
It's bangin  
Up on my playlist  
Look at my face bitch  
Mask on my face like I'm jason  
I don't run bullets go chase him

Goddamn (yuh), goddamn (yuh!)  
Told that hoe she gotta go  
Goddamn (yuh!), goddamn (yuh!)  
I put the racks on the floor  
Goddamn (yuh!) goddamn (yuh!)  
Nigga said he want some smoke and he ended up dead  
Goddamn (yuh!)

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I just put his hand on the line  
Put a xan on the line  
Put a mf band on the line  
I just be smoking on dope  
Bitch I'm getting so high  
I don't know what I'm saying when I'm high  
Wake up get fly, mason margiela my toes  
Why the fuck I gotta lie?  
Balenci whatever  
Big boots got big steppas, big boots got big-  
Check out my mf wrist lil bitch  
Heard you want ice on my wrist  
Look at my wrist see a mf fish  
You never been in the trap, you say you been boy you ain't serve shit  
No SRT you ain't swerve shit  
Counting off a seal now I'm off a 10